

Irene Owen Andrews
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IRELAND
ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER
AND HISTORY

VOLUME SIX



IRELAND ITS SCENERY CHARACTER AND HISTORY BY MR. & MRS. S. C. TAYLOR

*In Six Volumes
Vol VI*

*Illustrated from
paintings by F. S. Walker
and photographs*



*Francis & Niccolis
& Company*

Boston, 1911

Achill, Mayo

Photogravure from a Painting by W. Evans



Achill, Mayo
Photograph from a Painting by W. Evans

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IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

LONGFORD

The inland county of Longford, in the province of Leinster, is bounded on the south and east by that of Westmeath, on the west by that of Roscommon, from which it is separated by the Shannon and Lough Ree, and on the north by the counties of Cavan and Leitrim. It comprises, according to the Ordnance survey, an area of 263,645 acres; of which 192,506 are cultivated; the remainder being either mountain and bog, or under water. It is divided into the baronies of Abbeyshrule, Ardagh, Granard, Longford, Moydon, and Rathelme. Its principal towns are Longford, Edgeworthstown, Granard, and Lanesborough. The population in 1821, was 107,570; in 1831, 112,558; and 115,491 in 1841.

We entered the county by the Royal Canal, voyaging part of the way in one of the "Fly-boats," to which we have already made some reference, and to which we recur chiefly in order to supply the reader with a pictorial description of the singular "conveyance." It is

long and narrow, covered in as we see it; and there are two divisions for different classes of passengers. As a mode of travelling, it is exceedingly inconvenient; there is scarcely space to turn in the confined cabin; and an outside "berth" for more than one is impossible. The guide, or guard, takes his stand at the bow of the boat, and a helmsman controls its motions. It proceeds at a very rapid pace—about seven Irish miles an hour—drawn by two or three horses, who are made to gallop all the way. There is also a more cumbrous vessel, called a "night-boat," which travels at a much slower rate—about four miles an hour—and always at night. It is large, awkward, and lumbering, and is chiefly used by the peasantry on account of its cheapness.

The county of Longford possesses few features of a distinctive character. It is generally flat; contains large districts of bog; and its northern boundaries are overlooked by remarkably sterile mountains. Its principal town—of the same name—is neat, clean, and well-ordered; it may be distinguished—and was so described by the estimable companion with whom we visited it—as "the best painted town in Ireland;" for the shops and houses are clean and trim, and partake very little of the negligence and indifference to appearances encountered too generally elsewhere.

Our principal object, in Longford county, was to visit Edgeworthstown, and to avail ourselves of the privilege and advantage of spend-

ing some time in the society of Miss Edgeworth. We entered the neat, nice, and pretty town at evening; all around us bore—as we had anticipated—the aspect of comfort, cheerfulness, good order, prosperity, and their concomitants—contentment. There was no mistaking the fact, that we were in the neighbourhood of a resident Irish family—with minds to devise and hands to effect improvement everywhere within reach of their control.

We have, as our readers may have perceived, throughout this work, studiously avoided all reference to the seats or domains of country gentlemen,—except where improvements carried on in particular places excited and deserved general comment. It would have been, however, impossible, within our limited space, to have noticed them all. And we have especially abstained from intruding our own personal acquaintances upon the notice of the reader. We have, as will be readily believed, participated largely in that hospitality for which the country has been always famous. Wherever we have been, we have found a hearty and cordial welcome from all classes; and every available source of information has been invariably placed within our reach. But we should have ill requited such kind and gratifying attentions, if we had made private individuals topics of public conversation.

Edgeworthstown, however, may almost be regarded as public property. From this mansion has issued so much practical good to Ireland, and not alone to Ireland, but the civilised world,

—it has been so long the residence of high intellect, industry, well-directed genius and virtue, that we violate no duty by requesting our readers to accompany us thither—a place that, perhaps, possesses larger moral interest than any other in the kingdom.¹

The demesne of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted; and the dwelling-house is large and commodious. We drove up the avenue at evening. It was cheering to see the lights sparkle through the windows, and to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands as an earnest of welcome; it was pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth; and it was a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library—the very room in which had been written the immortal works that redeemed a character for Ireland, and have so largely promoted the truest welfare of mankind. We had not seen her for some years—except for a few brief moments—and rejoiced to find her in nothing changed; her voice as light and happy, her laughter as full of gentle mirth, her eyes as bright and truthful, and her countenance as expressive of goodness and loving-kindness, as they had ever been.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large, and spacious, and lofty; well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive; it is also picturesque—having been added to so as to increase

its breadth—the addition is supported by square pillars, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, judiciously planted, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. An oblong table in the centre is a sort of rallying-point for the family, who group around it—reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they like without reference to her, sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner, on the sofa; her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little quaint table, as unassuming as possible. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness would puzzle the philosophers; in that same corner, and upon that table, she has written nearly ALL that has enlightened and delighted the world; there she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing by a sort of instinct when she is really wanted in dialogue; and, without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page, she will, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations;—informing without embarrassing. A very large family party assemble daily in this charming room, young and old bound alike to the spot by the strong chords of memory and love. Mr. Francis Edgeworth,

the youngest son of the present Mrs. Edgeworth, and, of course, Miss Edgeworth's youngest brother, has a family of little ones, who seem to enjoy the freedom of the library as much as their elders; to set these little people right, if they are wrong; to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to mount the steps and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and having done so, to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this most unspoiled and admirable woman. She will then resume her pen, and what is more extraordinary, hardly seem to have even frayed the thread of her ideas; her mind is so rightly balanced, everything is so honestly weighed, that she suffers no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.

This library also contains a piano; and occupied, as it is, by some members of the family from morning till night, it is the most unstudied, and yet, withal, from its shape and arrangement, the most inviting to *cheerful* study—the study that makes us more useful both at home and abroad,—of any room we have ever entered. We have seen it under many circumstances; in the morning early—very early for London folks, yet not so early but that Miss Edgeworth had preceded us. She is down stairs before seven, and a table heaped with roses upon which the dew is still moist, and a pair of gloves too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist; then,—after the flower-glasses were re-

plenished, and a choice rose placed by each cup on the breakfast-table in the next room, and such of the servants as were Protestants had joined in family worship, and heard a portion of Scripture read, hallowing the commencement of the day;—then when breakfast was ended, the circle met together again in that pleasant room, and daily plans were formed for rides and drives; the progress of education or the loan fund was discussed, the various interests of their tenants, or the poor, were talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. It is perhaps selfish to regret that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind has been, and *is*, given to local matters; but the pleasure it gives her to counsel and advise, and the pure happiness she evidently derives from the improvement of every living thing, is delightful indeed to witness.

But of all hours those of the evening in the library at Edgeworthstown, were the most delightful; each member of the family contributes, without an effort, to the instruction and amusement of the whole. If we were certain that those of whom we write would never look upon this page—if we felt it no outrage on domestic life—no breach of kindly confidence—to picture each individual of a family so highly gifted, we could fill our number with little else than praise; but we might give pain—and we believe should give pain—to this estimable household; and although Miss Edgeworth is public property, belonging to the world at large, we are forced every now and then to think how the friend we

so respect, esteem, and love, would look if we said what—let us say as little as we will—she would deem, in her ingenuous and unaffected modesty, too much; yet we owe it to the honour and glory of Ireland not to say *too* little. It was indeed a rare treat to sit, evening after evening, by her side, turning over portions of the correspondence kept up with her, year after year, by those “mighty ones,” who are now passed away, but whose names will survive with *hers*, who, God be thanked! is still with us; to see her enthusiasm unquenched; to note the playfulness of a wit that is never ill-natured; to observe how perfectly justice and generosity are blended together in her finely balanced mind; to see her kindle into warm defence of whatever is oppressed, and to mark her indignation against all that is unjust or untrue. We have heard Miss Edgeworth called “cold,” we can imagine how those who know her must smile at this; those who have so called her, have never seen the tears gush from her eyes at a tale or an incident of sorrow, or heard the warm genuine laugh that bursts from a heart, the type of a genuine Irish one, touched quickly by sorrow or by joy. Never, never shall we forget the evenings spent in that now far away room, stored with the written works, and speaking memories, of the past, and rendered more valuable by the unrestrained conversation of a highly educated and self-thinking family. Miss Edgeworth is a living proof of her own admirable system; she is all she has endeavoured to make others; she is—TRUE, fear-

ing no colours, yet tempering her mental bravery by womanly gentleness—delighting in feminine amusements—in the plying of her needle, in the cultivation of her flowers; active, enduring—of a most liberal heart;—understanding the peasantry of her country *perfectly*, and while ministering to their wants, careful to inculcate whatever lesson they most need; of a most cheerful nature—keeping actively about from half-past six in the morning until eleven at night—first and last in all those offices of kindness that win the affections of high and low; her conversational powers unimpaired, and enlivening all by a racy anecdote or a quickness at repartee, which always comes when it is unexpected.

It is extraordinary that a person who has deserved and is treated with so much deference by her own family, should assume positively no position. Of course, it is impossible to converse with her without feeling her superiority; but this is *your* feeling, not *her* demand. She has a *clearness* in conversation that is exceedingly rare; and children prefer it at once—they invariably understand her. One advantage this distinguished woman has enjoyed above all her cotemporaries—two indeed—for we cannot call to mind any one who has had a father so capable of instructing and directing; but Miss Edgeworth has enjoyed another blessing. She never wrote for bread! She was never *obliged* to furnish a bookseller with so many pages at so much per sheet. She never received an order for “a quire of Irish pathos,” or a “ream of Irish wit.” She

was never forced to produce humour when racked by pain, nor urged into the description of misery, by thinking over what she had herself endured; this has been a great blessing. She has not written herself out, which every author, who has not an independence, must do, sooner or later. It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel, or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England, more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the “meer Irish;” the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a “born thrall;” and, despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every-day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, “though he is an Irishman.” When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid *ro-*

mance, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion, of Irish nature—it was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it, boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

We rejoice at this opportunity of expressing our respect and affection for Miss Edgeworth; and tender it with a whole heart. If we have ourselves been useful in communicating knowledge to young or old—if we have succeeded in our hopes of promoting virtue and goodness—and, more especially, if we have, even in a small degree, attained our great purpose of advancing the welfare of our country—we owe, at least, much of the desire to do all this, to the feelings derived in early life from intimacy with the writings of Miss Edgeworth; writings which must have formed and strengthened the just and upright principles of tens of thousands; although comparatively few have enjoyed the high privilege of treading—no matter at how large a distance—in her steps. Much, too, we have owed to this estimable lady in after life. When we entered upon the uncertain, anxious, and laborious career of authorship, she was among the first to cheer us on our way; to bid us “God speed;” and to anticipate that prosperity—of

which we would speak only in terms of humble but grateful thankfulness.

The county of Longford has been rendered famous by another immortal name. It contains the birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith: he was born at Pallas, on the 10th of November, 1728.² The village of Pallas, Pallice, or Pallasmore, about two miles from the small town of Ballymahon, is now a collection of mere cabins; the house in which the poet was ushered into life has been long since levelled with the ground; we could discover no traces of it, nor could we perceive in the neighbourhood any objects to which the poet might have been supposed to have made reference in after life. The village of Lissoy, generally considered the place of his birth, but certainly the

“Seat of his youth, when every sport could please,”

is in the county of Westmeath, a short distance from the borders of Longford, on the high-road from Edgeworthstown to Athlone, from which it is distant about six miles. The Rev. Charles Goldsmith appears to have removed to this place soon after the birth of Oliver, about the year 1730, when he was appointed to the rectory of Kilkenny-West: here the childish and boyish days of the poet were passed, and here his brother—the Rev. Henry Goldsmith—continued to reside after his father’s death, and was residing when the poet dedicated to him his poem of ‘The Traveller.’

The village of Lissoy, now and for nearly a

century known as Auburn, and so "marked on the maps," stands on the summit of a hill. We left our car to ascend it, previously, however, visiting, at its base, "the busy mill," the wheel of which is still turned by the water of a small rivulet, converted now and then by rains into a sufficient stream. It is a mere country cottage, used in grinding the corn of the neighbouring peasantry, and retains many tokens of age. Parts of the machinery are no doubt above a century old, and probably are the very same that left their impress on the poet's memory. As we advanced, other and more convincing testimony was afforded by the localities. A tall and slender steeple, distant a mile perhaps, even to-day indicates

"The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill," and is seen from every part of the adjacent scenery. To the right, in a miniature dell, the pond exists; and while we stood upon its bank, as if to confirm the testimony of tradition, we heard the very sounds which the poet describes—

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

On the summit of the ascent, close beside the village ale-house, where "nut-brown draughts inspired," a heap of cemented stones points out the site of "the spreading tree"—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The hawthorn was flourishing within existing memories; strengthened and sustained by this

rude structure around it—a plan of preserving trees very common throughout the district; but unhappily, about forty or fifty years ago, it was “knocked down by a cart,” strange to say, laden with apple-trees, which some carter was conveying into Ballymahon; one of them struck against the aged and venerable thorn, and levelled it with the earth.³ There it remained until, bit by bit, it was removed by the curious as relics: the root, however, is still preserved by a gentleman of Athlone. On the opposite side of the road, and immediately adjoining the “decent public,” is a young and vigorous sycamore, upon which now hangs the sign of “The Pigeons;” the little inn is still so called, and gives its name, indeed, to the village; for, upon conversing with two or three of the peasantry, old as well as young, we found they did not recognise their home either as Lissoy or Auburn; but on asking them plainly how they called it, we were answered, “The Pigeons, to be sure.”⁴ Nevertheless it was pleasant to be reminded even by a modern successor to “the spreading tree,” that we stood

“Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.”

“The public” differs little from the generality of wayside inns in Ireland. The “kitchen,” if so we must term the apartment first entered, contained the usual furniture: a deal table, a few chairs, a “settle,” and the potato-pot beside the hob, adjacent to which were a couple of bosses,

or rush seats. There was a parlour adjoining, and a floor above; but we may quote and apply, literally, a passage from the 'Deserted Village: '—

“Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—”

objects that we suspect never existed at any period, except in the imagination of the poet; being as foreign to the locality as “the nightingale,” to which he alludes in a subsequent passage—a bird unknown in Ireland.⁵ The old inn, however, was removed long ago; and the present building, although sufficiently “decent,” gave ample evidence that it was not “a house of call;” there was no whiskey, either in its cellars or its bottles, and the “nutbrown draughts” that were to solace “greybeard mirth” and “smiling toil,” and to stimulate “village statesmen,” must have been composed of tea—the only beverage which the inn afforded.⁶

The remains of the Parsonage House stand about a hundred yards from “The Pigeons.” About fifty years ago, we were told, the road was lined at either side by lofty elm trees, which formed a shaded walk completely arched—they used to “lap across,” as we were informed by one of the peasants. They have all perished, except a few juvenile successors, planted between the entrance-gate and the dwelling. It is a complete ruin. The roof fell about twenty-five

years ago, if our informant, a neighbouring peasant, stated correctly; it was always thatched, according to his account, and up to that period "a gentleman had lived in it." It must have been a "modest mansion" of no great size. "The front," according to Mr. Prior, "extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty-four; it consisted of two stories, of five windows in each." The length was increased by the addition of "the school-room"—at least tradition so describes a chamber, the walls of which are remarkably thick, which adjoins the south gable; it is now used as a ball-alley. Several stone "cupboards," as it were, are still to be seen in the walls, where, we learn from the same authority—tradition—the boys used to keep their books. At the back of the building, the remains of an orchard are still clearly discernible; there are no "garden flowers" "growing wild" about it; but there exist "a few torn shrubs," that even now "disclose" the place where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Of the "schoolmaster," whose name is said to have been "Paddy Burns," whom the "traveller in America" recollected well, and whom he describes as "indeed a man severe to view," we could learn nothing more than the fact, that Byrne—not Paddy but Thomas, and not Burns but Byrne, as stated by Mr. Prior—was a schoolmaster of whom old people "would still be talking." It appears, however, that when Oliver

was about three years old, his earliest instructress was a woman named Delap; who, "almost with her last breath, boasted of being the first person who had put a book into Oliver's hands." According to her account, he was a remarkably dull child, "impenetrably stupid;" and for several subsequent years he was looked upon "by his contemporaries and schoolfellows, as a stupid heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom every one made fun of;" but, at the same time, "docile, diffident, and easily managed."⁷

Byrne, under whose charge he was placed when about six years old, was a singular character: he had been a soldier; and was wont to entertain his scholars with stories of his adventures, swaying his ferule,

"To show how fields were won."

Much of the wandering and unsettled mind of the poet is attributed to the sort of wild and rambling education he received under the roof of the "noisy mansion" of Mr. Byrne; and there can be little doubt that the tales and legends, of which the Irish peasantry have been always the fertile producers, gave to his genius that peculiar bias which determined his after career.

Goldsmith left the neighbourhood of Lissoy for a school at Athlone, and subsequently for another at Edgeworthstown, from which he removed to the University; and on the 11th of June, 1744, when sixteen years of age, he was entered of Trinity College, Dublin.

Whether he ever afterwards returned to Lissoy is very questionable. His brother, with whom he frequently corresponded, continued there as "the country clergyman"—

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;"

who spent his days "remote from strife," and of whom the world knew nothing. It is probable, however, that Oliver visited the parsonage once or twice during his collegiate course; that in after-life he longed to do so, we have undoubted evidence:—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down."

The circumstances under which he pictured "Sweet Auburn" as a "*deserted*" village, remain in almost total obscurity. If his picture was in any degree drawn from facts, they were, in all likelihood, as slender as the materials which furnished his description of the place, surrounded by all the charms which poetry can derive from invention. Some scanty records, indeed, exist to show, that about the year 1838 there was a partial "clearing" of an adjoining district—

"Amidst thy boughs the tyrant hand is seen;"

and this circumstance might have been marked by some touching episodes which left a strong impress upon the poet's mind; but the poem

bears ample evidence, that, although some of the scenes depicted there had been stamped upon his memory, and had been subsequently called into requisition, it is so essentially English in all its leading characteristics—scarcely one of the persons introduced, the incidents recorded, or the objects described, being in any degree Irish—the STORY must be either assigned to some other locality, or traced entirely to the creative faculty of the poet.

LEITRIM

The county of Leitrim—a very small portion of which is maritime, situate between the counties of Sligo and Donegal—is in the province of Connaught. It is bounded on the north by Donegal Bay; on the west by the counties of Sligo and Roscommon; on the east by those of Cavan and Fermanagh; and on the south by that of Longford. It comprises an area of 420,375 statute acres; 266,640 of which are cultivated land; 128,167 are unimproved mountain and bog, and 25,568 are under water. In 1821, the population was 124,785; in 1831, 141,303; and 155,297 in 1841. It is divided into the baronies of Carrigallen, Mohill, Leitrim, Dromahaire, and Rosslogher. Its only town of size is the assize town, Carrick-on-Shannon. The county is remarkably long and narrow; its extreme length being forty-six miles, while its breadth varies from sixteen miles to two.

As the county of Leitrim presents no particular feature for comment, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity for offering some observations relative to the dwellings of the humbler, or working, classes in Ireland. There are exceptions certainly, and, as we have taken frequent occasions to show, where there is a resident landlord, careful of the interests of his tenantry, and

anxious to promote their welfare, these dwellings become raised from miserable huts into comparatively decent cottages; but, generally, throughout the country, their condition is so wretched as to become almost revolting, and to excite astonishment, that human beings should continue to inhabit them, year after year, without the acquisition of a single comfort, and with scarcely a sufficiency of necessaries to render life, to all appearance, worth preserving. Unhappily, it may be said of poverty, as it has been said of vice—

“Grown familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The poor occupant of a miserable hovel loses, or rather never had, any ambition to obtain a better; and the rich persuade themselves—easy when they find their improvements, if made, unappreciated—that the tenant requires nothing more than the mere means of sustaining animal existence. As the father has lived, so lives the son; and so may continue to live their descendants. Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently now, they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity.⁸ Very

frequently there is not only no window, but no chimney, the chinks in the door alone supplying air and light. The thatched roof is rarely kept in repair, and it is not uncommon for the rain to drip through it, so that one half of its small space is continually in a "sop." Many of them—indeed a majority of them—consist of but one apartment, in which the whole family of grown-up young men and women eat and sleep; there is generally a truckle bed in a corner for the owner, or the "old people,"—a cabin will be seldom found in which there is neither grandfather nor grandmother, and affectionate zeal usually cares first for them; but the other members of the household commonly rest upon straw or heather, laid on the floor, covered with a blanket, if it be in possession, and the wearing apparel of the several sleepers. We have more than once entered a cabin where we have found eight or ten people, of all ages, so recruiting mind and body for the toil of the next day.⁹ The pig—the never-absent guest—a cow if there be one—and occasionally a few fowl, occupy the same chamber at night. The furniture consists of an iron pot to boil the potatoes; a rude dresser, sometimes; a couple of three-legged stools; a couple of stone seats on either side of the turf fire; a table, but not always; a "kish"—a basket of wickerwork—into which the potatoes are thrown when dressed; and the poor bed we have mentioned, in the corner. The dung-heap is invariably found close to every door—sometimes, indeed frequently, right across

the entrance, so that a few stepping-stones are placed to pass over it. And this evil is perpetuated, in spite of all appeals on the grounds of decency and health, and seems almost unavoidable; without the manure, the food could not be grown; the cottager cannot trench upon the road—in almost all instances cottages are built lining either a high-road or bye-road—and he cannot spare out of his poor modicum of earth the space thus occupied; every inch must produce its potato.¹⁰ It will be remembered that we are speaking of the very poorest class—but alas! we speak, therefore, of the great bulk of the population,¹¹ who

“beg a brother of the earth
To give them leave to toil.”

A fine, high-hearted, generous, and intelligent race of men and women, of whom it is no exaggeration to say, the former are brave to an adage, and the latter virtuous to a proverb. Cabins even more wretched than those we have described are to be encountered very often in the less frequented parts. A few months ago we examined one, of which an artist by whom we were accompanied made a sketch. Seven persons were housed there. We measured it; it was exactly ten feet long by seven feet broad, and five feet high, built on the edge of a turf bog; within, a raised embankment of dried turf formed a bed, and besides the clothing of the more than half-naked children, a solitary ragged blanket was the only covering it contained. The family

had lived here for two years; some work recently undertaken in the neighbourhood had given the man employment, and he was on the eve of building himself a better house. Close to this hovel were two others scarcely superior; and, indeed, nearly every cottage in the district was almost as miserable and destitute of anything approaching to comfort. We write of the island of Achill. Much of this evil is no doubt attributable to the exceeding and unaccountable apathy of the peasant; for in this very locality, huts were pointed out to us inhabited by men substantial enough "to give a marriage portion of a hundred pounds with a daughter"—a common way in Ireland of estimating the possession of wealth. And—not here but in the south—we once entered a cabin, the owner of which seemed so complete a victim to poverty, that we left some money on his table; this being observed by a "knowledgeable" companion, we were assured that the man was richer than ourselves, the mountain being dotted with his sheep. This evil will vanish before an improved order of things. It has grown out of long suspicion—a belief that the acquisition of money was sure to bring an increase of rent; a belief not ill-founded in old times. We have ourselves known instances where the purchase of a single piece of furniture, or the bare indication of thrift and decent habits, was a certain notice to the landlord that it was his time to distrain for arrears due; arrears being *always* due under the ancient system, when the land was let at a nominal rent—the real value

and something above to be paid, and the remainder to be entered as a debt, that kept the tenant in the condition of a slave, utterly and at all times in the power of his master.

Let us now picture one of the *comfortable* Irish cottages; for such are occasionally to be met with, even where there is no protecting hand to guide the destinies of the inmates. A few months ago we sought shelter from a passing shower in one that will answer our purpose. It is at Erive, a small glen among the mountains that enclose the head of Killery Bay, in the county of Galway. There was no upper story; but there was a room branching to the right, and another to the left, of the “kitchen, parlour, and hall”—the sleeping-rooms of the family, decently furnished. This cottage contained, indeed, nearly every article of furniture in use in such dwellings of the humbler classes. Each of them we had often seen, but very seldom had been enabled to notice all together. The first object that attracted our attention was a singularly primitive chair, very commonly used throughout Connaught. It is roughly made of elm, the pieces being nailed together, as may be seen by the accompanying print. (See Plate No. 15.) There is evidence that this piece of furniture has undergone little change during the last eight or ten centuries. The inhabitants of the cottage consisted of the father, mother, grandmother, and seven children, a dog and a cat, and half-a-dozen “laying hens.” Unusual care had, however, been given to the “live

stock;" there was a small cupboard in the wall converted into a hen-roost, with a door to open and shut. The pig had a dwelling to himself outside; and on our remarking this to the owner, he replied, "Oh, yes, he has a nate sty; he has every convaynience that a pig can ax."¹²

We next observed—what is now rarely seen anywhere—the quern or handmill. It was a very perfect one.¹³ (See Plate No. 15.) We borrow a description of the mode of using it, from a writer in the "Dublin Penny Journal:"—"The quern was tolerably adapted for grinding corn. The upper stone was about twenty-two inches in diameter; the under surface considerably concaved; the under stone was about an inch narrower, and convexed, so that the two surfaces might coincide, and afford an easy descent for the meal when ground. In the centre of the upper stone was a circular hole, nearly three inches in diameter; across this stone was set a bar of wood, having a hole in its centre about half an inch deep, and the same in width, by means of which the upper stone rested *in equilibrio* upon the punthan (a strong peg or pivot in the centre of the lower stone), and by the use of little pieces of leather fitted into the hole in the bar above mentioned, the upper stone could be raised or depressed, so as to make the friction greater or less, as the meal was meant to be coarser or finer. There was also an upright handle, about ten inches long, set firmly in the upper stone, within about two inches of the edge; and thus was the whole machine fitted for work. The corn was

generally dried in an iron pot over a slow fire, and kept constantly stirred to prevent its burning, and when it arrived at a certain degree of crispness it was taken out to be ground. Two women generally worked the quern, one sitting facing the other, the quern between them, and each in her turn taking hold of the handle, turned it with a degree of velocity much greater than you would, perhaps, imagine. One or other of them 'fed,' as it was called; that is, put the corn into the large hole (called the eye) in the upper stone, as above described. The feeding required some dexterity in avoiding a blow of the handle in its rotatory motion, and at the same time to drop the corn into the eye without scattering it. The process of shelling was never performed, but the corn and husk were ground down together, so that the meal appeared at first very dark and rough, but was afterwards sifted." ¹⁴

The next object that attracted our notice was the wooden drinking-cup—the modern substitute for the ancient "methers." It is a simple rounded cup, with a single handle,—such, indeed, as are common enough in this country. The mether was square and not round, wider at the top than the bottom—and to drink out of it was no easy task.

There was also a primitive gridiron to "broil the red herrings," made of a piece of twisted iron, and a candlestick, equally rude, formed out of an iron tube inserted in a small "slab" of oak. The dresser was well garnished with plates; there were three or four three-legged

stools and “bosses,” and at either side of the chimney was a stone seat; in the chimney there were two holes, one very small to place the tobacco-pipe when relinquished; another larger, for the “screeching hot tumbler” of old times. A saddle hung upon a peg; a rude and smoke-dried chimney-piece was garnished with plates; and a waiting wench, barefooted, and healthy as the heath in spring, denoted that the family belonged to the better class; there was a pair of oddly-shaped tongs to place the turf on the fire, a churn, a rafter to hang clothes upon, a salt-box, a trough for the pig, who though domiciled in his own house was an occasional visitor—after dinner; the iron pot, of course, and the crook fastened up the chimney, to hang the pot upon; and there were two wheels—the wheel for wool and the wheel for flax. This cottage, then, may be taken as a model of the better class, both in its exterior and interior “accommodations.” The roof was sound; the windows were whole, and, as we have said, opened and shut; the stagnant pool was at a respectable distance; the pig had his separate apartment; and there was a stable for the cow and horse. The arrangements here were totally independent of any landlord’s encouragement or agent’s survey; yet how rarely do we meet the houses of “snug farmers” so provided with comforts!

It will be well to inquire if the great and crying, and almost general evil, is incapable of extensive remedy, and whether proper means have been adopted for its removal. The cabin of the

Irish peasant is usually left out of consideration in his rent; he pays so much per annum for his "bit of land," and the hovel is "thrown in." Under existing circumstances it may well be so, for the ordinary cost of such a building is often under thirty shillings, and seldom above three pounds. It should be well constructed, and charged for. That which is given for nothing is generally considered of no value; or, better still, he should be *assisted* to build it himself.¹⁵ When leases are made, there should be, as in the case of the estate at Glenfin, clauses introduced for their gradual improvement; and above all things the peasant should be taught to *want* comforts—to consider that such, and not mere necessities to sustain existence, are the rewards of labour. The present time is especially auspicious for the introduction of a new order of things: the Irish people are now universally sober; a few years ago their habits of intemperance formed the great barrier to bettering their condition. This has been entirely removed. The moneys squandered upon drink may now be expended in procuring sources of domestic enjoyment; and when the people have learned the value of humble luxuries, they will soon be brought to look upon them as necessities.¹⁶

It would be apart from our purpose to detail the several projects that have been suggested, the plans that have been drawn, for the erection of decent cottages, in lieu of the wretched hovels that now exist. They may be easily procured by those who require them. That such substitu-

tions are practicable has been sufficiently proved. We have had frequent occasion to show that many landlords have completely succeeded in rooting out seemingly inveterate habits of indifference and sloth; and we have more than once pictured Irish cottages, as neat, orderly, and comfortable as the best cottages of England—such, for example, as those on the estate of Grogan Morgan, Esq., of Johnstown Castle, county of Wexford; some other landlords in the south, and many in the north. To effect this change, however, must be a work of time and perseverance, and, above all, of patience.

It has been truly said that injudicious friends are the most dangerous enemies; the observation will apply with equal force to injudicious “improvers.” Much evil has arisen to Ireland from those who, with every disposition to go right, have gone wrong, simply because they have lacked practical knowledge, and have been unable to take into account the habits, feelings, dispositions, and capabilities of those they have desired to serve. Persons who are anxious to improve others, are very often eager to force improvements according to their own peculiar views, without considering that the parties to be benefited have been instructed, and, as it were, moulded into plans and systems altogether differing from those they are expected at once to adopt, as the most suitable and the best.¹⁷ It is not alone the necessities of such, that must be duly weighed. When a sincere wish is entertained to do them service, their prejudices must be looked

to also. But this principle will be best illustrated and explained by an anecdote, which may, moreover, lighten these heavy but essential details.

An English lady of our own acquaintance, who had married an Irish gentleman, possessed of a good property in his own country, went over to Ireland with her head full of all sorts of plans for the improvement of his tenantry in education, cleanliness, industry, and every comfort; her husband assured her she might "work away till she was tired, at what she pleased, so she did not worry him." She formed a Utopia of his demesne; very pretty, very nice, and very admirable it was—in theory. "Come and see me," she exclaimed, in reply to a shake of the head at the "neat houses, flower-gardens, and well-conducted peasantry," she talked of as to be created in six months, out of the wild village we may call "Ballindob"—"Come and see me in a year at all events; and then doubt if you can."

Our kind friend, in a month after her arrival, wrote to us that she was charmed with the people. Such an account as she gave of their reception—such bonfires blazed—such shouts rent the air—such hundreds bade them welcome—such a warm-hearted country she had never expected to see!

Well, she began badly; her feelings were so outraged by the misery she witnessed, that she gave in charity what she ought to have paid for labour; she had no idea of teaching the peasant to value his time, by paying a fair remuneration for it. This was her first false step, and when

she sought to retrieve it, she was assailed with—
“ Ah, lady dear, sure it isn’t forgetting me *that you gave to so often, you’d be!* ”—“ Oh, then, sure it’s not hard in yer heart ye’d be getting; sure there’s no strength left in my bones for work. And I’m one of the very first yer beautiful ladyship *ought* to look to, for don’t I send my childer every one of them to yer honour’s school *to oblige ye*, in the teeth of those that say it’s from the ould ways ye’d be taking them; sure *we stood up for ye* ever since ye set foot in the counthry.”

Despite all her exertions, and all her expenditure, the gates were beset by paupers. She *had* not strength of mind to “systemize,” so as to devise employment even for the poor on her husband’s estate. She was carried away by her feelings: it was a great pleasure to *give*, and her mind was not of a nature to carry her *much* beyond the present. So she submitted quietly enough to be hunted down by beggars, and did not hear what those who really worked had frequently observed, “that it was as good to be idle, as to work for Mrs. ———, for she paid the one as much as the other.” She built eight “such pretty cottages,” with a porch and *four* rooms, and a back-door, and a piggery, and nailed juvenile honeysuckles up the walls, and sowed with her own fair hands mignonette in the borders of a little railed-in front garden; and the persons (and she chose the best) whom she put in these cottages—built on an improved English model—*had never been off the clay-floor* of a one-roomed cabin, until, *at once*, she placed them in

this (to them uncomfortable) paradise. They were cheerful, grateful, honest creatures, but her wishes could not suddenly transform the unlearned into the learned. It was in vain the friends who understood the character of the people assured her that improvement—the *evidence* of education—must progress, not leap, to a conclusion—that women, who had never trodden upon a boarded floor, could not be immediately expected to keep it clean, and that the first step to such a luxury was one composed of beaten lime, sand, and earth; that while they would appreciate the comfort of a two-roomed house, four rooms would be beyond their powers of management; that the culture of simple vegetables should precede the care of flowers; that more time and more means would be required to keep it, as the lady desired it should be kept, than an Irish cottier could possibly bestow; that, in fact, a peasant's dwelling should be of no more than two principal rooms, *at first*, built upon a plan which admitted of additions as they were required; and that one addition made at the suggestion, or by the hand of the humble tenant himself, is worth half a score of those performed by the landlord. All these protests were useless; the lady had made up her mind to turn, as it were, a potato-pit into a pinery. She filled her cottages with willing tenants, who promised, and at the time *intended*, to do everything “her honour” desired, though they did not understand one-fourth of her instructions; and having been absent in England about four months, early on

the morning after her return, she went to visit her tenants, full of hopes and quite prepared for the anticipated blessings of grateful hearts in comfortable houses. The first she entered was pretty well outside; to be sure one of Mogue Colfer's stockings was thrust into the window, where one of the panes had been broken out; and a very audible battle was going forward within, between Ally, Mogue's wife, and the pig, who, having enjoyed the freedom of the dwelling during the absence of the lady, did not see why he should all at once resign it.

"Yer honour's welcome, kindly welcome, my lady. Hourish out, ye dirty baste, saving yer presence, ma'am, the pig that got in it in spite of me, and wants the run of the house, which he was used to; oh, murder, if it isn't under the bed he's getting, at the potatoes—oh, my grief!"

"And why do you keep your potatoes under the bed?" said poor Mrs. —, looking about in vain for a seat to sit on.

"Sure yer honour forbid us to keep them in the kitchen, so we put 'em under the bed in the little room to plase yer ladyship, where you wouldn't see them only for the pig; bad cess to him for turning them out." The lady sighed—"I wish you to keep them in the house provided for them."

"Oh, ma'am, is it outside? the potatoes! sure it's bit by the frost they'd be. Molly, take the iron pot off the chair, and wipe it down for her ladyship."

“And why was it on the chair?” inquired Mrs. —; “why, that is the great thing you boil your potatoes in.”

“Thru for ye; see that now, how her darling ladyship knew that!—it was Mogue’s shirt, and my own bits of rags, and the childer’s, I was washing, to go clean and dacent before yer ladyship.”

“And where’s your nice little washing-tub?”

“Is it the tub? Oh, be dad, I’d be sorry to put a present of yer ladyship’s *to such a dirty use.*”

“But where is it?”

“Why, then, it’s God’s truth I’ll tell ye, mee lady,” said Ally, taking up the corner of her apron that she might have something to fidget with while she spoke; “the little girl left it outside, and the sun (whenever it does shine, it’s to take the shine out of us)—the sun, plase yer honour, split it into smithereens.”

“And where *are* the smithier—what you call them?”

“Ah, then, sure,” she said, lifting up the corner of her apron to her eyes—“Ah, then, sure, it’s Mogue that said don’t be vexing her honour with the sight of the staves, but put them out of her sight; and so we did, plase yer honour—we burnt them!”

“And now, through your own carelessness, you have nothing to wash your clothes in?”

“Oh, yes, my lady, thank ye kindly, we have; we don’t want anything that way: we’ve what

we're used to, and what's used to it, plase yer honour—the iron pot, ma'am, always handy, and without any trouble.”

The lady seeing the litter and dirt and carelessness in the cottage where she had expected so much that was clean and comfortable—annoyed by the woman's readiness as much as her untidiness—and pained at the blight of her first hope, turned to leave the dwelling without saying a word; but with so much evident disgust, that the quick feelings of the Irishwoman were wounded; rushing forward with all her national energy, she fell upon her knees before her.

“ Ah, then, sure, it's not going out of the place angry, that your honour would be? I see it in ye, my lady, about the tub, and the potatoes, and the pig—Och, murder, sure I'd lay my hands under the soles of yer feet any day, and travel the country all hours of the night to serve yer ladyship, and fear neither wind nor rain for yer honour; and good right there's for it; it was you that took me and mine from the height of misery, and settled us here, where, to be sure, we might be like queens and kings of the earth, if we could only plase yer ladyship, and hadn't so much to do, *taking care of the convanyancies yer goodness gave us*. Sure we do our best, according to our understandings, and will get more into the way of it after a while. Sure my heart's splitting at this very minute into two halves striving to plase yer honour, and do everything to plase ye; and yer ladyship not plased after all! ”

The lady was touched at first by the quaintness and tenderness of poor Ally, for she was neither heartless nor capricious, but her sense of justice revolted against the idea of the woman supposing she wished her to serve *her*, when she wanted her to serve herself; she replied that she was only anxious for the improvement of the people for their own sakes, and that it was very provoking to have what had been done destroyed by wilful neglect.

“I ax yer honour’s pardon,” answered the cotter’s wife; “but it’s holy truth I’m telling—I’ve no *wilful* neglect to answer yer honour for—on the contrhary”—and she burst into tears—“I’ve no pace night or day striving to keep things the way you’d like, and to remember the uses of the things you gave us for convayniance; and if yer ladyship had just given us the half of them, we’d have more understanding; only the iron pot yer honour’s looking at, it’s handy as I *tould* ye for everything; so that, barring the tub that went to pieces with the *druth*, everything else is spick and span new to show yer honour—all put up out of the way of the childer, on the loft, my lady, and that’s the reason there’s nothing on the shelves. God knows, ma’am, while you weren’t in it, it’s half-starved we war between the seasons; the old potatoes going out and the new ones not in; and yet the Lord he knows I kep’ the bits of *curosities* yer honour gave us for convayniance, safe, and would die rather than part them.”

Mrs. ——— was too much disappointed to ap-

preciate fully this strange mixture of right feeling and old habits. She never dreamed of blaming herself for expecting a poor uninstructed woman, whose cabin six months before had contained the obnoxious iron pot, a chest, two stools and a boss, a broken dresser, a couple of noggins, a kish and potato-basket, a bed, a cracked looking-glass, some remnants of plates and pitchers, and a portrait of a saint in a black frame, to remember the names, much less the uses, of all the things in a well-furnished cottage, in little more than a quarter of a year; to undo the habits of thirty years in four months. So she turned to the next—this was worse. She was obliged to step across a pool of stagnant water to get into the door.

“It’s the ducks, my lady,” said a round-faced, placid woman, who evinced habitual industry by keeping on at her knitting with great rapidity while she curtsied and spoke; “it’s the ducks, ma’am, that yer honour was so good as to give me, and I’m sure you’ll be plased to see how I’ve as good as reared seven young ones; and they’d go blind for want of a sup of water and”—

“But surely one of your boys could drive them to the pond?”

“Bedad, he could, ma’am, and would ax no better divarshun; but what call for the bother of that, when all we had to do was to scrape out a bit there, and have the little craythurs safe under our eyes? I said yer ladyship would be delighted to see how they throve.” This interview sadly disappointed both parties; the poor woman

really deserved praise for her industrious habits. She *was* greatly improved, but her patroness was so disgusted with the mud pool where she had planted a woodbine, that she left that poor woman also in tears.

One virago, when "her ladyship" found just fault, not only with the carelessness but the wanton destruction of her cottage, where the floor had been actually lowered to admit of the action of the flail, so as to enable the grain to be thrashed in the kitchen, upbraided her with her having been the cause of her "catching her death of *could for want* of the smoke;" and to remedy this she had placed a flag on the top of the chimney, and had blocked up the back-door, because "none but an *informer* would come in at it." *This* was a solitary instance of ingratitude—all the rest were eager to please; but the veil had been rudely torn from the lady's eyes. It was a damp October morning, and this added to the neglected look of the dwellings, which four short, short months before had been fit to illustrate a page on rural beauty. The people lost interest in her eyes, though they were exactly the same people who had at first excited it. The truth was, the lady lacked the three grand requisites for those who seek to improve Ireland. The first is patience; the second is patience; the third is patience. The people were not incapable of improvement; with the exception of the virago, they were all willing to learn, and *were* learning; but the system they

were taught upon was wrong—as though you put a book into a child's hand, and bade it read before it knew its letters! But, like many others, Mrs. ——— lacked patience, and, alas! *abandoned the country!*

SLIGO

The maritime county of Sligo, in the province of Connaught, is bounded on the east by the county of Leitrim, on the north by the Atlantic ocean, on the west and south by Mayo county, and on the south-east by the county of Roscommon. It comprises an area of 434,188 statute acres, 257,217 of which are cultivated; 168,711 are unimproved mountain and bog; and 8,260 are under water. Its population was, in 1821, 146,229; in 1831 it amounted to 171,508; and to 180,886 in 1841. It is divided into six baronies—Carbery, Coolavin, Corran, Leney, Tiraghrill, and Tyreragh. Its principal towns are the assize town of Sligo, Ballymote, and Collooney.

The town of Sligo is a seaport, but its trade is very limited, although it is the only port of much importance upon the western coast between Londonderry and Galway. Its abbey has been long famous; and its ruins are classed among the most remarkable in Ireland. The abbey was founded in 1257, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare and Lord Justice. In 1270, however, it was destroyed by fire, but was soon afterwards re-erected; again it underwent a similar fate in 1415; but during the following year a bull was issued, granting indulgences to all who contributed to its restoration; it was

speedily rebuilt; and from this era we are to date the foundation of the present structure. The remains of this edifice attest its former splendour. "The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch or cupola, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully-carved little arches, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying-place."

The county of Sligo is rich in the picturesque, it abounds in wild mountains, surrounding fertile fields; and though not much irrigated by rivers, it is full of lakes. Its scenery and character, however, so nearly resemble that of the adjoining county of Mayo—a county with which we are better acquainted, and which offers far stronger temptations to the tourist—that we pass over Sligo, designing to describe at length its more primitive, interesting, and attractive neighbour, which supplies us with nearly the same prominent features, in addition to matters that demand more minute comment.

The reader will, therefore, permit us here to illustrate Irish character, by bringing out some of its darker shadows. The outline of the fol-



Zigo
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

specify the date, and from this era we are to date the foundation of the present structure. The remains of this edifice attest its former splendour. The steeple or dome is still entire, supported upon a carved arch of capitals, the inside of which is also carved; adjoining this are three sides of a square of beautifully-carved little windows, of about four feet in height, which seem to have been anciently separated from each other, and probably formed cells for confession and penance. Almost all the little pillars are differently ornamented, and one in particular is very unlike the rest, having a human head cut on the inside of the arch. There are several vaults throughout the ruins, containing the remains of skulls, bones, and coffins. The abbey and yard are still used as a burying-place."

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The reader will, therefore, permit us here to illustrate Irish character, by bringing out some of its Sligo river scenery. The outline of the fol-

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lowing story was supplied to us by a friend, by whom we were accompanied on a visit to one of the wildest districts in the northern boundary of the county; as wild and savage a looking district, indeed, as may be found in all Ireland. We had been conversing upon topics connected with the illicit trade in whiskey, formerly conducted to such an immense extent, and which for centuries formed the great barrier to the improvement of Ireland.

Far away in the mountains, and of a wild and lawless race, dwelt a family who, without any visible employment, lived better than the industrious dwellers in the glens, who laboured to cultivate small patches of ground for their daily food. When the excitable nature of an Irishman is taken into account—when it is remembered that, in a time of dearth and famine, he is frequently turned adrift to starve, the only wonder, to the unprejudiced, will be, that he does so little mischief. “Hill Murphy,” as he was called, never wanted food or clothes; he was rude, but not ragged; wild, careless, and of an uncouth and ferocious aspect—a tall man, of gigantic proportions; and when the children who resided in a little straggling village at the foot of the chain of mountains where he was known to prowl, heard the sharp, sudden report of a gun, or if a huge mass of stone came crashing down a precipice, they would crowd and whisper together, saying that “Hill Murphy” was at his old ways. What those “old ways” were, could hardly be matter of conjecture; and

yet, though formerly there were few "natural-native" Irishmen who would have hesitated to "cheat the law," and none who considered illicit distillation as a crime, Hill Murphy had, in addition to his blots of character, a very un-Irish propensity of keeping his affairs to himself: this reserved disposition made him more foes than his evil reputation.

Few of the glensmen mounted so high as Hill Murphy's house; but those who did, described him as living in a long straggling dwelling, built of stone and shingle, smelling of potteen,—having a numerous progeny of sons, and one daughter, of singular beauty, but of weak intellect, who would sit arranging her hair, and smiling at her shadow in a tub of water all day long; this natural looking-glass being the only looking-glass that had found its way to her mountain-home.

Violent and rude, and brutal in his voice and bearing as Hill Murphy was, he was much attached to this child; nor was his attachment diminished by her drooping gradually into ill health. After some parrying with the disease, he resolved to abandon his sheeling to his sons for a time, and try to conquer "the sickness" that had "come over" her, by descending into the valley. Mounting her on one of the sure-footed horses of the district, he descended the mountain with her, taking their way to a holy well some miles distant, which enjoyed the reputation of curing all manner of diseases. Hill Murphy and his child progressed slowly, and

the man's wild and reckless habits were so well known to many of the pilgrims who sought the "healing waters" from the same cause, that they whispered as he approached, and were astonished at his zeal in performing the various acts of devotion which the poor girl was unable to go through for herself. In the mean time, his sons, freed from a brutality to which they had crouched for mercy, frequently in vain, exulted and revelled in their new-found liberty, which the eldest immediately asserted by marrying a young virago, whose sole womanly feeling had been a love for young Phade. She had five or six brothers, wild mountain boys, whose occupations varied according to the seasons. Sometimes they stole sheep; sometimes they poached upon the only preserved land in the neighbourhood, that is to say, within a circle of twenty miles; sometimes they assisted the Murphys in disposing of their whiskey; and at all times they helped to make and drink it; they would not hesitate to bear a hand in the navigation of midnight boats, or, as sworn Ribandmen, to do any act that might be dictated by their "Lodge." The old man had been accustomed to treat these boys as harshly and capriciously as his own children, at the same time that he imagined he was showing them all possible kindness. Like tyrants generally, he had not imagined that his power was on the wane; indeed, had he been at home, he was so vigilant, and the only creature who really loved him, his daughter, though inert and weak-minded on many points, was so ex-

ceedingly clear-sighted and "sharp" on others, that it is doubtful whether any plan could have been carried into effect, tending to shear him of his strength. So completely did the mountain dwelling of the distillers command the country, that they hardly took the trouble of concealing the implements of their calling. Any ragged urchin of the district would act as a picket to warn them of danger; and they trusted for security to the inaccessible nature of their fastness, and the peril that would arise to any who entered upon it, without doing so "according to knowledge."

Often had Hill Murphy been out on an expedition that occupied him two or three days, his wife mounting guard on "the dew." She would sit near an old, half-withered tree, whose very roots had been bared by the wild winds that rattled through the defiles, her babe at her breast, her firelock ready to her hand, while her elder sons, sharp and quick-eyed, watched from the heights, and the cauldron streamed and bubbled beneath its rude shed. What had become of that woman was a mystery. Her husband told the priest (the only one who dared to inquire after her) that she had run away from him; but this was not likely, as a wailing baby was in the cradle, and she was devoted to her children as a wolf to her cub. So much for the past of Hill Murphy's life. After the disappearance of his wife, he became more ferocious than ever, lavishing no kindness, except upon his

daughter—his affection for her, the one white spot on his darkened soul.

“Did ye ever see anything like the devotion that’s come to Hill Murphy?” whispered one voteen to another, as she took “a rest” from her beads.

“Glory be to the saints! it’s wonderful; and to see how he crosses and sprinkles that poor dead-and-alive cratur that has no understanding for herself! Well, the blessed Virgin be praised, but it’s grate intirely to see the likes of him convarted.”

“Whaap! blessed Saint Bridget, forgive me my sins!” responded the other, “but it’s not every one, Molly, macrie, that thumps their breasts, and cries ‘Lord! Lord!’ that’s convarted; it takes a *dale*, astore, to make a saint out of a sinner, especially of a man-kind. Father Murray, (and he’s a fine priest intirely, though somehow he’s not in the church now, and more goes to him at his own place than you’d see at any other knee, at the Christmas or Easter,)—he said, and I murning to think of the hard penances he gave me for only a trifle, ‘Ye’re well off to be a woman,’ he says ‘for I’ve ten times the load of sin to put over a man than comes to the share of any woman. Ye’re like snow to soot,’ he says; ‘so hould your whisht, the time will go over fast enough, if the weather houlds up, and you pepper away at the prayers.’”

“My tongue’s wore to a shred with them for prayers,” retorted the other crone bitterly, as

she again dropped on her knees; "but I'll have the good of it, and so will Hill Murphy—sure he's the kind father anyhow."

"Heavy and many must be his prayers before they'll count for good," muttered her comrade. "Heavy and loud—very loud—to stifle the cry that the earth sends up to the heavens, day and night, for justice; ay, bate yer breast, and sign the cross,—ay, yours is a cross that will bear no crown, I can tell you that; you don't remember me; but I do you: the bird that flies and the hare that runs know more about you than you'd like to hear them tell; but no matter; it's a poor case to see me bothering and bewildering my senses with the sins of other people—me that have such a power of prayers to go through before night!"—then in a whining tone, "Send me that coal to light my pipe, good man; and may ye never want the light of heaven—" and then, strong in the deceit of self-righteousness, the poor creature followed her companion's example, and proceeded to move round the well on her bare knees.

All Hill Murphy's prayers and supplications failed to restore his beloved child: for her sake he did what he had not ventured to do for nearly twenty years; he entered a town in the open day, to consult a physician about her health; and when the man, either in honesty or ignorance, declared he could do nothing for her, he fell on his knees before him, as if he had been a god, offering him gold—all he had in the world—to save his daughter's life; while she—poor fond thing

—unable to comprehend the cause of his agony—clung feebly round his neck, entreating him not to weep. At last, starting up, he exclaimed, “And afther all I have worked, *and sinned my soul*, for what is no good! the one little flower—the only thing I ever loved or cared for—will be taken”—and then he dashed his hand over his brow, and rushed from the house to return *alone* in the night-time; convinced that there must be a power in medicine to save his daughter, he could not relinquish hope. He forced himself into the physician’s room, and stood before him a giant. “It’s because I’m an unlearned man, and come in a frieze coat, that you’ll take no pains with her,” he said; “and I saw you didn’t believe me when I talked of gold, but I scraped all I could for her, poor innocent lamb, and sure if it saves her life I can scrape more; take it, sir, and if I had a blessing to give, I’d give it you; but they that help the innocent will have their prayers.” He laid some gold, literally the savings of his life, before the physician; his features expressed the deepest anxiety, while his strong fingers clenched his stick, and worked convulsively as he spoke.

“My good man,” said the doctor, “it is all in vain; life and death are not in my hands, but in the hands of God. Nothing but a miracle can save her; it is as painful for me to tell you this, as for you to hear it—” A wild unearthly yell, the laugh of a powerful fiend, interrupted the physician’s words.

“As painful for you to tell as me to hear!”

he shouted. "Ah, you've nothing so close to yer heart as a child! Nothing!—I see that—and I see how it is all through; there's no justice for the poor, that's how it is; no justice, no law, NO CURE, but for the great; no cure for the *poor man's* child. If I had you on my own mountain, I'd *make* you cure her;" and after much violence he finally departed. With a heavy heart he turned the horse's head homewards. When he descended the mountain a few weeks before, poor Nancy was able to support herself on the horse; now, on her return, she had grown so feeble that he was obliged to pass his arm round her waist to keep her up.

"Father," she said, as they wound up the only pass that a horse could take,—“father, the gap up there is built over with rocks.” The old man rubbed his eyes, but his vision was dimmed by age, and he thought that a film was over the clear blue of his daughter's eyes; but he was mistaken; she was right. Considerable labour had been used to blockade the road; and it was impossible even to climb it over; time had been, when Hill Murphy could have hurled every stone into the gulf below; but, strange as it may seem, the agony of the past weeks had enfeebled him more than the exertions of his whole life; he lifted Nancy down—took off his “big coat,” which he wrapped round her—laid her beneath the protecting shelter of a crag, and galloped the horse down the mountain, determined to take the first cragman's path that he met, so as to reach his house that way, and then arrange how to get

his dying child home. He went on steadily towards his object for a considerable time, until, suddenly, two of the brothers of his new daughter-in-law stood before him, accompanied by his eldest son.

The old man greeted his son more kindly than ever he had done before, but the youth's countenance remained dark and steady, without one smile, and the three crowded the path so as to prevent the father from going on his way.

"Stand back, boys," he said, "and let me pass, or if ye won't do that, come back and help poor Nancy home."

"We'll do neither," was the gruff reply. "I am king of the castle now, and you'll have something to do to get possession again." The old man staggered back, and looked into the face of his eldest-born, as if unwilling to understand his words. The second also had come to the parley.

"It's true enough," he said; "for five-and-twenty years we have been born slaves to you, with nothing but a bit and a sup, and no pay for our labour; you got the profit; but now our turn's come, and we'll keep it; so go live on your earnings in the glens, or find another mountain for yourself; but back at once, for foot again you'll never set in *our* house."

"Unless," added the other, tauntingly,— "unless you go to his honour the justice, and take the law on yer side for the first time, and if you haven't lived by it, die by it; we're ready for ye every way; bring the red coats on us, do;

or the law-runners, one will fit as well as the other!"—and while the old man clung to the rock for support, stunned by the blow he had so unexpectedly received, gasping for breath, as the clouds drifted above his head, and the crevices of the rocks moaned with the approaching tempest, his sons and their companions, brandishing their shillelas, then shouldering their muskets, set up a yell, as if they were hunting some wild beast to its death. Suddenly the father fell on his knees, and the curse he pronounced upon his own children—those wild, reckless creatures whom he had brought into the world, and tutored to trample on all law and justice, is too terrible to record. Having thus vented his wrath, he prepared to descend the mountain. One of his son's wife's brothers hurled a stone after the old man, and the instant he did so, was struck down by the youngest of Hill Murphy's sons.

"Take that," he said, "for your cowardice; if he wasn't an ould man, there's none of us, no nor ten more to back us, would dare to do what we have done this day." The stone fell harmless, nor did the old man so much as look back, or take more notice of it than if a pebble had rolled to his feet.

Hill Murphy found the horse where he had left it, and driving his solitary spur into its flank, the jaded animal dashed up the pass amid a torrent of rain to where he had left his daughter. Although drenched by the wet, her worn face smiled when she saw her father. To place her before him on the horse, and re-seek the glen,

was the work of a moment, but when he had reached the plain he thought where he should find shelter. In Ireland this question is always answered by a sight of the first roof; but even to the lowland peasant Hill Murphy was as a ban. However, he took courage, and knocked at the door of a farm-house, which was speedily opened.

“Shelter for the love of God!” exclaimed the man, as he strode in with his dying daughter in his arms. “Shelter, for the love of God!” The farmer knew him well; he had too many sheep on the hills, and had lived in the neighbourhood too long, not to know Hill Murphy.

“Ay,” he answered, “shelter, and welcome, though I must say it’s a quare house for you to ask it in; but there—God bless me, is the poor girl dead?”

In an instant a dozen warm Irish hands were employed in drying Nancy’s long hair, and exchanging warm for dripping garments. She was put into the only bed, properly so called, in the house, and smiled her vacant smile upon them all. If a king and queen had visited that poor cabin, they could not have been more generously received; and when the farmer saw the deep feeling evinced by the father for his child, he was the first to exclaim—

“Lord look down upon your trouble, poor man, for it’s hard to bear: God pity you!”

Nothing could induce Hill Murphy to lie down or quit his child’s bedside; there he sat, holding her hand in his, pressing down his cheek

upon it, and then pushing back the hair that would cluster over her brow. It would seem that the lamp of reason was lit in this poor girl's mind by the expiring one of life. "I'll be with my mother in heaven," she said, "before long, and sure the delight of her soul will be to hear all you've done for me, father dear—don't turn away, sir, but listen to me: keep from the mountain, father, for sure many a time when *I'd not let on* to understand, and indeed I did not rightly then, my brothers would be talking about ye in a way I don't like to think of. I wish, father dear, you'd turn a rale Christian—you'd be a fine man then!" She said much more to the same purpose, and at last, exhausted, sank into a deep sleep on her father's arm; the old man, worn out by the dreadful struggle his mind had undergone during that day, also slept. The morning advanced; the good woman of the house, with a care for the things of eternity which the Irish so rarely neglect, seeing the poor girl was dying, sent for the priest, and he as promptly attended. "I don't like to go into the little room to disturb them, plase your reverence," she said to him, "though it's time; but the father sleeps the dead sleep of sorrow: oh! I wish he would bend his stubborn heart at your knee."

"It would be the first time then," answered the priest, "that one of the family ever did so." The farmer's wife shuddered.

After waiting some time she went to "the little room." Hill Murphy was still sleeping heavily, his head upon the pillow—his face,

bronzed and heated, formed a striking contrast to that of poor Nancy; the thin-pinched, but finely-chiselled features were of marble whiteness—her arm lay across her bosom, and her hand was clasped in that of her father—her head, indeed, still rested on his arm; the woman saw that her eyes were open; she spoke, there was no reply, none—there could be none—she was dead!

It would be impossible to paint the father's strong agony—it amounted to positive madness. Only those who have witnessed the welling forth of kindness, the deep springing up of tenderness towards the afflicted, could understand what was bestowed upon that sinful man, who rebelled to the utmost against the will of the Almighty, and vented his misery in curses that drove the priest from the house.

Two or three years passed: the children of Hill Murphy did not succeed as their father had done; even the most lawless of their customers, fellows who would destroy life without experiencing a single sting of conscience, expressed unmitigated hatred and contempt towards those “who had no nature in them;” and the reproach, “what could you expect from those who would turn their father out of doors?” was so constantly flung at them, that they really became—not ashamed of their conduct, but conscious that it had injured them. The glens increased in population, and the march of improvement impaired their illicit trade. Contrary to their expectations, their father made no

attempt to regain his possessions. After the funeral of his beloved child, he "took a penance on himself," for the sake of her soul, making his appearance at all holy wells and stations, and spending much time in the neighbourhood of old ruins, sanctified by age and tradition, and was not seen for many months. When he came back to the glen, he was so bowed and broken down that few recognised him; and the manner of his return was so strange as to be worth recording.

He drove a horse and car, containing a chest, up to the house of the farmer where his daughter died, declaring his intention of spending the rest of his days and *his money* with them, if they would permit him so to do. Whether *he* set the report afloat or not, we cannot tell; but the story every one believed was, that Hill Murphy, in some of his pilgrimages, had found a "crock of gold," and was richer than ever he had been, or ever was supposed to be, before. He certainly encouraged this belief in every way; he talked mysteriously of dreams; and gave away several curious old coins; his chest, that required the assistance of two men to move, he slept upon, refusing every other bed: he was generous (a very small sum is deemed a generous gift in that part of Ireland), and apparently spent much time in prayer.

The singular return of Hill Murphy to the glen that was sheltered by his native mountain, his more singular conduct, and the exaggerated accounts of his immense wealth, soon reached the ears of his rebellious sons; and like the rest

of the world, finding their own interests affected, they began to think that an appearance of repentance would be becoming and very wise; the younger brother had gone over the seas, so that the cottage remained in possession of Phade Murphy and his wife, whose brothers claimed part and parcel of all they had. A family conclave assembled and determined that it would be much better for Phade to seek his father and ask his blessing. "And," added his wife, with woman's tact, "take the child with you when you do so." Accordingly, Phade and his little curly-headed boy made their appearance in the glen; although he told his wife before he set out, that he did not expect his visit would "come to good," because his father was never known to turn from anything he ever took in his head. Strangely enough, the old man received him with evident and undisguised satisfaction; making him welcome in every way, and at once agreeing to return and spend the remnant of his days in his old home.

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the farmer's wife, after their strange guest had so eagerly departed.

"I don't like the look of it at all; there's something out of natur in a man that has been '*dark*' all his life, brightening up like a sunbeam of a suddent, and going off hot foot to those he hates like poison; it's not in natur; besides, the old man is wasting into his grave, though maybe—and it's an ill thought to think, only what the heart thinks ill it's better for the lips to breathe

—maybe he'll not go as fast as some want him to go."

"God bless and save us!" ejaculated her husband, "only don't be thinking such things, Molly, for you're an unlucky craythur after knowledge—finding out more than you can understand."

"May be so! but you didn't hear the chuckle of a laugh the old man gave when the son complained of the weight of the chest, and the delight he took in repeating, 'I'm an ould man, and can't live long, Phade—I can't live long, Phade!' and the fuss that bitter bad boy—bad, egg and bird—made about him. Sinners don't become saints in the twinkle of an eye; and the nearer the blood, the greater the hate when it begins."

The mountain distillers resumed their ordinary reserve; there was little more traffic between them and the dwellers in the glens, than what was necessary for the sale of the spirit, the manufacture of which was still carried on as usual. After the old man's return, the farmer's wife paid him a visit which she did not feel inclined to repeat; for the family regarded it in a mercenary point of view; and while they affected the greatest love for the old man, his daughter-in-law threw out sundry hints of people who were neither "kith nor kin," bothering about what did not concern them for the sake of what they could get.

These observations seemed to amuse Hill Murphy as much as his rugged nature could be

amused; and again the good woman carried in her ears, long after the sounds had ceased, the low malignant chuckle of the old man's laugh.

Their trade they still carried on; but even this small and bad resource was soon taken from the family. Intelligence was conveyed—they could not guess by what means, although, subsequently, the informer was known to be the wretched old man—to a neighbouring justice; and one evening they were surprised by a body of police, who advancing upon them by the most secret of their bye-paths, were upon them while in the act of removing their “still,” which they of course seized, thus depriving them of the means even of providing a miserable subsistence.

The just and natural consequence followed. The household was reduced to absolute want. One night in February, while the wind and rain threatened instant destruction to the shingly buildings which crouched around the rocks, and extended in some instances beneath them, the family, with the exception of Phade and one of the young wife's brothers, were assembled round the peat fire; a basin of warm goat's milk, and a cake hot from the griddle, were placed upon the old man's knees; and upon a table were a few wet potatoes just turned out, for the supper of the family. The noggins, three in number, were not more than a third part filled with curdled milk: the youngest child crept to the grandfather's knee, and looked up in his face; but the old man went on eating, and took no notice whatever of the silent appeal of its eyes,

which devoured the food he would not share. After watching for some time, the little creature crept back to its mother, and refusing the dark wet potato which she peeled, cried itself to sleep in her arms, while her dark eyes scowled, and her brows knit above them. The extreme of poverty was struggling with dark and bitter passions in that cottage; yet old Murphy continued eating, and chuckling to himself without taking the least notice, apparently, of what passed.

At last, Phade, who had been absent the entire day, returned, and the atmosphere of the cabin seemed to deepen into blackness as he entered; there was so much ferocity mingled with his natural roughness of manner that even his wife shrank from him.

“I’m going to my bed now,” said the old man rising; “I’m going to my bed as soon as I’ve had my nightcap—Ah!” and from a nook in the wall he took a black bottle, and swallowing a copious drink of whiskey, smacked his lips, and looked round with twinkling eyes upon his family. The son seized the bottle his father resigned, and drained its contents. “There!” he said, flinging it down; “there! now, that’s the first bit or sup that has crossed my lips this day, and, more betokens, the last, it’s likely, for many a day more. It’s all up with us; new shooper-visers, new ways, new everything; those that owe me a thrifle of money won’t pay it! Every door was as good as shut against me, and I’m come back bad as I went—indeed a thrifle worse for the weight of bad news. We must clear out of

this before morning, or there's no knowing what may happen; for I've certain news that the thieving robbers have a warrant against myself, on account of some sheepskins they took when they stole the still."

"Can't ye guard the passes and blockade the road, as ye did when ye hindered my coming home?" growled forth the old man; and then he laughed—"Can't ye do that?"

"Well!" retorted the woman, "if we did do it, we showed our sorrow since: sure it's the best bit in the house you've had many a day; the *only* bit you had to-night, didn't I deprive my own child to give it you, and it famishing alive with hunger? you needn't throw that on our teeth now, I'm thinking."

"I won't stay with you," replied Hill Murphy, "I'll go to them that will be happy and glad to have me; I needn't stay where I'm not welcome. I'll go to-morrow—me and my box."

"You wouldn't leave us in our trouble, I'm certain," observed his son sulkily. "You would not leave us now, would you, and the throuble so heavy over us, when I'm sure, father, you could lighten it?"

"No one lightened mine when I had it; I'll do nothing for ye; you must work and wait—that's all—work and wait."

"You would not wait till we were all turned out by the law, and starved, would you?" observed the son, knitting his brows, and looking dark and determined; "you would not wait for that?"

"No, no, I would not," he replied, "I would not wait for it; I would go before it—ah, ah, I would go away before it!" The jest was cruel, as ill-timed. The son swore a fearful oath and paused. "And I will go, I will go," resumed the old tormentor; "I will go to-morrow morning; they'll be glad of me in the glen, and give me sweet milk and new bread; I was foolish to leave them; but I'll go."

"You've ate and drank everything of the best," screamed the woman, "since here you've been; you had the heart to see that baby fainting for a bit of bread, and—"

"Whisht, whisht," interrupted her husband.

"I've held my whisht too long," she replied fiercely, "and I'll do so no longer; if he has money, let him give it, or—"

"You'll make me, I suppose—ah, ah!"

"Many a true word's said in joke," exclaimed the son: "it's too bad to think of what you've seen, and never thought it worth yer while to give us relief; and to make an end of it, I'm determined to see the contents of that chest—I'll—" The old man strode to his treasure, and prepared to defend it.

"Now or never, Phade!" shouted the young virago.

"I haven't long to live, and there'll be a curse on ye if ye open it now," he answered.

"None worse than being your child," was the bitter taunt, accompanied by a struggle to tear the old man from his strong hold. The two muscular young men had enough to do to drag

him from his treasure; even when on the ground, he grasped the padlock.

One dull heavy blow from the handle of a spade made him relax his grasp.

“That has stunned him for a bit,” exclaimed the woman’s brother; “now have it opened.” This unnatural strife occupied much less time in action than it has done in recital. There is little doubt but they had frequently discussed the plan of obtaining the treasure they believed was contained within the chest; but the utter heartlessness of the old man, and the chance of present relief, had urged them forward that night. Not one thought did the woman bestow upon the probable result of her husband’s violence; but with the strong desire for plunder, so long pent up within her cruel heart, she rushed forward to hold the long, lean, yellow candle, so as to enable them to break open the chest more quickly. “There! there! now, one more tug, hurra!”—the lid flew up in a score of splinters; one, two old garments, that looked as if they had shrouded the beggars for many a day, were first carefully shaken and then tossed out; and “Now!” was the mutual exclamation—“Now!”—nothing was there but a heap of rubbish—stones, and bits of lime, and slate! Horrible curses followed this discovery; eagerly as jackals prowl over and tear up dead men’s graves, did they tear and root out what they now knew had been placed there to deceive them. In the midst of all came a low cackling laugh of scorn and exultation; the old man had raised himself on his elbow, and through

thick and dabbled blood his eyes gleamed fiercely, while his arm was extended towards them, and his finger pointed in bitter mockery to the broken chest above which they still cowered like ravens over a carcase. The word "Fools, fools!" which he tried to articulate, croaked in his throat—there was something so appalling in the sound and the action, that the murderers were deprived of the power of motion, and as the sound diminished into the death-rattle in the victim's throat, they fixed their eyes upon him without the power of withdrawing their gaze. After many efforts, he got up on his knees, stretched forth his gory hands, and as the word "Curse!" came forth distinctly, he fell and expired.

What the wretched people felt remains unknown; they placed the body in a hole, and covered it with stones; but it was found after Phade had been taken, and conveyed with his still to the nearest town. Nothing could exceed the fury of the people; they followed Phade from the jail to the court-house with execrations, though at the very same time the police were obliged to protect his brother-in-law, who, to save his own life, had turned king's evidence. It was certain that the wretched old man had gloated over the idea of deceiving his relatives by the semblance of wealth, and fell a victim to his own plot. No one has ever inhabited the old sheeling since, though the fate of Hill Murphy and the execution of his wretched son are still talked of in the glen.

ROSCOMMON

The inland county of Roscommon is in the province of Connaught. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Leitrim; on the north-west, those of Mayo and Sligo; on the south and south-west, that of Galway; and on the east, those of Longford, Westmeath, and King's County. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 609,405 statute acres; of which 453,555 are cultivated land; 131,063 unprofitable mountain and bog; and 24,787 are under water. In 1821, the population was 209,729; in 1831, 249,613; and 263,591 in 1841. It is divided into six baronies:—Athlone, Ballintobber, Ballymoe, Boyle, Moycarnon, and Roscommon. Its principal towns are the assize town of Roscommon, Boyle, and Tulsk; nearly the whole of the flourishing town of Ballinasloe is, however, in this county, and also the major part of the ancient and famous town of Athlone, the town being divided by the Shannon.

The county was for a considerable period celebrated for its iron-works—"The Arigna Works," commenced in 1788 by three brothers of the name of O'Reilly. Ages previously, the metal had been manufactured at the base of the range of Slieve-a-Neeran, literally signifying, in Irish, the Iron Mountains, and the forests

had consequently fallen under the axe of the woodman to be converted into charcoal.¹⁸ The discovery of coal in the district, induced the comparatively recent attempt to render the natural wealth of the county available—without success, however: the works, at first undertaken with spirit, gradually declined, were at length abandoned, subsequently renewed, and are at present conducted upon a very limited scale.

The coal mines, too, have been made but partially available, chiefly in consequence of the great abundance of turf; bogs being dispersed over the county, in divisions of various sizes, from tracts of a thousand acres to small patches which barely suffice to supply the neighbouring districts with fuel. “It is rare,” writes Mr. Weld, “to find four miles together without the occurrence of bogs, and they are met with in almost every variety of situation: on the summits of the coal mountains, and the tops of the highest hills; on their sloping sides; on the banks of loughs and rivers; and in the depths of valleys.” The county is not particularly mountainous—the loftiest mountains are the range of Slieve Curkagh, at the northern extremity; one of them, Fairymount, Mr. Griffiths describes as the most elevated ground in Roscommon. Its rivers and loughs are abundant and extensive, and it contains a considerable number of turloughs, “temporary lakes, which usually commence in winter and disappear in summer;” and which, no doubt, ere long, enterprise will convert into permanently arable land. The noble and beautiful river

Shannon forms the eastern boundary of Roscommon county.¹⁹ Remains of antiquity are very numerous; and some of them are of remarkable interest and beauty. The most ancient of the castles and abbeys of old times are principally those that were founded by the O'Conors *dhunne*, the ancestors of the present O'Conor Don, a gentleman who sustains their high repute—by liberality, generosity, hospitality, and high intellect—in the county of which his family were rulers, and of which he is the existing representative in the Imperial Parliament. The legends, traditions, songs, and histories of Ireland, are rich in records of this royal family; and the walls of their ancient fortress of Ballintobber bear tokens of many a hard contest for their lands and independence, and of many a still harder for the chieftainry of the sept.

Of the three principal towns of the county, Boyle is in the north, Roscommon is nearly in the centre, and Athlone is in the south. Boyle is a good town, yet a very ancient one; it grew up originally round a rich and powerful abbey, founded early in the twelfth century, the picturesque remains of which still grace the borders of the river.²⁰ Roscommon town, although the assize town of the county, is small and poor; this also was indebted for its existence to one of the ecclesiastic establishments, about which habitations gradually gathered. An abbey is said to have been founded there so early as the year 550, by St. Coman, who gave his name to the county. The humble structure was a few cen-

turies afterwards eclipsed by one erected by O'Connor, King of Connaught, in 1257; and about the same period a castle was built near it by the English under Sir Robert de Ufford. "The remains of these edifices, vast and extensive in the days of their prosperity and glory, are still, in their ruined state, imposing and venerable."

The fame of the town of Athlone is derived from the contests of a later period. It was the great gateway into Connaught for several centuries, and many a bloody battle had been fought under its walls, long before the war of the revolution. Its castle was, indeed, famous very soon after the inflow of the Anglo-Saxon invaders; for when the third Henry granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved for himself this stronghold; and subsequently, when Connaught was assigned to Richard de Burgo, the monarch retained for his own especial use "five cantreds of land contiguous to the fortress." It stands on the direct road from Dublin to Galway, and protects the passage of the Shannon, at the only place where it can be forded in a distance of twenty or thirty miles. It is now used as a barrack, and still exhibits proofs of prodigious strength. The bridge that conducts to it from the Leinster side is remarkably narrow, and certainly as ancient as the castle.²¹ A new one, however, is in process of erection. The town of Athlone is, as we have intimated, divided into two parts. The oldest is west of the river; the houses run up a hill; they are miserable and dirty; indeed, the more courtly end of the town

is but a degree better. The siege it endured in 1690-1, has rendered it famous in history. Lieut.-General Douglas was sent against it immediately after the battle of the Boyne. It was then held for King James, by Colonel Richard Grace, "an experienced officer"—writes Story, an eye-witness of the business,—“upon whose skill and fidelity every reliance was to be placed.” His reputation had been established during the wars of the Commonwealth, and he appears to have been the last person of note who resisted, or was capable of resisting, the republican power in Ireland; in 1652, a price of £300 had been set upon his head. He was an old man when appointed governor of Athlone; and his enemies, flushed with victory, anticipated an easy and bloodless triumph. They were mistaken; when the veteran soldier was summoned to surrender, on the 17th of July, 1690—according to Burton, Rapin, and Leland—he returned a passionate defiance. “These are my terms,” said he, discharging a pistol in the air; “these only will I give or receive: and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend my trust till I have eaten my boots.” The many ineffectual attempts and heavy losses of Douglas, at length obliged him to raise the siege; and for a time the aged lion remained quietly in his lair. Athlone, however, was of too much importance to be long left in repose; towards mid-summer following, Ginkle “sat down before it,” with a sufficient force and a heavy train of artillery. Breaches were soon made; and on the 30th of June an assault was

commenced—the signal to ford the river being given by the tolling of the church bell.²² St. Ruth, the French general, who commanded the French and Irish forces, lay with his troops in the neighbourhood; but with that arrogant blindness for which personal courage could make no sufficient atonement, he permitted the English enemy to advance, until his co-operation was of no avail; merely contenting himself—when he heard that Ginkle had actually passed the river and was in the town—by ordering his army to “advance and beat them back again;” while, at the very moment of extremest peril, he was entertaining a gay party in his tent; or, according to some accounts, in a farm-house, the ruins of which are still standing.

The “forders” made their way “through fire and smoke,” reached the other side, laid planks over the broken bridge, then rushed to the assistance of the boats; and in “less than half an hour Ginkle was master of the town.”²³ It was a gallant achievement. Harris rightly says, “It would be difficult from history to parallel so brave an enterprise—in which 3,000 men attacked a fortified town, across a rapid river, in the face of a numerous army, who by their intrenchments were masters of the fords.” Ginkle earned his title of Earl of Athlone.

The loss of the besiegers amounted to no more than twelve men; of the besieged, however, there fell, “as was reported,” about 500; notwithstanding that, according to Harris, “it was observable that when the English found themselves masters

of the town, they were very backward, though in the heat of action, to kill those who lay at their mercy." Indeed, it was never the policy of William or his generals to imitate the brutal system of extermination adopted by Cromwell. Among the slain was the good and gallant governor, Sir Richard Grace.²⁴

The vanity or imbecility of St. Ruth had given a victory to his enemies, whom he had affected to despise. The English forces had no sooner entered the river, and manifested a resolve to pass it at any risk, than an express was sent off to his camp—where he was literally "fiddling," while Athlone was burning. He coolly replied, "It was impossible for them to take the town, and he so near with an army to succour it;" adding, "he would give a thousand pistoles that they durst attempt it." Sarsfield, who knew his opponents better, and estimated them more justly, reproved the arrogant Frenchman;²⁵ warm expressions passed between them, "which bred a jealousy that proved not long after of fatal consequence to their cause."

It was this jesting on the one side, and serious indignation on the other, which lost the subsequent battle, and made way "for all the consequent successes by which the reduction of Ireland was entirely completed." St. Ruth, with his broken army, retreated to Aughrim, a small village about twenty miles from Athlone, and three from Ballinasloe. It is in the county of Galway, but in order to carry out this narrative, we shall make some reference to it here. Early

in July, the combined French and Irish forces were posted very advantageously, having had ample time to choose their ground, at Aughrim; St. Ruth being determined to make a stand here, and either regain his character or lose his life. The battle was fought on the 12th of July, 1691. The Irish forces outnumbered those of the English—those of Ginkle amounting to 18,000, and those of St. Ruth to about 25,000; but the former had greatly strengthened his appliances, was abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war, and his soldiers were animated by recent victory; while the latter was depressed by failure, distrusted by his generals, despised or hated by his Irish troops, and stood in need of absolute necessities.

The battle commenced early on the 12th, but was little more than a series of skirmishes until five o'clock in the afternoon. The English historians, here as elsewhere, bear generous testimony to the gallantry of the Irish, who “behaved with undaunted courage, defending their posts with unparalleled obstinacy;” they had veteran foes to contend against, however, and foes equally brave and resolute. The great brunt of the encounter took place upon the hill of Killcomoden, which is now topped by a modern church. Here St. Ruth was slain by a cannon-ball; although, as he fell, one of his officers threw a cloak over the body, to conceal his death from the army, the intelligence rapidly spread; he had suffered his generals, from pique or jealousy, to remain ignorant of his plans; all became disordered—the

Irish fled in confusion, and the English remained masters of the most eventful field that was fought during the war.

Portumna, Banagher, and Loughrea, and "other places on the Shannon," succumbed in succession; Galway stood a short siege, and surrendered; and the broken army fled to Limerick, where they made that heroic stand which gives the name of the city a foremost place in the history of Ireland.

We leave these historic incidents of old times, to introduce a very opposite subject to the notice of the reader. We have treated of the habits of the Irish peasantry as connected with marriages and deaths; some observations upon those associated with the BIRTHS may not be unacceptable, although they offer less peculiarities, and are, as may be expected, more common-place; indeed, the only singularity attending them arises from a dread of the "good people," to which we have referred elsewhere, and who are always assumed to be upon the watch when an infant stranger is about to enter the world. The Irish nurses—be they mothers or hirelings—are beyond all question the best nurses, as regards either the health or the intellect of the future man or woman; and the ties of fosterage are considered second only to those of nature. History abounds, indeed, with evidence of the close link it created; it was one which the Anglo-Normans found it impossible to break; and the faithfulness and affection it produced were among the leading "crimes" charged against the "mere Irish" by

their conquerors. It endures in all its strength to the present day.²⁶

It is impossible to overrate, in describing, the devoted attachment of Irish mothers to their children—to their sons especially; they sometimes speak harshly and snappishly to their daughters, but their boys are petted and spoiled as much as boys can well be: this is the case throughout the country. No matter what privations the poor mother endures, she shields her child without considering herself. Is her pillow of twisted straw? she cherishes him in her bosom. Is the wind high, and does the hail fall? she kneels down like the camel in the desert, and the children who have been trotting by her hand or galloping before her, climb on her back, and cling there, sheltered from the storm by their mother's cloak, who breasts the tempest with her burden. Is the food scant? with a sad yet patient countenance she divides the potatoes, reserving to herself the scraps and skins which an English dog would refuse. The consequence is, that whatever it may be towards the father, the love of the boy is with the mother. And this is apparent in all things: when she grows old, the mother of the husband rules, not only him, but his house and his wife; and young girls have always a great dread of "the mother-in-law over them;" but in their turn they rule, and with the same power and the same results. As to the daughters, you frequently hear the observation, "Augh, sure she has got a husband, and she must put up with his quareness, as we had to do with the man that

owned us: glory be to God! but they are all mighty quare for men every one of them—mighty quare intirely!” But for the son: “Oh then, sure my boy—and a fine boy he was—might have done far better than taking up with her; not that there’s anything against her, far from it; only ye see my boy could not *pass his luck*; so that it’s only natural for me to watch and see how he’s trated.” Any interference in married feuds is dangerous, and in this particularly so; an observer will generally find that the mother-in-law takes the part of the son-in-law, and the husband’s mother of her own son.

Irish women are, as we have intimated, very tender of their infants, and very superstitious as to a young mother’s first child, and the danger that attends him from the fairies; her friends never leave her alone night or day, from the birth, for nine days; after that they consider that the “good people” do not think her worth having; they guard their offspring by spells, and have more faith in charms than in medicine; they will go a long way to get the seventh son of a seventh son to sign the sign of the cross upon their children, knowing that he must be “knowledgeable”—for which they have a great respect—how indeed can he be otherwise? for were not his lips first wet with water from a raven’s skull, so that he understands the language of the raven and of other birds; and will they not force the child, trembling in the paroxysm of “chincough,” *i. e.* whooping-cough, to inhale a donkey’s breath, and pass nine times beneath its stom-

ach? But we will illustrate these superstitions after our own fashion.

It was the very first day of June: the sun had almost set, and the air was fragrant, for the hay had been ricked that morning in the meadows that surrounded the pretty farm-house of Edward Devereux, an Irish grazier, much respected by his humble neighbours; there was a general stillness outside the dwelling, and a very strong grey horse, bearing upon his back both a saddle and a pillion, had taken advantage of the farm-yard gate having been left carelessly open, and was making a plentiful supper upon the fresh hay which he pulled at pleasure from out the little rick, left nearest to the house "to be handy."

Several women were gathered together in the kitchen of the dwelling; and, strange to say, though there were many women, there was very little noise; they spoke in whispers, and by signs and nods and smiles seemed anxious to do anything and everything, and yet did nothing, unless it may be considered employment to watch a door that, unlike the farm-yard gate, was carefully closed; this door led into a small parlour, and was immediately opposite another door which, in its turn, communicated with a bed-room; up and down the parlour paced Edward Devereux, and every time his step was heard to pause, there was a universal "hush" expressed by the watchers in the kitchen, as if they expected to hear some wonderful news; and so they did, for Nurse Kelly had arrived some time before upon the

stout grey horse that was devouring the new hay, and it was confidently expected that Ellen Devereux would soon present her husband with, as is usual in such cases, either a son or a daughter.

“Nurse Kelly’s a fine woman,” whispered one to the other. “Oh! but she is”—was the reply in an equally low tone—“so knowledgeable; she nailed the horse-shoe over the door, out there, this day month, in spite of the master, who called it foolishness; and made the round of the house three times, before she’d set foot inside, with a switch of witch-hazel peeled under the moon on the fifth night of its age, and steeped nine days in holy water: she’s the *safest* against the ‘good people’ of any one going.”

“That’s all nonsense!” exclaimed Esther D’Arcey, a young girl who had been educated at the National School—“Nurse Kelly’s a fine skilful woman, but I wonder to hear you talking of witch-hazel and moonbeams at this time of day.”

“Ay, Esther,” was the retort; “I suppose you think there’s nothing to be done under moonbeams but making love! where do you buy rose-pink, Essy? where were you and Larry Doyle last full moon?”

“It’s a shame to see the unbelief that’s spreading with new books and new fashions,” muttered a very old woman, whose hair was white, and whose hand was palsied; “look at me! all of a tremble ever since I met THEM at the Gap of Kinross; a thousand and more through the air,

and out of the bog, shining like stars over the face of the earth and glittering in the heavens; and if it was my dying hour, I could swear to the face of more than one that has faded out of the place since I danced at a bonfire on a St. John's eve."

"Lord save us!" "This be betwixt us and harm!" "See that, now!" "Oh wirrus-thrue!" and various other ejaculations followed this statement; while Esther, having recovered her self-possession, whispered, "May-be you fancied it, granny!" This heresy was replied to by a general shaking of heads, and another crone inquired, "How many children has the Lord given and taken from under this blessed roof?"

"Wisha! two or three; but they were all delicate-born little craythurs, like the white buds of a sickly rose, no colour or strength in them! Pray God make poor Ellen's trouble light, and grant her even one to keep young days about her when she grows old; it's only the *childer* can do that."

To this kind prayer there was a unanimous "Amen."

In England, the importance of the monthly nurse begins with the infant's first cry—announcing to the watchful mother that the consciousness of existence and of suffering are twin-born—and expires exactly that day month; the *monthly* nurse then unwillingly abdicates in favour of the *nurse*, and her very being seems almost a doubt, until her services are again required; but in Ireland the nurse who is, or

rather was, synonymous with midwife, is omnipotent. Whatever she has once been, she has a home, and is consulted by the peasant and farming class upon weddings and feastings, and not unfrequently arranges the death-bed for those whom she ushered into life. As to Nurse Kelly, she considered all the people in the parish—if not in the barony—her rightful thralls; and woe, woe to any who doubted, much less disputed, her authority and wisdom! Perhaps the only man of the farming class who had openly done so was Edward Devereux, and he at last yielded his own opinion in deference to the weakness and superstition of a wife whom he tenderly loved: her neighbours had impressed her mind with a belief, that she lost her children because she had not the luck to have “lucky Nurse Kelly,” and that the only way to “turn the luck” was to engage her services and propitiate her temper, which had been much irritated by Edward’s contempt of her professional abilities.

This time, when all was over and a daughter born, every one declared she was more than usually lucky; they decided that “Ellen had not been ill, to signify, a minute;” and she, when she looked upon a really fine infant, did not contradict this marvellous statement; it was, however, but a specimen of Irish hyperbole, “not a minute” signifying “not an hour”—just as “only a step” means, in plain English, “not more than a mile or two.” The father was so delighted with his little girl, that he absolutely shook hands with Nurse Kelly, a compliment

she did not seem to desire, but received rather as the forced tribute of a rebellious subject; and the watchers in the kitchen declared unanimously that the baby was "quite a picture, and the very *moral* of its mother;" some deciding that the likeness was most striking in the eyes, while others were in favour of the mouth. Nurse Kelly sprinkled the babe all over with holy water, until the little stranger proved that her lungs were in excellent condition; she blackened its little rosy forehead by the sign of the cross, made with ashes preserved for the purpose of "marking to grace," from the previous Ash-Wednesday. She warned every one in the house not to cut, but to bite, its nails, until it was nine weeks old, as a preventive against its becoming a thief; she tied "a gospel" round its neck with a thread drawn out of a vestment. She made it open its eyes before the blaze of a candle, as a symbol that it would prefer deeds of light to deeds of darkness. She gave it a fair share of sugar and salt, rendered liquid by oil, as a type that sugar sweetens, salt preserves, and oil softens existence; in short, every possible charm was resorted to, to preserve the baby from all manner of evil influences, and from all natural and supernatural dangers; if Nurse Kelly could have procured a four-leaved shamrock to place upon its bosom, she would have considered the baby not only safe for ever from the powers of fairy-land, but witchcraft also; she assured the gentle mother, and the host of gossips who hung upon her accents, that if the next Midsummer-eve was over, she

would consider *that* baby might even sleep in the centre of a fairy ring without being *changed*—so thoroughly had she worked her knowledge against the art and cunning of “the good people.” Certainly, Ellen had never before been blessed with so fine a child; when a week old, every one said it looked double its age; and the Priest, after he named it by the sweet name of ‘Mary,’ declared he had not baptized so attentive a baby for many a day: “It looked up in his face as if it understood Latin.” Midsummer-eve—when it is believed in Ireland that the spirits of the air have so much power over the children of earth—was nigh at hand, and Nurse Kelly had promised Ellen that, if she could, she would stay that night and keep her eye so fixedly on the infant, that it would be impossible for any supernatural power to do it wrong.

Notwithstanding this gracious promise, Ellen became anxious and feverish—the Pishogues so injudiciously repeated by her neighbours—and Nurse Kelly in particular—in her hearing, had rendered her nervous; and this deplorable feeling increased tenfold when the nurse was summoned to attend the mother of “ten fine children, God bless them,” who expected an eleventh, and “could not wait.”

“Keep a good heart, Mrs. Devereux, ma’am,” she said, “and never take yer eyes off the darlint when the eve comes, from the turn of the sun until the moon sets; and keep on at yer bades; don’t be minding any noise, or any voice that would make you take your eyes off your own

born child; that's the great point; and I'd recommend the master to stay in the room too, but that he has no *faith* in him, poor man! only rasoning upon everything. Ah! it's little he knows how little the good people have to do with rasons! there's *lashins* of holy water, and blessed palm, and everything needful *to the fore*, and no fear of anything. Sorry am I to leave you, but there is no help for it. Sure, it's a happy mother you are; and keep the prayer-book under your head! and——” But her directions and adieus were too numerous to repeat, and unfortunately all tended to confirm the weak-minded but affectionate woman, in the belief that she was in great danger of losing her child—of having it “changed” by the fairies. She did not venture to communicate her fears to her husband, for he would have laughed at her—and the laugh of the scorner is harder to endure than a volume of reasons; while those of her neighbours who sat with her by day or night, were even more superstitious than herself. One tossed the tea-cup, to discover, in the mystic grounds of the Chinese infusion, whether the little Mary was to marry a farmer, or get a “grate match intirely.” Another declared she would be twice married, as she had *two* rings of fat on the third finger of her little hand; and all agreed that if she *got over* the St. John's eve, she would be the greatest beauty in the parish, and die a widow, for the widow's peak was plain to be seen on her forehead. At last THE EVE came—a fine, joyous, sunny day—an Irish holiday; much mirth and some mischief

going on in every cottage, while boys and even men were engaged in preparing for the bonfires.

Ellen sat in her little chamber, supporting her infant on her lap, while one by one the beads dropt from her slender fingers; the heat of the day had passed, but her anxiety doubled with the shades of evening; her lips were white, and the prescribed prayers trembled upon them; a heavy dew stood upon her fair high forehead, and she frequently stooped to kiss the unconscious cause of all her anxiety; the woman who usually companioned her had gone forth to make holiday, and her husband was engaged with one or two farmers, who discussed the prospects of the season, and laughed loudly in the next room; at last they went out to look at the hay, and Ellen's terrors increased—she trembled so as to rock her sleeping child, and its gentle breathing sounded loudly in her ears—all her senses appeared to be performing double duty. Again and again she pressed her cold lips upon its rosy forehead, and felt (for the sober grey of twilight had succeeded the glories of the setting sun) for the branch of blessed palm, which she had placed upon its little breast. She would have given the world for a candle, but there was no one within to call to; and though she could hear the voices of her neighbours from without, she well knew that they could not hear her; the cat, too—the great old brown cat—left his place at the kitchen fire, and, jumping with the agility of a kitten upon a chair opposite to where she sat, kept staring at her with his large green eyes. For the first time in

her life she discovered meaning in the chirrup of the mysterious cricket, who looked out from his hiding-hole and welcomed the evening; and the ticking of a time-honoured clock (that rare inmate of an Irish cottage) reminded her so painfully of the death-watch, that if she had been able to walk across the sanded floor, she would have stopped the pendulum. She started, and pressed the child closely to her bosom, when the first red glare of a distant bonfire shot athwart the room, cheered loudly by the voices of those who had created the blaze; but after a moment the glare revived her, and she felt the light to be a companion. As suddenly, however, as it came, it faded; and then she was more solitary than ever. Remembering Nurse Kelly's injunction, she kept her eyes fixed upon her child, and, folding her in her arms, resolving to wait her husband's return as patiently as she could, she recommenced her prayers, and continued repeating them rapidly; but, despite her exertions, she grew fainter and fainter, and all around her became heavy and indistinct, until—she saw a creature as straight, and hardly stouter than a rush, gliding towards her; on it came, robed in green, glittering all over with silver, first standing and twisting on one leg, then on another, and whirling, around and above, a wand, upon the top of which sparkled a shining star; at the same instant the room became filled with the most delicious music—not common or familiar minstrelsy, not even those national airs which make the cheek flush and the heart beat—those airs so dear to

every patriot heart—imperishable records of Irish hope, Irish love, Irish glory, and Irish grief: No!—but the daintiest music, as Ellen said, “from foreign parts,”—now high, now low, very grand, and very sweet, but hard to remember; a floating melody, increased occasionally by the richest harmonies, that overpowered her senses; and as it fell away

“With a dying fall,”

Ellen was still more dismayed at perceiving a troop of half-transparent beings; creatures who seemed as light as the air in which they sported, crowding round the imperial sprite, who still continued to wave her wand; there were others, too, quaint distorted beings, but more material than those who first appeared; comical little fellows, with hump backs and high noses; their heads covered by the caps of the purple foxglove—bearing little hammers in their hands, which ever and anon they clicked-clicked upon the soles of the high-heeled boots they were pretending to mend; well may it be said pretending, for the little rogues continually paused in their work to jibe, and scoff, and jeer at the affrighted mother, and point towards her treasure with their brown crooked fingers. Astonished, and filled with apprehension, Ellen could neither speak nor move, every faculty seemed paralysed, she even forgot Nurse Kelly’s injunctions, and instead of keeping her eyes fixed upon her baby, she became spell-bound by the evolutions indulged in by the fairy queen—the little lady was so full of fan-

tasies; and yet to look on was to love her and admire. Ellen was not at all afraid of *her*, for she smiled upon her most graciously, and as she had never before in her whole life been smiled upon by a queen, no wonder that such an event bewildered her senses. Suddenly, however, the whole scene changed—the fairies with their queen vanished, how, she could not tell, but they were there, and the next moment—nay the same moment, they were gone; the distorted fellows lingered a little in the corners of the room, and one of them kept poking his head and shaking his hammer out of a reputed rat-hole which disgraced the wall; but he too disappeared, and Ellen was just assuring herself she was alone, when a figure clothed from head to foot in a long dark mantle stood before her, and then advanced towards where she sat; it paused, and turning slowly round pointed across the room, but instead of the whited wall of her simple dwelling, poor Ellen shuddered when she beheld the ruins of the old church, over whose mouldering walls an aged elm waved its stately branches; well did she know that tree! for beneath its shadow were her children buried: she tried to speak, but her parched tongue only rattled against her frozen lips; the spectre waved its arm, the little mounds of earth upheaved, and there were those she had loved so dearly—three, so cherished, so mourned for; the eldest, Aileen, her fair hair curling on her snowy shoulders, and little Ned, so bold and brave; and the last she laid in its cold resting-place, a toddling baby; they had risen from their graves, and,

but for their stony eyes—so fixed and void of love—she could have forgotten that they had ever left her hearth. She tried to meet them, but had she been chained she could not have been more firmly rooted to her seat; she stretched her arms towards them, and a great cry burst at last from her full heart—and they too vanished; but when she would have pressed her *real* infant to her bosom, what words can paint her horror—it was gone! The stars flung a flickering uncertain light through the open casement, and what she touched was foul and hairy—a changeling!

* * * * *

“Ah then, Nelly avourneen, it’s glad I am to see you awake; and a fine spell of the sleep you had anyhow, and I took the babby from your arms when I saw how sound you were; but Aileen, darling, why you’re the colour of death! Ellen—why, Ellen!” and Edward Devereux, affrighted in his turn, endeavoured to arouse his wife.

“Bad luck to the old cat!” he exclaimed, “for crowding your lap when I stole away your own child lest she should be too heavy.”

“The old cat!” murmured Ellen. “Are you sure, Edward, it *is* the old cat, the poor old—but where’s my child?”

The sight of her baby soon relieved Ellen Devereux from the effects of her heated dream; but when she repeated it, great was the triumph of Nurse Kelly, who declared that only for *her*, Ellen and Edward would be childless. Still it is too evident that the worthy woman’s influence

is on the decline, for at this day Ellen and Edward, and their rosy daughter Mary, laugh at the story of the changeling.

The subject of the POOR LAW for Ireland—with its mighty influences and innumerable ramifications—is one that demands some consideration before we close our book. Although, when we commenced our labours, it was necessary for every looker-on to wait until theory had been followed by practice, ample time has been obtained, since the beginning of the year 1840, to try it according to its own merits. Sufficient opportunity has been supplied for testing the practical working of the measure; for ascertaining its effect upon the rate-payers; its influence upon the parties who receive relief; and its actual bearing upon the character and condition of the country.

In order to enable the reader to obtain a clear view of the whole matter, we shall first submit to him a few matter-of-fact details.

The Act entitled “An Act for the more effectual²⁷ relief of the destitute poor in Ireland,” received the Royal assent on the 31st July, 1838.

The office operations began in September, 1838. The erection of the new workhouses commenced in June, 1839. Relief was first administered to the poor (under the Act) in the Old House of Industry, in Cork, 15th February, 1840, (the new building not having been declared fit for occupation until the 21st December, 1841;)

and relief commenced in Dublin on the 25th March, of the same year.

The Unions comprise certain Electoral Divisions, and these are formed by uniting a number of townlands together; ²⁸ the number being dependent on the population resident therein, and the means of each to support the destitute who are likely to claim relief in the workhouse. Each electoral division is chargeable with the support of the poor it furnishes to the workhouse; hence individual properties, if sufficiently large, are usually formed into separate electoral divisions, in order that every proprietor shall as much as possible be liable to support the paupers furnished from his estate.²⁹ The extent of the Union is determined by the population in reference to the acreage; thus the Ballina Union, at its formation, contained a population of 115,030 on 507,154 statute acres, being four and a quarter acres, or rather more, to each person; whilst the Rathdown (the smallest rural Union) had a population of 39,391 on 57,154 statute acres, being about one and a quarter statute acres to each person. The Union of Gortin, in the county of Tyrone, had the smallest population, and contained 17,315 persons on 111,248 statute acres. The Unions of smallest area are, of course, those which comprise the cities of Dublin and Belfast; the acreage of these is respectively as follows:

North Dublin,.....	38,917
South Dublin,.....	44,474
Belfast,	47,702

The money required for the erection of the buildings was obtained on favourable terms from the Government, being advanced free of interest for ten years, and to be repaid by annual instalments within a period of twenty years; so that the interest which the Government foregoes is equivalent to the amount advanced by it. The payment of the first instalment does not take place until twelve months after the date of the declaration that the house is fit for occupation.

The officers appointed (by the guardians) ³⁰ at salaries, for duties in the workhouse, consist of the following:—

Clerk of the Union—usual salary, ..£	£50	per annum.
Workhouse master, “ ..	40	“
Matron, ³¹ “ ..	25 to 30	“
Schoolmaster, “ ..	20	“
Schoolmistress “ ..	14	“
Porter (with a suit of clothes),....	10	“
Chaplains—Established Church,....	30 to 40	“
“ Roman Catholic,.....	50 to 60	“
“ Presbyterian,	20 to 30	“
(Differing, especially the R. C. C., with the size of the Union.) ³²		

These salaries appear small; but they are considered sufficiently large, taking into account the relative value of money in England and in Ireland. The expensive machinery of the law is, however, very generally complained of; but chiefly in reference to the incomes of the superior officers connected with the establishment. That of the commissioner is £2,000 per annum; and that of each assistant commissioner, £700 per annum, independent of allowances for travelling

expenses, &c. Whether these salaries be high or low is best determined by contrasting their amounts with the sums paid to officials of equal social standing. They have very laborious duties to perform; in the discharge of which they incur great responsibility,—many of them being exceedingly irksome. In some districts, we know that the life of an assistant commissioner is a continued scene of turmoil and wrangling, in consequence of the very unmanageable parties with whom they have to deal. They are, we believe, without an exception, gentlemen of integrity and ability; and their work appeared to us to be performed with zeal, discretion, and industry.³³

The clerk of the Union is now usually the returning officer in the election of guardians, for which he receives a small fee in addition to his salary. In the first election, in each Union a returning officer was appointed by the Commissioners, and his fee varied from fifteen to fifty pounds, according to the extent of the Union, and the number of divisions contested.

The clothing of the adult males consists of a coat and trousers of barragon, cap, shirt, shoes, and stockings. The female adults are supplied with a striped jerkin, a petticoat of linsey-woolsey, and another of stout cotton, a cap, shift, shoes, and stockings. The male children have each a jacket and trousers of fustian, a shirt and woollen cap. The female children have each a cotton frock and petticoat, a cap, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat.³⁴ Each bed is supplied with a

straw mattress, with blankets, bolsters, &c. The able-bodied women and children sleep in double beds; the sick, the infirm, and the male persons sleep in single beds.

The diet varies in particular Unions, chiefly depending on the condition of the poor in the neighbourhood, the object being to give such diet to the inmates of the workhouse as shall not be superior to that obtained by the independent labourer.³⁵

The principle adopted in affording relief in the workhouses (except in special cases) is not to admit children without their parents (if dependent on them), nor a man without his wife, nor the latter without her husband,—no more distant members of the family are affected by this principle. If a son be able to support his father, the law very properly makes this natural duty legally incumbent on him.

In England, the workhouses have acquired the name of “bastilles,” chiefly on account of their construction, the windows being very small, and placed above the height of the inmates to prevent their seeing out of them; the yards also have been much too confined in this respect. In Ireland, the houses are in size greatly beyond those erected in England, where a workhouse for 1,000 persons is one of the largest, and one for 500 persons in the rural districts is considered of large extent; while in Ireland, houses for 800 and 1,000 are common sizes, and they vary, as we have shown, from 800 to 1,200, 1,600, and 2,000 persons. The workhouses in Ireland being of

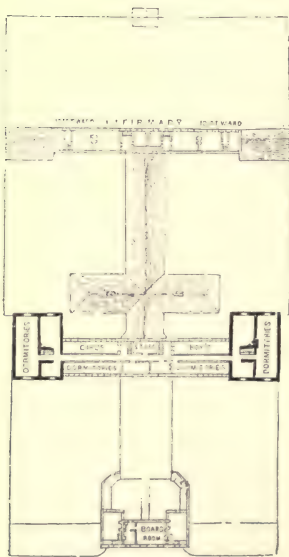
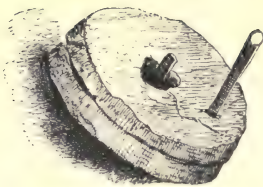
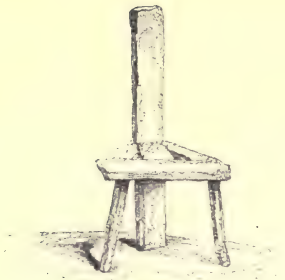
immense size, appear to have been designed with a view to render them picturesque, and to diminish the appearance of their real magnitude; the rooms are placed in double width, to insure effective superintendence. The style of most of the buildings is that of the domestic Gothic, being best suited for the materials available in their construction, the walls being built with rubble masonry, which would have required more dressing and cut stonework had the Italian or common domestic style of buildings been adopted. The use of the dirty and perishable "rough-casting" or "dashing," so common in Ireland, appears to have been avoided as much as possible. The buildings, by their arrangement, are capable of being extended in various ways; and the houses, as constructed, are considered only as portions of buildings, planned to a larger scale, according to drawings which are deposited with the clerk of the Union, agreeably to the 35th section of the Poor Law Act, which empowers the Commissioners to carry into execution the additional buildings contained in the plan—a portion only of which is considered to be carried into effect originally. The division for classification, as contained in the Irish workhouses, is greater than in workhouses erected in England, though they were originally intended to be less; the yards are larger, and the rooms are much more lofty and airy.³⁶

The workhouse may be considered to consist of four separate structures, containing as follows:—The entrance building, which contains

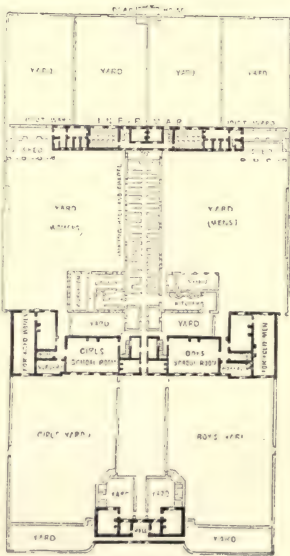
the waiting hall for paupers applying for admission, and the porter;—the board room on the upper floor, in which the guardians meet and determine the admission of applicants for relief;—the probationary wards, with four separate yards for containing those paupers when admitted; and who are here examined by the medical officer, and washed in a bath supplied with hot and cold water.³⁷ Paupers affected by any disease are retained in these wards until in a fit state to go into the body of the house. Previously, however, they are deprived of their old clothes, which are fumigated, and deposited for return (if required), and they are then dressed in a comfortable suit of the workhouse clothing. The main building contains, in the centre, the master's and matron's apartments, around which are the store-rooms, the kitchen and workhouse, the school-rooms for boys and girls separate,³⁸ and the several wards, to which they command immediate access.

The third division contains the dining-hall, and kitchen and washhouse; buildings which are all arranged in connection with the yards of the paupers employed or having access thereto, so as to avoid passages and other separations which interfere with proper classification.

The infirmary is a distinct building, and conveniently placed for access; on each side is a building reserved for male and female idiots—a class of inmates unprovided for in buildings of the kind in England, and whose location here



FIRST FLOOR.



GROUND FLOOR.

greatly relieves the lunatic institutions of the country.

The upper floor of the buildings contains dormitories, from which the paupers are excluded in the daytime. The arrangement for sleeping is entirely novel, and for such large buildings infinitely beyond the arrangement of bedsteads,—the advantages of which are detailed in the architect's report to the Poor Law Commission, as contained in the annual report for 1841, in which the bedsteads that are used are also described, and are of a kind different from those used in any other buildings, and very conducive to order and cleanliness.³⁹

The appended plans of the ground floor and the upper floor are necessary, in order to comprehend the nature of the building. (See Plate No. 15.)

Such then are the leading provisions of the Law, and such the principal arrangements under that Law, "for the more effectual relief of the destitute poor in Ireland." It followed rapidly a Report of a Parliamentary Commission, preceded by the delivery of the three Reports of George Nicholls, Esq., "On the Establishment of a Poor Law for Ireland," made in 1837—these three reports being not only virtually, but avowedly, the groundwork upon which the act was framed.⁴⁰ It is not our province to comment upon the several provisions of the Legislature; our duty confines us, indeed, to the observations we have made in the course of our

tours through Ireland, our visits to several of the workhouses in operation, and the general aspect of the country, and the condition of the people, as affected or altered by "the New Law."

The destitute condition of the very poor in Ireland had been, for centuries, a reproach to the Legislature; but although the State made no provision for the aged and incapable of labour, the tax for their maintenance has been always a grievous tax—pressing not the less heavily because it was a voluntary one—for it fell upon the generous and released the mercenary, and was levied, to a considerable extent, upon the classes only a degree removed from the destitution they relieved. Distress was met in three or four ways: collections were made for the poor in all churches and chapels of the country; immediately after the sermon and before the congregation was dismissed, the box was handed to every sitter; and occasionally charity sermons were delivered, which usually produced large sums. It will be obvious, that by this means the uncharitable were never reached. Another mode of raising money was by subscriptions, to supply blankets in hard seasons, and food during periodical visitations of famine; the contributions of the selfish to this fund were also very limited. The several charitable institutions, including the "mendicity associations," were supported, exclusively, by the charitable; in fact, payments for the maintenance of the destitute being in no degree compulsory, they were made only by

those who sympathised with human sufferings, and had hearts that could be touched. By such, consequently, the tax was very sensibly felt; it was levied in large sums frequently, and small sums perpetually, for it was rare to cross the threshold of a door without encountering some object who made a silent or a clamorous demand for help. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the total amount distributed annually in these and several other ways; but it must have been immense; no doubt considerably more than is raised by the existing impost; infinitely more, if we consider only the parties who formerly made up the requisite sums, and take no account of parties who seldom or never contributed, but who, under present circumstances, are compelled to carry their full share of the general burthen.⁴¹

We have referred only to the higher and middle orders of society; but upon the humbler classes the tax; though voluntary, fell with still greater weight. The door of the poor man's cabin was never closed against a man or woman still poorer; he gave a little from his little to every one who asked it; the itinerant beggar was never without a wallet; and we have known it to be often full, when the cottagers who contributed to fill it stood themselves in greater need of its contents. Much of this evil—for an evil it was and is—arose from the natural generosity of the Irish character; a sort of pleasure derived from *giving*; but much of it may also be attributed to a superstitious notion, that to refuse charity is

a sin, that charity literally “covers a multitude of sins,” and that it goes to purchase an abridgment of punishment hereafter, for the giver and those whom the giver holds dear.

Under these circumstances, mendicancy became often a trade—resorted to sometimes, at first, from necessity, and continued because of the release from labour it afforded.⁴² Upon this state of things we have sufficiently commented in the early part of our work. We do not mean to say that the Poor Law has removed, or that it ever will remove, entirely, the necessity for private and voluntary charity; or that it has cleared, or ever will clear, the streets and roads of beggars; but most certainly it has already greatly lessened the former, and diminished the latter evil. It has induced the charitable to institute more minute inquiries before giving relief; it has justified greater care in the distribution of charity; and it has removed out of sight the disgusting objects—the idiotic, the diseased, and the maimed—who have been in a manner forced into the shelter of the workhouse. To those who now visit Ireland for the first time, the amount of misery will appear frightfully large; but a vast diminution of it will be perceptible—on the highways, that is to say—to those who were familiar with the country ten or twenty years ago. “Why do you not go to the workhouse?” is now a common query to every beggar.^e Until lately, the question could not be asked.⁴³

It is not alone in the outward tokens of misery

—its appalling aspect in the public streets—that a most beneficial change has been wrought by the introduction of a state provision for the poor. It has found the wretched out in secret places. Mr. Arkins, in giving evidence before the assistant commissioner at the North Dublin Union Workhouse, during an inquiry relative to the mortality among children located there, described a variety of cases of extreme destitution witnessed by him as a trustee of the Roomkeepers' Society. These instances occurred before the opening of the workhouse, and Mr. Arkins "was not aware of any persons being in a more destitute state than those who apply for relief." He accounted for the fact of parties who now apply for relief being in less urgent destitution than formerly, by stating that "the *workhouse* had weeded the city of very destitute cases."

Not the least of the improvements which the Law will induce, is the certainty that, when public sympathy is withdrawn from the profession of begging, and the beggar finds that there are no "wages" to be obtained by pursuing an unprofitable trade, those who can work, WILL WORK. There is no locality in Ireland that could not furnish scores of strong and able hands—unused to labour, only because labour has been less agreeable than wandering from place to place subsisting by charity.⁴⁴

One of the most important considerations involved in this question, was the refusal to allow OUT-DOOR RELIEF; the wisdom or humanity of this part of the system has been much canvassed,

and it has been strongly contended, that at particular periods of the year, which may be rightly termed "starving seasons," and which occur, more or less, annually at autumn, with as much certainty as the fall of the leaf, a provision should be made for the temporary relief of the people—apart from the workhouse.⁴⁵ From the commencement of the inquiry, Mr. Nicholls was the strenuous advocate for "Refusal," and he combated the arguments against it in his "Three Reports." A very limited acquaintance with Ireland will serve to prove that an opposite system would be attended with incalculable evils. There, the accepting eleemosynary aid is scarcely considered derogatory; old custom has made the taking of alms anything but a degradation; it is assumed to be given as it is asked, "for the love of God," and a sense of shame seldom accompanies the acceptance. Consequently, thousands who would as soon enter a gaol as a workhouse, would have no sort of hesitation in asking and receiving from a state-charity, donations of food or money; there can be little doubt, that if out-door relief were granted, the whole population of Ireland, under a certain grade, would be periodical applicants for it: and at the "starving seasons," there would be substantial reasons for their being so. It is well known, that during the months of June, July, and August, of every year, a partial, sometimes indeed a general famine exists in Ireland; the store of old potatoes has been consumed, the new potatoes are not yet fit for food, and the condition of the peasantry,

meanwhile, is in the highest degree frightful. At such times no fund could be sufficient to relieve the universal distress; but, assuredly, if any such could exist, it would work incalculable mischief by encouraging, instead of checking, the grand fault of the Irish character—want of forethought, the habit of never caring for the rainy day, but exhausting present means without thinking of the morrow.⁴⁶

Complaints have been made, also, first, concerning the separation of man and wife, and next, as to the law which prohibits the reception of one individual of a family into the workhouse, unless the whole of the family apply for admission at the same time. The first of these provisions has been the subject of much bitter animadversion in England as well as in Ireland, and those who arrive at conclusions through the influence of feeling, rather than of judgment, will eagerly demand its repeal. We have ourselves witnessed some melancholy instances of its practical working.⁴⁷

During our tours in Ireland, we had many opportunities of inspecting the workhouses in the northern, western, and, partially, the eastern districts of the island. We entered the greater number of them, suddenly and unaccompanied, and not upon “show-days,” when preparations might have been made, so that disagreeable features were concealed, or rendered less than usually repulsive. We found them invariably clean, well-ordered, and with evidence of good and steady discipline; the masters and matrons,

as far as we could judge, intelligent, kindly, and considerate; the various regulations appeared to have been framed with judgment, and a due regard to the comforts of the inmates; and the poor people domiciled therein seemed, for the most part, not only satisfied and contented, but grateful, and sensible that they had been, in reality, "relieved."

Of able-bodied paupers, such as we see far too often in the workhouses of England, we saw few or none—literally none of the male sex; and where we noticed women capable of labour, we found that their children were generally inmates of another ward. Cleanliness we saw not only inculcated as a duty, but rendered imperative; and out of this must arise immense benefit, if not to the present, certainly to the after generation. Ventilation is made to contribute to health, and to give the valuable influence of example. Decent beds, in place of miserable heaps of wet and filthy straw, not only contribute to existing comforts, but they become necessities—necessaries that will be procured hereafter by those who have had experience of their advantages. Wholesome food—poor as it would be considered by the English pauper—and in sufficient quantities, instead of food insufficient in amount, and of bad quality; shelter from the weather; warm and comfortable apartments, both by day and night; good and ample clothing; habits of cleanliness, decency, and order;—such are, in brief, the advantages which the workhouse presents; if they are advantages to be described and treated

as the RIGHTS of the English poor, they are, in truth, "novelties" with which the Irish poor have been ever utterly unacquainted.⁴⁸ In Ireland, therefore, we consider these public establishments not only as pregnant with immediate good to the suffering, but as rich in promise of future improvement to the whole population of the country;—not only as taking away a national reproach, as providing an asylum for the destitute, as removing wretchedness from the highways and bye-ways,—but as laying the foundation of a sound and wholesome state of society, in lieu of one that has been for centuries an anomaly in civilization.⁴⁹

Upon the practical working of the system as regards its influence upon the rate-payers, we have very insufficient means of judging. The tax levied upon them is, as we have shown, dependent upon the exertions used to preserve the people from a necessity of their requiring other provision than that which they can procure by the labour of their own hands. In some places the tax is very heavy, so as to induce apprehensions that it will "swallow up the whole of the rent;" in more fortunate, or better managed localities, it is so light as not to be felt as a burthen. The *natural* aversion of the humble Irish to avail themselves of this sanctuary; their extreme love of personal freedom, and exceeding dislike to personal restraint;⁵⁰ the strong affection which near connexions entertain for each other, to the extent of sharing the last "bit and sup;" the pride that apes independence even while exist-

ing in a state of the most degrading dependence; the powerful attachments to home localities; the horror of being interred by "stranger hands" apart from "their own people," and without the ceremony of the wake—these and many other habits, feelings, or superstitions, act as checks to prevent the over-population of the public work-house; while the necessary and, indeed, salutary regulations, by which, although comforts are secured, luxuries are denied,⁵¹ have as certainly had the effect of keeping away applicants, until positive destitution, amounting almost to despair, compels a demand for admittance. These feelings will, undoubtedly, grow less and less, as education proceeds and civilization advances; but they will be replaced by other and better principles, that will produce a similar effect.

No doubt there is great room for improvement in the provisions of the Law, and especially in the mode of its administration. But improvement must be the work of time. So vital and extensive a change—one that affects all classes of the community, more or less—could not have been produced without encountering very considerable difficulties. If they have been surmounted only to a reasonable extent, much has been done. It will be for subsequent inquiry, based upon experience, to give greater completeness to a system yet in its infancy, but out of which has already proceeded immense benefit to Ireland, and which must undoubtedly lead to a prosperous future.

The foregoing observations were written in

1842, when the Poor Law was of very recent introduction in Ireland. We have not, however, thought it necessary on the present occasion to do more than make a few verbal alterations, and to omit some passages, consisting chiefly of statistical returns, which the lapse of time, and the altered state of the country, had rendered valueless; and for these we have substituted a brief summary of the principal facts contained in the Report of the Commissioners, published in May, 1850; thus furnishing our readers with the most recent and accurate information which can be obtained on this important topic. To enter upon a history of the Poor Law in Ireland during the last eight years, would be to write one of the most melancholy chapters in the annals of this unhappy country; and one which neither our space nor the character of our work would sanction. It belongs to the historian to record, and to the political economist to study, the phenomenon of a whole nation reduced to pauperism—of a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, suffering from all the horrors of a famine almost unequalled in its duration and intensity, attended by its inseparable companions—pestilence and death. To meet such a calamity no system of Poor Laws could be framed; compulsory rates and voluntary gifts, national loans of millions and private subscriptions, amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands, were alike insufficient. Mitigate the evil they certainly did; but all was far too little to prevent thousands from perishing by absolute want. We feel

bound to spare our readers the perusal of such a sickening chronicle of human misery. To many of them its details must be sufficiently familiar; and to others they would offer no inviting object of contemplation. It is a subject which could not be wholly passed over in silence; but it is also one upon which we are not bound to enter at length; and we feel a satisfaction in the indulgence of the hope, that the darkest hour of Ireland's tribulation has now passed, and that the visitation, though severe, has been a lesson to both people and rulers; that it has opened the eyes of many to the necessity of a legislative provision for the poor, and laid the foundation of a well-organized system of relief, capable of indefinite extension, in seasons of extraordinary suffering. Leaving, therefore, the history of the Irish Poor Laws to abler pens, we shall conclude the present return with a few particulars of the *actual* state of pauperism in that country. In the week ending Saturday, July 7, 1849, there were resident in the various Union workhouses upwards of 221,000 inmates, of whom 89,131 were children under fifteen years of age, and 29,852 were reputed as suffering from fever or other sickness. In addition to this number, 784,367 persons were in the receipt of out-door relief to the amount of £21,757. 8s. 3d. weekly. The total sum expended for the relief of the poor during the year 1849 was £2,177,651, and the whole number of persons relieved 2,142,766. The returns for the year 1850 are necessarily incomplete; but those for the week

ending April 27, the last in our possession, give a gross total of 242,815 persons in the various workhouses; the recipients of out-door relief had, however, diminished to 119,780, showing a reduction of more than 664,000 in the course of the preceding ten months. Considerable disposition has recently been evinced by the guardians of some of the Unions, to procure profitable employment for the in-door poor, with a view of lightening the excessive rates to which the inhabitants are subjected. Amongst these plans we may enumerate the ordinary agricultural work of the district, the manufacture of goods, either for tradesmen or individuals, or the supply of clothing for other Unions; and in most instances it has been proposed to perform these labours at less than the market value; but the Commissioners, though very desirous of introducing habits of industry and economy among the inmates of the workhouses, have felt themselves bound to discourage proposals of this kind, which have a tendency to bring pauper labour into competition with the independent workman, and by thus depressing the income of the latter, ultimately increase the very evil they were designed to mitigate. This objection does not apply with equal force to the instruction and training of the juvenile portion of the inmates of the Unions; it is essential that they should not be allowed to grow up in ignorance of the means by which they may hereafter support themselves, and become useful members of society; and steps are being taken, in many places, to furnish a course of in-

struction for the boys, by the hire or purchase of land, and the employment of persons qualified to impart the knowledge required for its cultivation.

The total number of Unions in Ireland, in March, 1850, was 153, including 22 recently formed, and out-door relief, varying in amount, was then given to about two-thirds of the whole number; but great efforts were making on the part of the Commissioners to abolish this objectionable practice with as little delay as possible; and for this purpose additional buildings were being erected, and increased workhouse accommodation prepared in many of the larger Unions. Permanent fever-hospitals have been erected in connection with 92 of the original 130 poor-houses. In some of the remaining Unions, the guardians possess the use of hospitals that are near the workhouses, and in which they have effected enlargements and improvements. The size of the new hospitals varies from about 25 to 400 beds, and on an average they contain about 60 beds each; many of them are extensive buildings, and provided with suitable offices, as well as efficient means of drainage and ventilation, and there is every reason to hope that they will be means of rescuing from premature death many of those unfortunate sufferers, who have hitherto been consigned to the over-crowded and unhealthy limits of a Union workhouse, or left to perish miserably in their wretched hovels.

By a recent statute, the guardians of the poor are empowered to expend certain sums on send-

ing out paupers as emigrants; and, under the provisions of this law, there have been sent, chiefly to Australia, orphan girls to the extent of 4,175, selected from 118 Unions, as well as a smaller number of adults, many of them married couples with dependent families. The amount expended for this purpose, during the year 1849, was £16,563.

MAYO

The maritime county of Mayo, in the province of Connaught, is bounded on the east by the counties of Sligo and Roscommon, on the south by the county of Galway, and on the north and west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,355,048 statute acres; of which 871,984 are cultivated land; 425,124 are unprofitable mountain and bog; and 57,940 are under water. It is divided into nine baronies—Burrishoole, Carra, Clanmorris, Costello, Erris, Gallen, Kilmain, Murrisk, and Tyrawly. Its principal towns are, Castlebar (the assize town), Ballina, Ballinrobe, and Foxford; and the seaports are Westport, Killala, and Newport. The population in 1821 was 293,112; in 1831 it amounted to 367,956; and in 1841 it was returned as 388,887,—a population which bears no proportion even to its cultivated land; taking no account of the 425,124 acres within this single county, which are suffered to remain unproductive and useless, although there are thousands of unemployed hands in every district, and the tide of emigration flows from this province as rapidly as it does from others.

To the subject of “Waste Lands” in Ireland, we have frequently presumed to direct the

attention of our readers. It is impossible to travel through any one of its counties without grieving over useless tracts that a reasonable expenditure of capital might, within a very short space of time, convert into profitable ground. Wherever, indeed, there is "waste," there is also evidence that it might be easily redeemed; for in the midst of the bleakest bogs, and on the sides of the barest mountains, small cultivated patches will be always seen—reclaimed by the hand of some hardy and industrious peasant, with no help other than his "own four bones." Cases in which the barren has been changed to the productive upon a large scale, by private enterprise, are, however, very rare. In the county of which we are treating, and in the neighbouring county of Galway, there are landlords who possess from 10,000 to 50,000 acres, that do not yield rent enough to stable a hunter; and who, being unable themselves to cultivate, refuse encouragement to others to cultivate for them—acting much upon the principle of the "dog in the manger." What they received from their fathers they transmit to their sons—huge estates, valuable only as preserves for game. Those who have seen a mass of poverty-stricken tenants congregated in a wretched village, each with a half-acre of potatoes, barely sufficient to keep life in the family for the year,—if there be no failure of the crop, and no trouble more severe than the troubles that annually visit them,—and see close by a large tract that might give ample food and plenty of comforts to double

the population that surrounds it, will feel justified in applying harsh terms to selfish landlords, who will neither use, nor let others use, the means that Providence supplies to minister to human wants.⁵²

In a former edition of this work, we entered, at some length, into an account of the formation and actual state of a Society, which had for its object to effect the reclaiming and improving these waste lands upon a large scale. It was entitled the "Irish Waste Land Improvement Society;" and from its position at that time (1842), we ventured to hope for considerable benefit, both to Ireland and the shareholders, by the operation of this body, but we regret to say that our expectations have not been realized. Upon making an inquiry respecting its present condition, we were informed by the same active and intelligent secretary, Frederick Fry, Esq., who had so kindly supplied us with the materials for our former notice, that the Irish Waste Land Society was upon the eve of dissolution. The causes of this unfortunate termination of the Society's labours, we shall briefly state as nearly as possible in the language of the gentleman who has for so long a period taken an active part in its affairs.

"This result, so discouraging to similar enterprises, has been occasioned by a variety of causes, over which the directors had no control, and amongst which may be mentioned as the principal:—First, the want of power to *purchase*; (the Act of Incorporation having only author-

ised the Society to take the land for terms not exceeding 99 years, and which, therefore, disabled them from meeting the popular demand for freeholds.) Secondly, the greatly excessive rents paid for the estates taken, which rendered the prospect of returns to shareholders so remote after twelve years' operations, and a large capital being sunk, that they would no longer respond to the calls made upon them to carry on the works. And thirdly, the monster difficulty the Society had to contend with in the failure of the potato crop, which occasioned very heavy and exhausting demands upon their funds, just at the time when, as before stated, the shareholders became weary of the undertaking. As the necessary prelude to the winding-up (which is in operation under the resolution of a General Meeting, and not of the Acts of Parliament passed for such purposes), the directors have disposed of the estates the Society held, either by surrender or transfer, and they have little now to do but to lay before the proprietors a final statement of their affairs. Some attempts have been recently made in London to revive the undertaking, by the infusion of what is called 'new blood' into it, having in view the necessity of amending the Act; but they have failed; it being obvious, upon fully considering the matter, that the necessary amendments were so numerous, the shorter way would be to obtain a new Act. It was then proposed to offer co-operation with the directors of the 'Farmers' Estate Society,' incorporated in 1848, for the purchase of

estates under the Encumbered Estates' Act, for resale in lots to small farmers and other persons, so as to create a yeomanry, strengthened, if possible, by the introduction of English settlers; but under which nothing had been done; and a treaty is on foot for that purpose; but it is apprehended that the extreme shyness of English capitalists to embark in Irish undertakings, almost precludes the hope that much support will, for a time, be obtained. The last-named Society have, however, purchased two or three tracts of land, for the purpose of testing the experiment at their own risk, and be able to go afterwards with confidence before the public to insure its more extended operation."

It is questionable whether the union of these Societies will be carried out, and still more doubtful if they will succeed in their laudable enterprise; but whatever may be the result of their efforts, it must be agreed by every one that the Encumbered Estates' Act has become a powerful auxiliary in their favour. As one of the many agencies for the regeneration of Ireland, this enactment deserves a notice at our hands, although it has been too short a time in operation to warrant our saying much upon the subject. The general opinion was, at first, that the Encumbered Estates' Act was a mere temporary measure, intended to meet a passing emergency. It was regarded only as a law necessitated by the failure of the potato crop, a misfortune that increased the embarrassments under which the majority of the Irish landlords had previously

laboured, to an extent beyond all precedent, and drove the nominal owners of many thousand acres to actual indigence. It was never looked upon as a measure which would have the effect of changing the ownership of a very large portion of the island, which should break up immense estates, and introduce into Ireland a new race of landlords, of a character the very reverse of those they displaced. The Commissioners themselves appeared to have formed a very erroneous opinion of the extent of their duties. They took a small house in Henrietta Street, close to the King's Inns, in Dublin, anticipating, it is evident, a limited amount of business—a dozen calls, it might be, in the course of a day, and the sale of an estate, certainly not oftener than once a month. The result, however, has shown that the policy of this Act is infinitely more popular in its provisions than its authors expected. The Commissioners commenced their sittings on the 25th of October, 1849, and, in the first few days, 17 petitions were filed, praying for the sale of deeply-mortgaged properties. During the succeeding month of November, the Commissioners received 137 similar petitions. Annexed is the number received in each month to July, 1850.

October, 1849,.....	17
November, "	137
December, "	119
January, 1850,.....	129
February, "	126
March, "	126

April,	1850,	99
May,	"	135
June,	"	115
July,	"	82
Total,		1085

It was not until February, 1850, that the Commissioners were able to submit any of the estates to auction. But from the 14th of that month to the 10th of August, (the time when this was written,) the sales have proceeded with tolerable regularity. In the whole, nearly 100 properties, great and small, have been submitted to the hammer; they have been sold in upwards of 300 lots, and have produced, for the creditors of the estates, a sum amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million. The petitions and consequent sales are still proceeding, and the prices which the property realizes, though far from high, are still better than what could be obtained from any other channel.

The usual route to Mayo county is from Dublin, through Tuam to Castlebar, a distance of 126 Irish miles; soon after entering it, however, the tourist will leave to the left the old town of Cong, distant about ten or twelve miles; and in order that we may meet with no interruption on our course to the "far west," we shall entreat the reader to verge so much from the direct road, and visit one of the most interesting and venerable ruins in Ireland.⁵³

To its dilapidated Abbey, which retains many

tokens of early splendour, Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings, retired when his English enemies grew too strong for him; here he passed the remainder of his life, living in monastic seclusion for fifteen years; and here, according to tradition, he was buried. The honour of covering his remains is, however, disputed by Clonmacnois. But, at least, the place of his interment is pointed out at Cong by village historians, who would as soon part with their birthright as relinquish their claim to the dust of the latest monarch of their country. The grave stands immediately under the great east window; common stones are heaped in careless profusion above it; but it is surrounded by very perfect and beautiful sculptured buttresses, door-ways, and ornaments of a gorgeous character, which speak of the former wealth and power of this sanctuary of kings. The sceptical as to the interment of O'Connor, will, however, receive ample assurance that here, at all events, the last abbot—Prendergast—was buried about twelve years ago. He died at the age of eighty-eight; and his memory is revered by rich and poor in the neighbourhood; he was described to us as a fine white-headed man, the very picture of benevolence; who had been followed, for upwards of half a century, by blessings wherever he passed. A model of the Irish priest of the old school he was; who combined the manners of a gentleman with the accomplishments of a scholar.

Among the ruins of Cong lie also the mortal

remains of Mac Namara—a famous freebooter, whose “slated house” still exists close to the walls of the abbey. Marvellous tales are told of his daring acts and extraordinary escapes; still more wonderful are the stories of his powerful and swift-footed steed. We select one or two of them, as “written down” for us by a schoolmaster, who had them from “an old man—the oldest in these parts,” who when a boy knew the hero, and had “often gone messages for him.” Mac Namara is said to have come from the county of Clare to Cong, where he obtained several possessions in right of his wife, a lady of the name of Butler, who died before him. After her death he took another. He lived in a house on the river, passing near Cong into the lake (Corrib). In this house he had an apartment into which he used to take his boat. One evening, he had some gentlemen from Munster to dine with him. After regaling themselves with their host’s best wine, Mac Namara retired to his room in their presence, as if to rest for the night. But his heart did not incline to allow his eyes to sleep, or his eyelids to slumber; he ordered a trusty servant to get Binnish, his celebrated mare, ready, and set off to the house of one of his guests in the county Clare, and robbed it, returning immediately to Cong the same night on his trusty steed, “swift as the wind.” He arrived time enough for his guests to see him leave the room he had entered in their presence the preceding night, as if he had been reposing there. He entertained them

merrily at the breakfast-table, and made them comfortable, they applauding his generous hospitality. When he first came to Cong, he took with him a few tried and faithful followers—his sturdy companions in many of his adventures. The descendants of two of these are yet living in Cong. They are the families of —— and —— . From his house he had a subterraneous passage to the spot where the Town Cross stands; through this passage he was wont to repair, on retiring betimes from whatever company he had in his house, and hold communications with the accomplices in his feats and adventures, and here in case of danger they could secrete their own persons—and booty. Of all the wonders performed by himself and his faithful *Binnish* or Binnis, which he always denominated by the term "*companion*," the following may be ranked as one of the greatest:—It occurred in "Joyce's Country," near Maam, when being pursued by the "Big Joyces," who were, it appears, frequently serious sufferers from his plundering excursions into their territories, he had nothing to do, when nearly surrounded and overtaken by his furious and giant-like pursuers, but to trust to, and prove once more, his noble-spirited Binnis. He was accompanied at the time by his Lieutenant, "red Dan" Nolan, whom he quickly commanded to spring up behind him as the mare's legs were actually off the ground; and she had them both instantly conveyed over a tremendous gulf or deep ravine, at the bottom of which rolled and roared, in

sublime grandeur, the mountain-stream. Poor Binnis's feet were buried in the ground, but were quickly extricated. The place where this was done is situated within about half a mile of Maam, where the lodge or hotel now stands. It is still known by the name of "*Mac Namara's Leap*." After extricating Binnis, he lost no time in repairing to Connanamana, a place a few miles distant, where he took boat for Cong, his "companion" galloping along the shore of the lake in sight of the boat all the way, despite the interruptions of bogs and mountains. Whenever Mac Namara whistled in the boat, he was instinctively answered by Binnis's mournful neighing. It appears that Mac Namara was the terror of many wherever he went, some of his neighbours betimes not excepted nor exempted from suffering at his hands. At Tullaghan or Strandhill, there lived in his time a gentleman of the name of Stephen Dean, with whom Mac Namara quarrelled. Subsequently, Dean and two of his dependents meeting Mac Namara on the road near Strandhill, at a spot where a horse of Dean's was grazing, they alleged he was stealing the beast. For this he was obliged to stand his trial at the ensuing assizes, but was somewhat favoured by one of the ancestors of the present Lord Kilmaine (Sir John Browne, perhaps), more through terror than love it is said, who interfered in his behalf with the judge. When Mac Namara saw things turn up rather favourably in his behalf, he sprang out of the dock, over spikes and all, though hand-

cuffed and wearing bolts or fetters on his feet; at which the judge's gravity gave way to a smile, and then to amazement, as well as that of the whole court. He then requested to be allowed to show them a little of what his *companion* Binnis could do; and without delay mounted the noble beast, trotted down to the bridge at High Street, got her up on the battlements, where he trotted the nimble and sure-footed animal, which could certainly vie with any mule used in the alps or mountains of Switzerland; he then got down on the bridge again, and several times got her over the battlement to her hind-legs, to the utter astonishment of a crowd of spectators. He was known to have the shoes turned on her in order to elude the discovery of his pursuers, who were by this ingenuity led to take a contrary direction to that taken by him. When Binnis's term of companionship had expired, he had her *waked*, and coffined and buried with pomp, by giving many bumpers of "*mountain dew*," with which he was always plentifully stocked, to the persons who surrounded her grave.

It is impossible to render justice to the rich remains of this famous abbey: the entrance gateway is in a very perfect state, and is but a sample of the whole of the interesting structure. The windows are, in especial, curious specimens of decorated Norman architecture; and some of the carvings seem as fresh, after the lapse of centuries, as if they had but recently passed from the hands of the sculptor. The situation is also

exceedingly beautiful: the site was happily chosen; and in walking round the old walls and in the garden, or standing beside a singularly clear well that oozes from a rock, it is difficult not to

“Envy them—those monks of old.”

The village stands upon a small peninsula, that pushes out into Lough Corrib. At its entrance is an ancient stone cross, with an inscription in Irish, which, unfortunately, none of our attendants—and as it was market-day, we had hundreds of them—were able to translate.⁵⁴

“The Cross of Cong,” of which we append an engraved copy (see Plate No. 16), was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839, by Professor Mac Cullagh, by whom it had been purchased from the Roman Catholic clergyman of Cong, who, with the funds thus supplied, was enabled to repair his chapel, which had been unroofed by a storm. It is, according to Dr. Mac Cullagh, “a most interesting memorial of the period preceding the English invasion, and shows a very high state of art in the country at the time when it was made, which was the early part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Therdelach Ua Conchovar, (or Turlogh O’Connor,) father of Roderick, the last of the native kings of Ireland.⁵⁵ This date is supplied by the Gaelic inscriptions, extremely clear and well cut, which cover the silver edges of the cross, and which, besides giving the names of the king and of a contemporary dignitary of the church, preserved that of the artist himself, who was

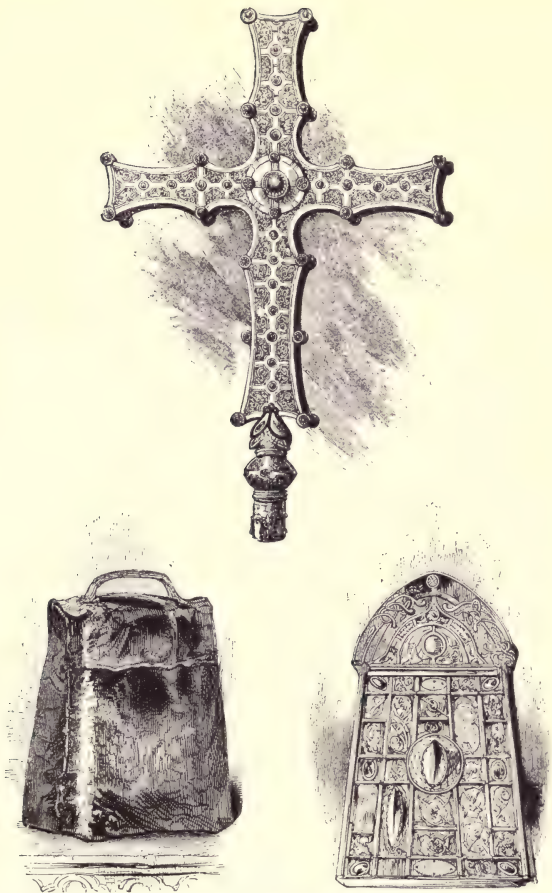


PLATE NUMBER SIXTEEN

an Irishman. A Latin inscription informs us that it contains a precious relic—a portion of the wood of the ‘true cross;’ and this circumstance will account for the veneration in which it has been held for ages, though, unfortunately, it was not sufficient to protect it from injury, much of the ornamental work having been removed, and part of the inscriptions torn away. Notwithstanding these depredations, however, it is still a splendid monument of ecclesiastical antiquity. In the centre of the arms, at their junction with the shaft, there is fixed a cruciform piece of oak, marked with the figure of a cross, and much older,⁵⁶ apparently, than the rest of the wood, which is oak also. This piece bears marks of the knife, as if it had been taken for the relic; though it is perhaps too large to be so, and, besides, it does not appear that the true cross was made of oak.⁵⁷ Hereabouts, however, the relic certainly was; for the place is surmounted by a very conspicuous crystal of quartz, not long but round, being in fact a thick double-convex lens, with one surface much more convex than the other. The cross is studded ‘full of precious stones,’ or rather imitations of them, disposed at regular distances along the edges and elsewhere. The central crystal is surrounded by an elegant ornament in gold; and all the rest of the cross, both before and behind, is richly adorned with an interwoven tracery, of that peculiar kind which the Irish were so fond of. ‘The tracery is of solid gold;’⁵⁸ the inscribed edging is of silver; and

both are separated from the wooden frame by plates of copper,' the whole being held together by nails, of which the heads are little heads of animals. The shaft also terminates below, in the double head of an animal,⁵⁹ which is large and very finely executed. The end is hollow, to admit a staff, by which the cross was carried, like the crosier of an archbishop. The height of the shaft is about two feet and a half, and the span of the arms about nineteen inches."

A still more beautiful and interesting relic of antiquity is in the possession of Adam M'Lean, Esq., of Belfast, who kindly permitted us to make drawings of it. (See Plate No. 16.) It is described by Stuart, in his *History of Armagh*, as the bell which "appears to have been the gift of Domnald O'Lochluin, king of Aileach Neid, to his friend Domnald Mac Amalgaid; on his promotion to the see in 1092." The relic consists of an antique four-sided hand-bell, nine and a half inches in height, five in length, and four in breadth. "It is of uncouth form, composed of two pieces of hammered iron, connected by brass solder⁶⁰ and by twelve rivets." When struck by the tongue, it emits a dull solemn sound. It is accompanied by a cover of very magnificent workmanship, set with precious gems, proving the veneration with which the relic has been regarded in ancient times, and bearing satisfactory evidence that it is the production of a much later age. The ground of the cover is brass, edged with copper, and enriched with a variety of ornaments, raised

on all its parts. "Its top represents a compressed mitre, one side of which is adorned with fine gold filigree work and silver gilt. The four sides are ornamented with much taste and skill, and no doubt at immense cost. The stones are rock crystal (Irish diamond), about an inch and a half in length, garnets, cornelians, and sapphires. The ornaments are of gold, and are principally designed to represent serpents, curiously and elegantly intertwined in most elegant folds, and in various knots, like the complicated involutions in the collar of the order of the Knights of St. Patrick.⁶¹ In some of them, the eyes are formed of blue glass. Of the antiquity of this beautiful cover, and the still more remote age of the bell, there can be no doubt. When the bell is enclosed, a sliding brass plate on which it rests fills the bottom of the case. On this plate, the rim of the cover has strongly impressed its form, a collateral proof of its age, for the weight is not sufficient to have produced this effect, either by its pressure or by any friction it could have occasioned, except in a long period of time. An inscription in Irish characters on its four edges, partly obliterated, indicates, "as far as it has been deciphered," the date assigned to it by Mr. Stuart; but it is very probable that the bell itself is coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. This interesting relic was bequeathed to Mr. M'Lean, by an old schoolmaster of the name of Mulholland, in the possession of whose family it had been for many centuries. Its farther history

may be little more than conjecture, but it requires no great stretch of imagination to induce a belief that this very bell has been actually touched by the hand of St. Patrick; for if some hundred years ago it was regarded as so precious a relic as to justify an immense expenditure upon its cover, in the formation of which, workmen of great skill must have been employed, it is scarcely irrational to suppose that it may have been then four hundred years old, and had been transmitted, as a thing of vast value, from one bishop to another. Such an idea will seem by no means visionary to those by whom it is examined.⁶²

The neighbourhood of Cong is remarkably rich in natural wonders. A little to the north-west of it, a narrow neck of land divides the two great lakes of Connaught—Lough Mask and Lough Corrib; and, close to the town, the water runs through a natural tunnel, deep under ground, a distance of some three or four miles; the northern lake, Mask, thus joining the southern lake, Corrib, and both making their way into the Bay of Galway. Lough Mask being much higher than Lough Corrib, the stream rushes in mighty cataracts far beneath the surface of the earth—which occasionally sends up a dismal melancholy sound, keeping alive the embers of decaying superstition. Here and there the land has fallen in, exhibiting the wild rush of waters far underneath. One of the caves, thus formed, we went a short distance out of our road to visit. It is named the Pigeon-hole.



Lough Corrib
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

IRELAND

than conjecture, but it requires a great deal of imagination to induce any one to believe that the bell has been actually buried in the ground at St. Patrick; for if some of the old Irish were regarded as so precious a relic, it would have cost an immense expenditure upon the preservation of which, workmen and labour must have been employed, it is not to be supposed that it may have been buried a hundred years old, and had been regarded as a thing of vast value, from one generation to another. Such an idea will seem by no means necessary to those by whom it is ex-

posed. The river of Cong is remarkably rapid. A little to the north of the town a narrow neck of land divides the two lakes of Cong—Lough Mask and Lough Corrib—and, close to the town, the water runs through a natural tunnel, deep under the rocks, of some three or four miles, thus joining the south-western and both making their way to the sea at Galway. Lough Mask being much higher than Lough Corrib, the stream flows with many cataracts far beneath the surface of the water—which occasionally sends up a fine spray of water, keeping alive the emerald of the lake. Here and there the water is seen to be eddying the wild rush of water in the rapids. One of the cates, that is, the Pigeon-hole, is a short distance out of

Lough Corrib

Reproduced from an Original Photograph



We were waited upon by an aged crone, as villanous a looking libel on "the sex" as it has ever been our lot to encounter. She lives in a cabin close by, and watches with wolfish eyes for the coming of a "curiosity passenger," whom it is her business to initiate into the mysteries of the cave. We marvelled to see her with a wisp of straw in one hand and a lighted turf in the other; but their purpose was soon explained. We reached "the hole," a chasm in the hill side, the opening to which, about forty feet in circumference, was adorned with honey-suckle and wild roses, growing in the richest profusion. We descended a rude and steep pathway, cut into rough steps, a distance of, perhaps, thirty yards to the bottom; from the summit, the ivy had grown downwards nearly the whole way, and fell in graceful "strings" and folds, running also up the sides, and literally clothing the mournful hollow with green verdure. At length we stood below; the water rushed fiercely through a deep and narrow channel, boiling and foaming along, but apparently without either ingress or egress, for the limestone rocks enclosed it, and its passage, both in and out, was imperceptible, except by the bubbling up at its entrance, and the *smooth* surface it presented when it left the cave for a cave still deeper, hidden since the creation from human eyes. The crone, having first directed our attention to a brace of holy trout—which had "lived there since St. Patrick blessed the abbey of Cong," and which we actually saw swimming merrily

about in a small basin where the waters were somewhat calm—entered deliberately upon her chief business of the day.⁶³ Bending her shrivelled features over the “coal of turf,” the “wisp of straw” was soon lighted; it was flung upon the current, and carried swiftly by the rush of waters down to the farthest end of the cave, spreading a bright glow over the whole scene, and exhibiting to us the parts of the cave that had previously been concealed by the darkness. Although but for a moment, the entire of this singular natural excavation was exhibited—its height, length, and breadth. The sight was very startling; and is worth a far longer pilgrimage to see.

This is not the only singular object in the vicinity of Cong. On the way to Joyce’s Country—we met them there for the first time in Ireland, although it recurred at several places in Connemara,—we saw heaps of piled-up stones on either side of the road; these heaps continuing for above a mile, after their commencement a short distance from the western entrance to the town. We left our car to examine them minutely; and learned they were monuments to the memory of “deceased” persons, “erected” by their surviving friends. Upon death occurring, the primitive tumulus is built—if that may be called building which consists in placing a few large stones upon a spot previously unoccupied. Each relative of the dead adds to the heap; and in time it becomes a “mountain” of tolerable size. Each family knows its own par-

ticular monument; and a member of, or a descendant from it, prays and leaves his offering only at that especial one. The custom had endured for many generations; some of the heaps bore tokens of great age; and one was pointed out to us of which there were records, in the transferred memories of the people, for at least 500 years. The bodies are, in no instance, buried here—it is not consecrated earth; the monuments are merely memorials, and no doubt originated at a period when a Roman Catholic was, according to the provisions of a law equally foolish and cruel, interred—without form or ceremony—in church ground, the ground that had been the property of their ancestors. None of these stone cairns have any mason-work, and they are generally of the rudest forms, or rather without any form, the stones having been carelessly cast one upon another. Upon one of them only could we discover any inscription—this one is introduced into the print; it is built with far more than the usual care; it contained an inscription: “Pray for ye soule of John Joyce, and Mary Joyce, his wife, died 1712;” some of them, however, seem to have been constructed with greater care than others, and many of them were topped with a small wooden cross. We estimated that there were, at least, 500 of these primitive monuments—of all shapes and sizes—along the road. In each of them we observed a small hollow, which the peasants call “a window;” most of these were full of pebbles, and upon inquiry we learned that when one of

the race to whom the deceased belonged, kneels by the side of this record to his memory, and offers up a prayer for the repose of his soul, it is customary to fling a little stone into this "cupboard;" the belief being, that gradually as it fills, so gradually the soul is relieved of punishment in purgatory; when completely full, the soul has entered paradise. We have prolonged our description of this singular and interesting scene, because it seems to have been altogether overlooked by travellers; and because we believe that nothing like it is to be met with in any other part of Ireland. As we have said, similar objects are to be found in several places about Connamara; none of them, however, are so extensive as this which adjoins Cong. From Cong we resume our journey northward.⁶⁴

We must request the reader to retrace his steps, postponing his entrance into Connamara, and, regaining the great Dublin Road, proceed with us to Castlebar. The town looks thriving and prosperous; it contains some neat public buildings, and a "green" of some extent as a promenade for the inhabitants. The suburbs, however, are, as usual, exceedingly wretched. The mountains surround Castlebar, sufficiently remote to add to their picturesque character; and in its immediate neighbourhood are numerous fine lakes. The neat and comfortable inn at which we abode commanded a fine prospect of both. Looking from its clean and well-arranged sitting-room, several fine pictures pre-

sented themselves, which our friend, the artist, turned to very valuable account.⁶⁵

Castlebar was rendered famous during the melancholy year 1798. Here the English army was defeated by a small French force, under the command of General Humbert; and the battle, fought in the outskirts of the town, is spoken of to this day, by the nickname of "the Castlebar races." The "Rebellion" had been suppressed; and nominal peace, at least, had been restored to Ireland, when, suddenly, a descent was attempted by the army of republican France upon the northern shores of Connaught. Two or three months earlier, and the consequences might have been terrible. Under then existing circumstances, however, the British troops, freed from all occupation in the south, had ample leisure to check the miniature invasion; and although a few days of triumph were enjoyed by the invaders, their subjection was effected at very little cost. On the 22d of August, 1798, three French frigates appeared in Killala Bay; the weather was fine, and the sea was calm; the collector of the port boarded the ships (they had hoisted English colours), but did not return. The character and purpose of the strangers were soon ascertained. Troops, amounting in number to above 1,000, consisting chiefly of hardy veterans, and commanded by General Humbert, were landed without opposition, and, after a slight skirmish with some yeomanry, took possession of the town of Killala, an ancient bishop's

see, establishing their head-quarters at the palace. Their first step was to arm and equip "the natives," for whom they had brought clothing, arms, and ammunition; and large numbers immediately flocked to their standard. Bulletins were at once issued, headed "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Union;" and calling upon Irishmen to join their "friends," in order to rescue their country from the tyranny of England. The document thus concluded:—"The Irish Republic! such is our shout! let us march! our hearts are devoted to you! our glory is your happiness!" They were joined, however, by no Irish leaders of note; and the unhappy rabble who flocked to their standard seem to have far more embarrassed than aided the invaders. Proceeding southward, they reached Castlebar on the 27th; and here they were met by the English generals, Lake and Hutchinson, who had possession of the town, and who commanded a much greater force, and were much better provided with munitions of war than their enemies. The relative strength of the two armies may be estimated as about one thousand, and one thousand five hundred; but that of France was aided—more apparently than really—by a mob dressed in French uniforms; while that of England was composed chiefly of militia regiments, upon whose fidelity no reliance could be placed, and who, in fact, did desert by whole companies. The English generals, therefore, made but a miserable fight; they were driven out of the town, and fled in confusion to Tuam, and sub-

sequently to Athlone—a distance of sixty-four miles; leaving behind them all their cannon, above a hundred dead and wounded, and nearly three hundred “missing,” the majority of whom were deserters, who were afterwards tried by drum-head court-martial and shot.⁶⁶ The triumph of Humbert was, however, of brief duration. Having conveyed intelligence of his victory to the Directory, in which he magnified the number of slain enemies into six hundred, with a proportionate amount of wounded and prisoners, he issued proclamations, appointing Castlebar (until further orders) to be the seat of the Republican government of the province of Connaught, which was to consist of twelve members, named by the commander-in-chief, ordering that a body of 12,000 men should be organized forthwith; and commanding that every individual, from the age of sixteen to forty, should, in the name of the Irish Republic, repair to the French camp. He made no motion, however, of pursuing his beaten enemies, but, upon their rallying, “wheeled off to the northward;” a circumstance that was explained a few weeks afterwards by the capture of the Hoche and eight frigates of France, having on board five thousand troops, destined to land at Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal. The Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord-lieutenant, at the head of 27,000 men, in pursuit of the handful of invaders, overtook them on their progress to the north at Ballinamuck; when Humbert surrendered, on the 8th of September, with his army,

consisting of ninety-six officers and seven hundred and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates. So ended the last invasion of Great Britain; at Castlebar, as well as elsewhere,

“ Rebellion had ill luck.”

The result might have been far more disastrous had Humbert paid his visit to Ireland a few months earlier; or had he delayed it a few weeks later, when the troops, proceeding to join him in the Hoche, had augmented his forces—and the unhappy Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was a passenger in that vessel, had brought experience to his councils, and the influence of a known and beloved name as a watchword to his Irish allies.⁶⁷

It would be unjust to omit reference to the conduct of the Irish peasantry of Mayo during the period of their remaining uncontrolled masters of the district; it was generous and merciful in the highest degree, as compared with the scenes enacted a brief while previously in the south of Ireland. In fact, no Loyalist's life was wantonly taken; and persons most obnoxious to the people were suffered to remove unmolested from their habitations, or to remain in the country merely under surveillance. It is only equally right to add, that they were ill recompensed for thus abstaining from acts of rapine and bloodshed. When the troops obtained repossession of Castlebar and its neighbourhood, they seemed to vie with each other as to who could “shoot most Croppies;” they robbed friends as well as

enemies; and, in fact, so extensive was the mischief wrought by them, that "the Marquis of Cornwallis sent ten commissioners to Killala and its vicinity for the express purpose of ascertaining the damages done by the king's troops."

The district north of Castlebar is full of interest and wild beauty; about midway to Ballina, and on the direct road to Sligo, the tourist passes between the lakes Con and Cullen. A bridge was built across their juncture by the late Lord Lucan, who has handed down his name to posterity as one of the benefactors of Ireland;⁶⁸ for previously a dangerous ferry was the only mode by which travellers could pass from one side to the other.⁶⁹

From Castlebar we proceeded to Newport,—called, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name, Newport-Mayo. A few years back it was little better than a collection of hovels, and a modern traveller, in 1839, complains bitterly, that he was domiciled at "an ugly, mean-looking pothouse, redolent of sour beer, and effete whiskey punch," the bedchamber of which was "small, frouzy, and unclean:" he adds, however, that "Newport was *intended* to be a better town,"—and a better town it now, unquestionably, is. The "hotel" is neat and comfortable; the cars are good; several pretty houses have been built along the quay, and some large storehouses "in progress" indicate increasing prosperity. Few towns on the coast, indeed, are more fortunately situated; a somewhat broad and rapid river, aiding the picturesque, and "full"

of charms to the angler, here makes its way into the sea: the beautiful bay of Clew, with its hundreds of islands, that leaves a deposit of soft sand upon the adjacent shore, rendering the neighbourhood highly attractive to bathers. At the quay, a vessel of four or five hundred tons may unload. The town, and a vast district to the west of it, including nearly the whole of the island of Achill, are the property of Sir Richard O'Donell, who is said to be the "nominal owner" of eighty thousand statute acres of land; but so much of it is let upon long leases, or is mountain-waste, that his real income is understood to be very small. Nevertheless, under the watchful care of a judicious agent, and by the help of a most benevolent, active, and intelligent clergyman, who has shown how completely prejudices may be overcome, and who happily mingles firmness of principle with just and generous liberality, the town is rapidly rising into an importance that will, in a short time, render it second to none on the western coast.⁷⁰

The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood is very pleasing, striking, and picturesque.

To the tourist and the occasional resident, Newport-Mayo has many temptations—of sea, lake, and land; its attractions to the sportsman and the angler are abundant of every class and kind, and both may pursue their pleasure without "let or hindrance," the sole stipulation being that they shall reside at the inn.⁷¹

At Newport-Mayo we had an opportunity of inspecting one of the singular boats, the Cor-

ragh, or Corach, the construction of which appears to have undergone little alteration for many centuries, being almost precisely similar to that in use by the ancient Irish. It is of a rude form, the stem being nearly as broad as the stern. It is made of wooden laths, covered with coarse tarred canvas; this canvas is manufactured by the peasantry, and the cost of the whole vessel is about thirty shillings. The size is, usually, sufficiently large to contain four men; each man rows two oars; the oars are short, flat, and broad, and a hole is made, into which is introduced a single trolach. It is, of course, very light, and rises and falls with every wave—literally dancing on the waters; they are seldom or never upset, and are peculiarly calculated for this wild shore, for if suddenly struck against a sunken rock, the hole thereby made in the canvas covering is stopped in an instant. We took a row in one; its owner regretting that we were not “in town last week” to see the “fine one intirely that was there then.” Our specimen was old and much worn, but not therefore the less picturesque.⁷²

A still greater treat, however, awaited us in Newport—a visit to its Schools. This, be it remembered, is a wild district; with none of the advantages which accrue from the near residence of a landlord, *able*, as well as *willing*, to provide for the physical and moral wants of his dependents. Yet in no part of Ireland have we seen schools better, if so well, managed, in all respects, or bearing surer evidence of the vast

good to be distributed by education. There are three schools under the superintendence of the Rector, and although the funds are derived from sources connected with the Diocesan, part of them are supplied by "The Church Education Society for Ireland," with which they are in direct connection. A large proportion—certainly above half—of the pupils were Roman Catholics; yet no compromise had been entered into with either the clergy or the parents of the children; the teachers were members of the Church of England, and the authorized version of the Scriptures was read daily; in fact, all the objections commonly urged against schools in connection with the Established Church existed here in full force; yet the parents had sent, and continued to send, their children to receive the benefits of the establishment, although there is a Roman Catholic school, and a school in association with the National Board, in the immediate neighbourhood. We confess that this fact, very startling at first, surprised us infinitely less when we had looked more closely into it. The plans for education are sensible, sound, and *agreeable*; the school-houses were exceedingly neat and orderly; the discipline included strict attention to cleanliness, good manners, and punctuality; the pupils were in very few instances of the lowest class; but, above all, the school teachers were able and experienced persons, well qualified for the discharge of their duties, and known to be so. They were consequently *amply* remunerated for their labour; their salaries, including the house

and other necessities, being each about £80 per annum.⁷³ This was the great secret of their success; it was explained to us in a sentence—The parents will, in spite of all opposition, send their children to the best masters; let a master become famous for turning out good scholars, and nearly every obstacle will be overcome. Good masters can be procured only by paying them well; consequently, this should be a primary consideration—the first object—with persons who aim at establishing schools for the benefit of *all classes*. We assume, as matter of course, that there will be no evidence of a design to proselytize, although there may be even a suspicion of such a purpose. The fact is, that where there has been a contest for the introduction of the authorized version of the Scriptures, it has been accompanied too often by proof that they were *intended* to be made use of less with a view to inculcate religious and moral duties, than to convert the readers and hearers from the religion of their parents. Thus hostility was aroused; it was encountered with more zeal than meekness; and resistance to proselytism was not unfrequently unjustly construed into fear or “hatred of the Bible.”

The schools in connection with the Church Education Society are, of course, all under the superintendence of CLERGYMEN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH; yet this fact operates by no means to their prejudice; for these clergymen, generally, have the confidence, and very often the affections, of the people. They are, with few exceptions, generous, considerate, conciliating,

and charitable—*charitable* in the widest and most extended meaning of the term; the best landlords, where they hold land; the most accomplished gentlemen; the surest lessons in the benefits of good order and adherence to social duties; always foremost where the temporal wants of their neighbours are to be attended to; the zealous promoters and steady supporters of every institution for relieving the poor in sickness or poverty; and continually inculcating by argument and example the divine precept of their Master, “peace and good will.” The Irish clergy, some twenty or thirty years ago, must have been characterised in opposite terms. Now, it is not too much to say, there never existed a body of men, in all respects, so unexceptionable; so distinguished for learning; so remarkable for integrity, in its widest sense; so conspicuous indeed for the daily exercise of all the virtues. Wherever we have been—in every part of Ireland, among its by-ways as well as its high-ways—we have almost invariably found the rector, or the curate, a model for the higher, and an example for the humbler, classes.

From Newport-Mayo we proceeded to the island of ACHILL, distant about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast, being sixteen miles in length by seven in breadth, and contains between 5,000 and 6,000 inhabitants. The scenery that leads to it is remarkably wild and barren; on one side are the bleak and bare mountains, and on the other is the beautiful bay—Clew Bay—for nearly half the distance, until

the view opens upon the broad Atlantic. In natural grandeur and rude magnificence, the district is certainly unsurpassed—if indeed it be approached—by any other in Ireland; on no occasion have we so completely felt our utter inability to render justice to the wonderful works of Nature. Nor is the neighbourhood without its interest, arising from associations with the olden time; the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley, are among the most striking and remarkable of the ruins of Ireland. Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and adjacent to the lake, of Burrishoole; both afford famous sport to the angler, and unrestricted permission to fish in either is, as we have intimated, readily accorded to the tourist. The venerable ruin is highly picturesque; it retains many tokens of early splendour, and some of the mullions and capitals are curious specimens of art. As usual the relics of mortality are scattered profusely within and around it; it is literally “a place of skulls;” every nook, crevice, and cranny is “crammed” with the “dry bones.”⁷⁴ The old castle was evidently built for strength; it is situated at the extremity of an arm of the sea, and immediately adjoining it, we were informed there was depth enough, at low water, for a vessel of considerable burthen to ride in concealment and in perfect shelter from the fiercer winds. In this vicinity, too, there are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic.⁷⁵

The beauty and magnificence of the scenery increases as we proceed; about midway to Achill Sound is the small village of Bunown, where the tourist will certainly give his horse a rest; for probably the whole line of the Irish coast does not supply a view at once so grand and so inconceivably lovely. Yet it is all taken in at a glance. In the extreme distance, across the bay, rises a line of mountains, of which the venerable and legend-haunted Croagh Patrick is the highest—seen with its peaked top in the clouds. Midway is the broad bay, dotted with islands. We stand above a terrific precipice; the rocky strand beneath us, although at a considerable distance off, seems so immediately under our feet, that a stone thrown from the summit by a child's hand may reach the ocean—and so indeed it will, but not at a single bound; it goes rushing and plunging down the steep, leaping over every opposing barrier, now and then springing upwards many feet into the air, and at length, when nearly out of sight, surmounting its last obstruction, and plunging in among the breakers, the white foam of which dashes against the sides of the huge precipice below.

The scenery becomes still wilder; and we enter upon a tract of country thronging with lakes in the midst of extensive bogs, formed by innumerable streams that rush into the valleys from the adjacent mountains. It is impossible to convey to those who can appreciate the grace and beauty of "naked Nature," an idea of the many and powerful fascinations that meet the eye at every



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step; each turn of the road brings in view some striking object near or distant—the shadowy but picturesque outlines of the far-off hills, the foaming cataracts near at hand, and the white threads, as it were, that mark their progress down the amphitheatre of hills, which seem actually to render the valley impassable, and now and then to permit no other egress but by the ocean. Not the least of the many attractions of the scenery consists in the countless hues cast upon the landscape by either the rising, the mid-day, or the setting sun, shining upon the rocks covered with heath and wild flowers, and the thin herbage—“ever-green.”

Perhaps no country of the world is so rich in materials for the PAINTER; nowhere can he find more admirable subjects for his pencil, whether he studies the immense varieties of nature, or human character as infinitely varied. The artist by whom this district has not been visited, can indeed have no idea of its surpassing grandeur and sublimity;—go where he will he finds a picture; the lines of the mountains covered with heather; the rocks of innumerable shapes; the “passes,” rugged, but grand to a degree; the finest rivers, always rapid—salmon-leaps upon almost every one of them; the broadest and richest lakes, full of small islands, and at times clothed with luxuriant foliage along their sides; in fact, Nature nowhere presents such abundant and extraordinary stores of wealth to the painter—and even now it has been very little resorted to. Add to this, that every peasant the

artist will encounter, furnishes a striking and picturesque sketch; and as they are usually met in groups, scarcely one will be without this valuable accessory to the landscape.⁷⁶

At length, by an easy descent, we approach the coast of which, for some miles, we have had but occasional glances; and the island of Achill, appearing as part of the mainland, rises to sight,—the tops of its two high mountains, Croghan and Slievemore, having been for a long time visible. At Achill Sound there is a ferry-boat to the island; the passage across being about a quarter of a mile, at low water. The boat, of course, conveys the car with the passengers.⁷⁷ At “the Sound,” there is a plain but very comfortable inn, at which the traveller will do well to rest. It is kept by a Mr. Savage, who was for several years a sub-officer of the coast-guard. He is a very intelligent guide, also, to the objects of interest in the neighbourhood; and a “famous” counsellor to the sportsman, whether of the rod or the gun. The island and the mainland are both full of lakes that abound with trout; and the grouse are as plentiful on the mountains as sparrows round a barn-door. The driver of the car to be obtained here is also one of the few examples left of the “characters” of former times; a pleasant, good-humoured fellow, with a budget of legends and a few jokes.

Our principal object in visiting Achill was to examine the “PROTESTANT COLONY,” concerning which we had heard very opposite accounts. By one party it has been “cried down” as a bundle



Cathedral Cliffs, Achill
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

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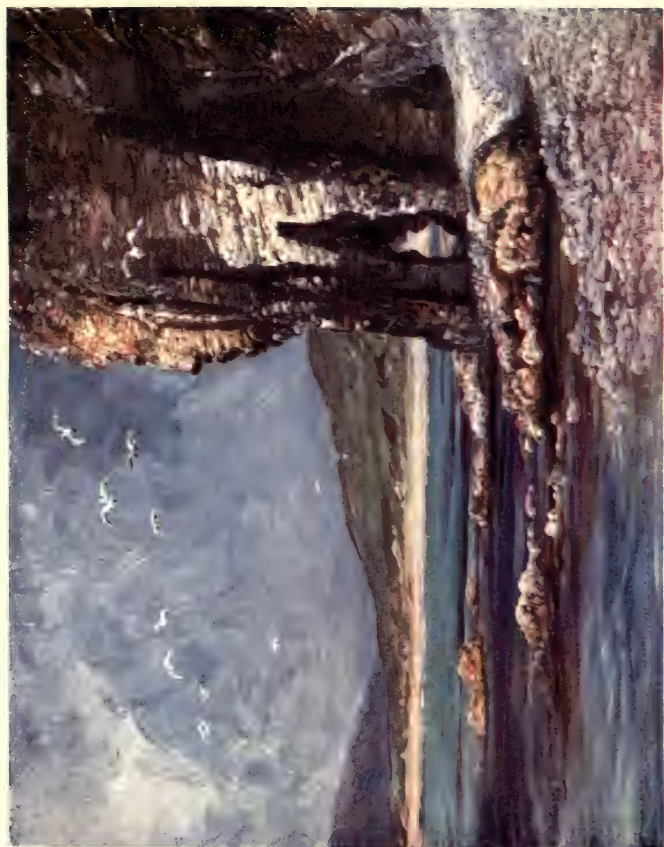
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of firebrands; and by another it has been “cried up” as a sanctuary for the oppressed—the germ of a great tree that was destined to overshadow Ireland with its protecting branches. In fact, very contradictory statements of its advantages, or its mischiefs, have been for a long time in circulation, and it has, consequently, attracted no small degree of public attention.

The colony is situated on the northern part of the island, near the village of Dugorth, at the foot of Slievemore, and at the mouth of a small bay. It consists of a terrace, at one extremity of which is the school, with the offices connected with it; at the other are the infirmary, the mill, and the dispensary; and in the centre are a small hotel, the printing-office,⁷⁸ and the residence of the missionary-in-chief, the Rev. Edward Nangle.

The dwellings of the labourers are built up the hill at the back of this terrace, which seems to be occupied exclusively by the official personages of the mission; some of the workmen have also residences at Dugorth. The period of our visit to the colony was an unfortunate one; a contagious disease had been raging there, the school was, for a time, deserted in consequence, and we may, no doubt, thus account for an absence of neatness and cleanliness upon which we had calculated, as marking the distinction between the colonists and their less-favoured neighbours.⁷⁹

The establishment of the colony was commenced in the year 1833, for the avowed purpose

of “converting Romanists;” a tract of reclaimable land (being, however, nearly the worst upon the island, and most inauspiciously selected) was obtained, and the minister “entered upon his work” on the 1st of August, 1834. The colony was to be supported, and *is* supported by donations and subscriptions raised throughout the kingdom. The documents at our command relative to the settlement are but few; we are not, therefore, enabled accurately to trace the progress of the colony from its formation; what advances it has made in its receipts; or what increase there has been in the number by whom its protection has been sought.

There are—if we rightly understand the Report, which is a very confused document—four or five distinct and separate modes of collecting money. The first, is for the Mission; the second, is for the Orphan Asylum; the third, is for the Dispensary; the fourth, is for the Achill Bible and Church Missionary Society; and a fifth, is “donations of clothing;” a sixth—may be occasional—“for relief of distress in Achill;” and a seventh, may be “for the Infant School.” From all these sources a large sum is collected, and this sum seems to be expended in salaries to missionaries, schoolmasters, and schoolmistresses, workmen’s wages, repairs, buildings, expenses of printing-office, dispensary, &c., the affairs of the Mission being managed by the missionaries, and Dr. Adams (a most excellent and estimable physician, whose motive at least in thus exchanging independence and a high position for a settlement

in this colony cannot be mistaken); and there is also a committee of gentlemen of irreproachable character, the greater number of whom probably have never visited the settlement, but who believe that it is really conferring practical benefit upon the community.

The principal feature of the colony, however, is the orphan school; the mere gathering together a few labourers who have been catholic, and now are protestant, is a matter of very trifling national importance. But the education of even a small part of the rising generation in good habits and right principles, is a work upon which the moneys of the wealthy might be most advantageously expended. Whether this object has been to any extent attained, or is in course of attainment, we cannot with certainty say; but the impression left upon our minds regarding it was by no means satisfactory. We imagine that the results must be unimportant, for by the eighth Report (1841) we learn no more than that “*three* of the female orphan children educated in this settlement are now earning their bread as servants, *eight* of the boys are learning trades in the settlement, and of these, *two* are sufficiently advanced to support themselves;” while the Report (1840) states that three orphans had been apprenticed to trades, one of whom we are told in the Report (1841) was placed on board a ship of war, *from which he deserted*. The Report of 1840 gives the number of children educated in all the schools superintended by the Mission as two hundred and forty-two, “being

an increase of *two* in the number reported as in attendance last year.” Of these there were, in 1840, “in our Institution” one hundred, and in 1841 exactly the same number, one hundred; so that in that year there had been no increase. The greater number of these orphans are sent to the colony from distant parts; children whose parents, “one or both,” had been Roman Catholics, who were left destitute, and for whom some benevolent individuals undertook to provide, by sending them to receive board and education at the settlement.⁸⁰

Our suspicions as to the beneficial results of the orphan asylum,—the only portion of the plan out of which extensive good to the community could arise—are founded, however, upon something like substantial grounds. It is our duty to describe them:—On our way to the colony, from which we were five or six miles distant, on the mainland, we met a poor wretched-looking boy about thirteen years of age, clothed in rags. Upon questioning him we found he had been dismissed from the school, that Mr. Nangle had taken away his decent clothes and given him three shillings, (this we afterwards learned from Mr. Nangle himself was perfectly correct,) to convey him *a distance of about sixty miles* into the county of Sligo, where his grandfather lived, his parents being both dead. We reasoned with the boy as to the sad position in which he had placed himself by his misconduct, contrasted his future prospects with his past condition; and he readily, and indeed eagerly, listened to our advice that

he should return as a repentant prodigal, to obtain the forgiveness of the minister of Christ, and be once more received into the fold, where there would have been—as we expected—joy over the sheep that had been lost and was found. We were mistaken. On presenting the penitent to Mr. Nangle, and interceding for him, that clergyman declined to take him back; assigning no cause for his refusal; merely saying “he was a bad boy and he would not receive him;” giving no account whatever of misconduct that shut him out from mercy. We, therefore, took the lad upon our car out of the island, and, adding a few shillings to his scanty store, sent him to beg his way to Sligo. The boy’s name was Hart, and if he had so displeased his master as to have been justly an outcast, it was evident that he had not lost the favour of his schoolmates, for several of them gathered round our car as we were driving off, bidding him good-by, and begging God to bless him! We should, perhaps, have taken no notice of this fact,—for we might have argued ourselves into a belief that the boy had merited his unhappy fate by conduct more than commonly atrocious, which Mr. Nangle did not feel called upon to explain—but that another circumstance occurred the next day, which compelled us to the conclusion that the divine precept which teaches forgiveness to a repentant sinner who had offended, not seven times but seventy times seven, had not been learned, if it was taught, at the colony. Returning through Newport, the clergyman of that town brought to our inn-door five

other boys who had been also dismissed from the orphan-school of the settlement; he brought them to us in order that we might explain to them the inutility of their desire to go back to its shelter, by stating to them the results of our experience as regarded the boy Hart. And we did inform them that, judging from our experiment in his favour, there would be no use in their making the attempt, for that Mr. Nangle would not receive them. Thus six poor little helpless and deserted children were cast upon the world, nearly naked and penniless; without parents, without homes, and without friends; for the few friends of their infancy would have either forgotten them, or have been exasperated into a hatred of them by their virtual apostacy from their religion.

Upon these facts we have no desire to comment.

We do not apologise for the space we have occupied in considering this matter, because it is annually made the topic of a public meeting in London (to obtain subscriptions); because a very large proportion of those who sustain the settlement, know nothing about it except its name; and because, in Ireland, it is a fruitful source of much discreditable and uncharitable discussion, and strengthens that bitterness of spirit which forms the grand barrier to the improvement of the country. Moreover, it is sufficiently notorious that all accounts of this colony have been derived from prejudiced sources, for or against: at least we are not aware that it has been in-



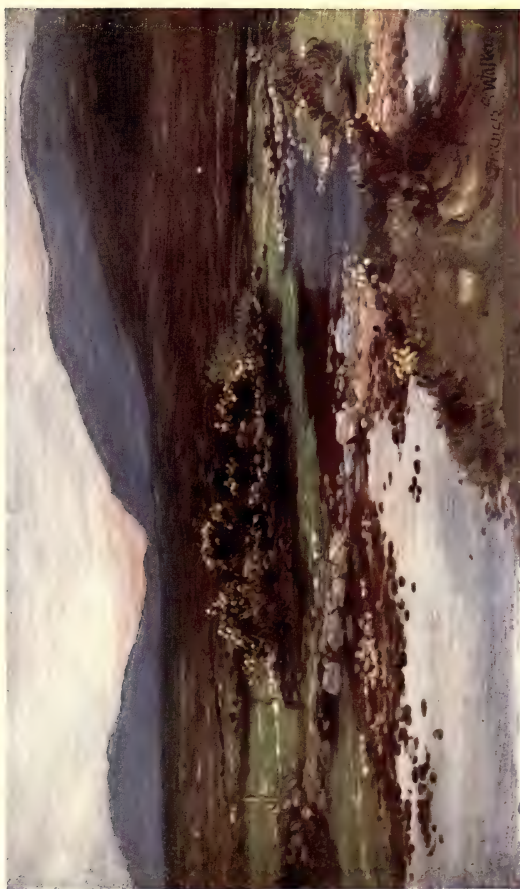
The Foot of Manderston
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Wolker, R. H. A.

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The Foot of Mangerton
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spected by any tourist uninfluenced by party views,—excepting the one whose opinion we shall quote.

We consider every conscientious accession to the Protestant faith as a contribution in aid of the well-being of the state, and the prosperity of Ireland, more especially; but such experiments as that at Achill, will be made in vain; we have shown that here it has been a complete failure; the principles upon which it has been conducted have not been in accordance with the divine precept of “charity,” nor has the clergyman under whose control the settlement is placed been an example of that gentle, peace-loving, and *persuasive* zeal, that “meek and unaffected grace,” which should distinguish a humble follower of “THE LORD AND MASTER.”

One word more, and we dismiss this subject: it was impossible not to appreciate the magnanimity of the poor, miserable, utterly destitute, and absolutely starving, inhabitants of Achill, who were at the time of our visit enduring privations at which humanity shudders,—and to know that by walking a couple of miles and *professing* to change their religion they would have been instantly supplied with food, clothes, and lodging. Yet these hungry thousands—for it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the population of this island were, in the month of July last, entirely without food—preferred patiently to endure their sufferings, rather than submit to what they considered a degradation. Such fortitude we do believe to

be without parallel in the history of any "ignorant and unenlightened" people since the creation of the world.

We have of course abstained from taking note of the many statements we have received, and opinions we have heard, in proof of the evil working of the system pursued at Achill, preferring rather to confine ourselves to the results of our own observations and experience; for, as our readers will readily believe, "the colony" is seated in the midst of enemies, whose hostility continues unmitigated, manifested by a total absence of all charity, and by the exercise of the very worst passions, and it has been opposed in a spirit akin to that of the darkest age of superstition and bigotry; the greater number of the stories that have reached us, we have therefore considered as gross calumnies. But we have deemed it our duty to submit the case fully to our readers, with a view, particularly, to invite the consideration of English subscribers to the "Mission."

We cannot conclude the subject better than by quoting the following eloquent and generous observations from a little work, entitled "Notes on Irish Natural History," printed in 1840, by Edward Newman, Esq.:—"The natives of Achill are charged with being thieves and murderers; and if I were to place full reliance on all I heard at the settlement, they would appear to be so. Mr. Long, however, (a farmer in the neighbourhood, whose farm Mr. Newman describes as 'bearing on the extreme productiveness of the soil of Achill,') with everything constantly ex-

posed, walls and hedges being here unknown, and living amongst a population from whom he has no power at all to defend himself, *has never lost even a potato*. I allude not to this subject politically; but bearing in mind solely the natural history of the island and its capability of improvement, I pronounce, without hesitation, that if goodness of soil, lowness of rent, cheapness of labour, and SAFETY OF PROPERTY, be recommendations,—then, that no spot I have ever seen is more likely to reward the emigrant than the Island of Achill. Would that some unpolitical philanthropists,—MEN WHO TOOK A HUMAN VIEW OF THE HUMAN WANTS AND HUMAN FEELINGS OF THESE POOR ISLANDERS—would settle among them, and place in their hands the plough and the spade, teach the children to read and write, the boys to make shoes and coats, to fish and to dig, and rake and sow and reap, and build houses, and the girls to knit and spin, and make gowns, —*and use them like brothers, sisters, and children.*” To all this we devoutly say, Amen!

The preceding remarks were written in the autumn of 1842, and although some of the details they contain are no longer applicable to the state of the Mission, we have determined to allow them to remain, as expressive of the opinion founded upon the best possible data,—that of actually visiting the places described. But, after a lapse of eight years, many of our readers may be tempted to inquire what is the Achill Mission doing now? We are sorry to say that the ma-

terials furnished by the reports of 1849, (the last in our hands,) are not more lucid than those to which we have alluded elsewhere. We will, however, briefly continue our sketch of the proceedings during the later years of its existence. A church has been erected at Dugorth, and after a time it was found necessary to enlarge its accommodation by the addition of a gallery; since then it has been again extended, and is at present so much too small, that a new building, capable of containing 600 persons on the ground-floor, is at present in course of erection.

Another settlement has also been made at Meelan, about seven miles from Dugorth, where a large tract of land has been secured, and a church, a schoolhouse, a minister's house, and twelve cottages erected. The church was built to accommodate 200 persons; but it is so constructed that it can be greatly enlarged at a trifling expense. In addition to these buildings, the Mission has recently added a training-school for the education of the most intelligent of their scholars, in the duties of schoolmasters and scripture readers; it is proposed to educate fifty boys for this purpose, and it is calculated that about two and a half years' instruction, at an expense of £20, exclusive of outfit, will be sufficient to qualify these youths for their future occupation.

Besides the churches at Dugorth and Meelan, a third is in progress at Achill Sound, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Bishop of Tuam in 1849. In the meantime Protestant wor-

ship is celebrated at Achill Sound in a room where the Petty Sessions are held; it is also stat-
edly performed at Duach and at Duniver, in
the eastern and western extremities of the island.
The report states, that the total number of per-
sons attending these various services exceeds
1,000. The present number of children in the
Refuge is about 100; they are lodged, boarded,
and clothed; and, when sufficiently advanced, are
sent out as servants, or brought up to various
trades.

The Hospital and Dispensary are under the
care of Dr. Adams, to whose high character we
have borne testimony in a previous page. The
former is intended for the reception of the mem-
bers of the colony, and other inhabitants as far
as the accommodation will permit. At the latter,
advice and medicine are given to the population
of the island and its vicinity. The number of
medical services average 7,000 per annum.

During the famine years of 1845, 1846, 1847,
there can be no denial of the fact that the Mission
did much to alleviate the sufferings of the peas-
antry of Achill. Its promoters have been inde-
fatigable in their efforts to raise funds for their
operations, and have distributed, with no sparing
hand, to those who must otherwise have perished.
They opened schools in the various villages, and
had as many as 1,800 children under instruction
at the same time, and to these they have distrib-
uted rations of Indian meal and other provisions,
obtained by the contributions of the charitable.
They also employed many of the adult popula-

tion on the estates of the Mission, and, if not so successful as they could wish in securing the spiritual welfare of their poor neighbours, they may, at least, congratulate themselves on having materially improved their temporal condition.

The instruction afforded in the Mission-schools is exclusively in the Irish language, being that in which the children think and converse, and which is the only language understood by the majority of them; the teachers are generally chosen from the most intelligent of the adult converts, and we wish that we could safely affirm that the zeal for proselytism was never allowed to stand in the place of ability to impart instruction, but this would, perhaps, be too much to expect from the promoters of a system of education in which the spread of protestantism is made the primary object, and in which the repetition of controversial catechisms takes precedence even of writing and arithmetic.

We turn to a pleasanter topic—the singularities and natural beauties of this Island of Achill. The people have many primitive customs. A few days before our arrival, an occurrence took place which we understood is by no means uncommon—a race for a wife. A young man, a carpenter, named Linchigan, applied to the father of a girl named Corrigan, for his daughter in marriage. A rival, called Lavelle, asked for her also, on the plea that as he was richer, “he wouldn’t ask so much with her.” Whereupon, the factions “of the swains” were about to join



Achill Head
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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Achill Head

Reproduced from an Original Photograph



issue and fight; when a peacemaker suggested that "the boys should run for her." The race was run accordingly, a distance of some miles up and down a mountain; Linchigan won, and wedded the maiden.⁸¹ The islanders consist almost entirely of four principal families; and we were informed that they could be easily distinguished the one from the other; indeed, of this fact we had positive proof. They have, in many respects, separate habits and customs; and seldom intermarry apart from their clans. The Lavelles are of French extraction—the descendants of French fishermen, who in former times used to fish off the island of Boffin; they are for the most part "light, smart, and handsome men;" the Scholefields are of English descent—and "proud of it;" the Caulfields are dark curly-headed men, and retain tokens of Creole blood; the Morans are of Danish descent—"heavy and dull men," with red hair and whiskers. The O'Malleys, Gaughans, and Maughans, are of the aboriginal Irish; and they, added our informant, a very intelligent person, who had long lived among them, are "cleverer than the others," their countenances being animated and full of expression. The several classes were repeatedly pointed out to us, and in no instance was there a mistake as to the name or family of the person to whom reference was made. The habitations of the islanders are very singular. Their houses are heaps of rude stones moulded by the tide, procured from the beach, uncemented; they are rounded at the gables, and roofed with fern,

heath, and shingles, fastened on by straw bands. In the village of Dooagha, consisting of about forty cabins, there is not a single chimney. Some of the wealthier graziers, however, have an odd custom of residing in such houses, or in houses of a still more simple construction, only during the summer months, when the season for fishing is "on," and their cattle are brought down towards the coast to feed on the young herbage. These hovels they call "Builly houses." The island was long famous for illicit stills; a few years ago there were at least fifty at work there; at the time of our visit there was not one, Father Mathew having utterly destroyed the trade. There is not a single tree upon the whole island, with the exception of two or three recently planted in "the colony;" although there are abundant marks of its being long ago one huge and pathless forest. It is full of lakes; the shores abound in wild-fowl of every description, and the mountains with grouse. The foxes are so numerous, that the young lambs are never safe. Seals are seen at times in shoals among the rocks; and the ravens and the eagles exist in astonishing numbers in the cliffs and recesses of the hills. The eagles, indeed, seemed so unconscious of fear that they remained within a very short distance of us; and one magnificent fellow soared over our heads, within pistol-shot, for above an hour, keeping on our course so near that we could count the feathers on his wings.⁸²

Our first object after entering the island was to engage the services of guides: two stout-

limbed, athletic, and most obliging fellows, brothers of the name of O'Malley—a “grate name” in Mayo, and a “powerful faction” among rich and poor—presented themselves, and were retained. Under their direction we commenced the ascent of the Croghan mountain—2,254 feet above the level of the sea. We should scarcely have been tempted to this arduous undertaking, but that the top seemed at no great distance; when we had surmounted it, however, we found ourselves at the foot of another still higher; and when this difficulty was overcome, a third was before us, higher yet. In fact, we had to climb three mountains instead of one. But, in truth,

“The mountain top, when climbed, did well o’erpay
The scalers’ toil.”

From the commencement of the ascent, indeed, we became exceedingly interested in the prospect all around us: we soon obtained a view of Clew Bay, with its host of islands—Clare Island, with its tremendous precipices, topping them all.⁸³ The hills were covered with wild flowers, in immense varieties; of the orchis tribe there were numerous specimens; the heaths were in rich luxuriance, and among them is plentifully found the *Erica Mediterranea*, to be procured in no other part of Great Britain; and the wild juniper formed almost a close matting under our feet. Two or three foxes ran along our way; and many times the eagle rose from his eyrie and hovered above us. Once we nearly trod upon the nest

of a grouse; the bird was sitting, and flew off as we approached. We stood a few minutes to examine her eggs, and were startled by an almost human cry of sorrow from the summit of an adjoining crag. It was the wail of the frightened bird; and we passed upwards without disturbing her dwelling.⁸⁴ Looking below, we saw the village of Keem—a group of dots of stone; and further east, the village of Dooagha, dwindled almost to a few specks; while the winding roads about the island seemed no broader than a ribbon. At length we reached the summit—and what a view! On one side was beautiful Clew Bay; and on the other a bay scarcely less beautiful, Blacksod Harbour. Behind us were the island hills and valleys, and the mountain of Slievemore, which although nearly as high as Croghan, we seemed to look down upon. Before us was the broad Atlantic—no spot of rock or land upon which a seamew could find rest, between us and America; so that, literally, as the guide said, “if we flung a stone out of our hands it would fall into another world, barring it didn’t sink in the sea.” It was, indeed, a glorious sight, but one to which no language can do justice. Having “drank our full” of the grandeur, magnificence, and surpassing beauty of the scene, we sate awhile upon a moss-covered bank, just above the mighty ocean that rolled back in masses from the black rocks against which it foamed; and we spoke of the land and sea legends which, as may be imagined, are here closely mingled. Beneath us were two solitary rocks, seemingly broken off

from the mainland, but in reality parts of it, although separated by a frightful chasm, through which the sea rolls at high-water. After the long and toilsome ascent, the traveller finds, on gaining the summit, that he stands on the brink of an enormous precipice, presenting a nearly perpendicular wall to the Atlantic. This side of the mountain forms a sort of semicircular bay—and these two lone islands, or rather rocks, jut out to the sea beyond; their savage quietude being broken only by the billows that beat against their base. They fall back into the sea foaming and sparkling; but no sound is heard—we are far above its reach—and the effect is not a little enhanced by the strife of waters continuing in silent power beneath us. The islands themselves seem but as fallen masses of rock, and the enormous fragments that have fallen to the foot of the mountain upon which we stand, appear but as “pieces” that might easily be lifted by the hand. It is difficult to believe that the dark atoms which move over their surface are human creatures—some of the fishermen, inhabitants of the island.

Here dwelt, in former times, a murderer, who came there with his two dogs, and used to hunt the deer—chasing them to this chasm, over which they were used to leap; but their enemy had built a wall on the other side, against which they sprung, falling down the precipice, where their bodies were found by the dark hunter. Two graves are still pointed out as the graves of the good hounds; but their master was carried off by evil spirits across the ocean. We gathered,

indeed, a volume of legends upon this mountain-top; for every spot within our ken had some attached to it. But our space will not permit us to "pen them down." We must reserve it for one that, if not peculiar to this district, we had not previously heard in any part of Ireland. It concerns "the seals," with which, as we have said, this wild coast abounds.⁸⁵ It will excite no surprise that they are regarded with superstitious dread by the peasantry. The following is the story; we received it partly from our guide, and partly from an accomplished friend at Newport.

Upon the wild and magnificent coast of Mayo and Donegal, there are thousands who give implicit credit to marvellous stories of which a seal is the hero, or we should rather say, the heroine, for nearly the whole of them relate to females. A belief prevails that seals are the embodied spirits of human beings who perished in "the Flood," compelled to exist in this form, by way of penance, until purified by the destruction of the world by fire—fire, according to their notions, testing ALL things—when they will obtain freedom, and enter the mansions of the blessed. Tradition adds, however, that once in every century they are permitted to resume their original forms, and for the space of twelve hours, or from sunset to sunrise, sport upon their native earth, laying aside their "skins," which they are forced to resume before they can return to the waters.

John of the Glen, or John O'Glin, as he was called, was one of a somewhat numerous class in these wild districts, who set up a horse on the

strength of their neighbours' fields; he was, in short, a merry, careless cockle-merchant, migrating between the inland glens and the sea-shore, carrying, in large panniers, on either side of his mare "Molche," crabs, lobsters, periwinkles, and cockles, frequently in larger quantities than Molche approved of. There are few of the Glen farmers who are not acquainted practically with cockle-hawkers of this description; fellows who, watching their opportunity, turn their hungry cattle into the best pastures, and destroy more in an hour than can be grown in a week. The good-natured glensmen have no objection to extending their hospitality to "the baste" as well as to his master, and would gladly bestow upon the horse the same fodder they give their own; but this does not satisfy the hawker; he turns his horse into the poor man's clover, or even among his oats. We do not mean to accuse John O'Glin of this shameful practice; but certainly Molche was a stout, fat, little nag as ever trotted over the hills of Mayo or Donegal, or among their wild and exquisite glens; yet her master was never master of either field or stable. The sea-coast air along these districts, with bare heathy mountains overlooking the trackless ocean, is perhaps the purest in the world, but there is little likelihood that Molche lived upon it. Now, John O'Glin was considered a "brave, hearty boy," full of life and spirit, the wild spirit of the glen, sharpened by the buying and selling sort of intercourse, which above all other things gives the keenest edge to an Irishman's wits; it is true he neither bought

periwinkles nor cockles—those he gathered, but he purchased lobsters, and having sold his fishy cargo in the inland glens, he did not return with empty panniers to the sea-side—not at all: he carried eggs and heatherbrooms to the shore; and *more than either*, for certainly his eggs had the flavour and his heather the smell of poteen; he declared it was their nature so to smell, but this was doubted. John, amongst his other accomplishments, had a most sweet voice; he could sing the melodies which along this coast are more varied and far wilder than the melodies of any other county, so as to captivate every heart to which he wished to appeal; and many bought his fish for the sake of his song. He loved music for its own sake, and beguiled his hours on the bleak strand while hunting for his small fish, waiting for his companions, or watching for the return of the boats, whose cargoes consisted of lobster pots, and bladders to be filled with poteen, in return for one of his favourite melodies. But people, even Irishmen, cannot always sing; the day had been sultry; Molche was obstreperous, for she had nothing to eat but the short thick grass which grew on the top of the cliffs, and sadly wanted to get back to the glens; so, finding that her master would not come, she set off on her own account, and he had a run of five or six miles to catch her—in short, he was very weary, and at last, tired of looking over the blue waters for the boat he had expected since morning, he lay down beneath the shadow of a rock and fell asleep. Now the place he had chosen

to repose in was for all the world like a basket; there was the high rock above him, and a ledge of rock all round, so that where he lay might be called a sandy cradle. There he slumbered as snug as an egg in a thrush's nest, and he might have slept about *two* hours, when he hears singing—a note of music, he used to say, would bring the life back to him if he had been dead a month—so he woke up; and to be sure, of all outlandish tunes, and, to quote his words again, “put the one the old cow died of to the back of it,” he never heard the like before; the words were queerer than the music—for John was a fine scholar, and had a quarter's Latin, to say nothing of six months' dancing; so that he could flog the world at single or double-handed reel, and split many a door with the strength of his hornpipe. “Meuhla machree,” he says, “who's in it at all?” he says. “Sure it isn't among haythins I am,” he says, “smuggled out of my native country,” he says, “like a poor keg of Inishowen,” he says, “by the murdering English?” and “blessed father,” he says again, “to my own knowledge it's neyther Latin or Hebrew they're at, nor any other livin' language, barring it's Turkey;” for what gave him that thought was the grand sound of the words. So, 'cute enough, he dragged himself up to the edge of the ledge of the rock that overlooked the wide ocean, and what should he see but about twenty as fine well-grown men and women as ever you looked on, dancing! not a hearty jig or a reel, but a solemn sort of dance on the sands, while they sung their unnatural

song, all as solemn as they danced; and they had such queer things on their heads as never were seen before, and the ladies' hair was twisted and twined round and round their heads.

Well, John crossed himself to be sure like a good Christian, and swore if he ever saw Newport again to pay greater attention to his duty, and to take an "obligation" on himself which he knew he ought to have done before; and still the people seemed so quiet and so like Christians, that he grew the less fearful the longer he looked; and at last his attention was drawn off the strangers by a great heap of skins that were piled together on the strand close beside him, so that by reaching his arm over the ledge, he could draw them, or one of them, over. Now John did a little in skins himself, and he thought he had never seen them so beautifully dressed before; they were seal skins, shining all of them like satin, though some were black, and more of them grey; but at the very top of the pile right under his hand was the most curious of them all—snowy and silver white. Now John thought there could be no harm in looking at the skin, for he had always a mighty great taste for natural curiosities, and it was as easy to put it back as to bring it over; so he just, quiet and easy, reaches in the skin, and soothing it down with his hand, he thought no down of the young wild swan was ever half so smooth, and then he began to think what it was worth, and while he was thinking and judging, quite innocent like, what it would fetch in Newport, or maybe Galway,

there was a skirl of a screech among the dancers and singers; and before poor John had time to return the skin, all of them came hurrying towards where he lay; so believing they were sea-pirates, or some new-fashioned revenue-officers, he crept into the sand, dragging the silver-coloured skin with him, thinking it wouldn't be honest to its *rale* owner to leave it in their way. Well, for ever so long, nothing could equal the ullabaloo and "shindy" kicked up all about where he lay—such talking and screaming and bellowing; and at last he hears another awful roar, and then all was as still as a bridegroom's tongue at the end of the first month, except a sort of snuffling and snorting in the sand. When that had been over some time, he thought he would begin to look about him again, and he drew himself cautiously upon his elbows, and after securing the skin in his bosom (for he thought some of them might be skulking about still, and he wished to find the owner), he moved on and on, until at last he rested his chin upon the very top of the ledge, and casting his eye along the line of coast, not a sight or a sign of any living thing did he see but a great fat seal walloping as fast as ever it could into the ocean: well, he shook himself, and stood up; and he had not done so long, when just round the corner of the rock, he heard the low wailing voice of a young girl, soft and low, and full of sorrow, like the bleat of a kid for its mother, or a dove for its mate, or a maiden crying after her lover yet ashamed to raise her voice. "Oh, murder!"

thought John O'Glin, "this will never do; I'm a gone man! that voice—an' it not saying a word, only murmuring like a south breeze in a pink shell—will be the death of me; it has more real, true music in it than all the bagpipes between this and Londonderry. Oh, I'm kilt entirely through the ear," he says, "which is the high-road to my heart. Oh, there's a moan! that's natural music! The 'Shan Van Vo,' 'the Dark Valley,' and the 'Blackbird' itself, are fools to that!" To spring over was the work of a single minute; and, sure enough, sitting there, leaning the sweetest little head that ever carried two eyes in it, upon its dawshy hand, was as lovely a young lady as John ever looked on. She had a loose sort of dress, drawn in at her throat with a gold string, and he saw at once that she was one of the outlandish people who had disappeared all so quick.

"Avourneen das! my lady," says John, making his best bow, "and what ails you, darling stranger?" Well, she made no answer, only looked askew at him, and John O'Glin thought she didn't sigh so bitterly as she had done at first; and he came a little nearer, and "Cushlama-chree, beauty of the waters," he says, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

So she turns round her little face to him, and her eyes were as dark as the best black turf, and as round as a periwinkle.

"Creature," she says, "do you speak Hebrew?" "I'd speak anything," he answers, "to speak with you." "Then," she says again,

"*have you seen my skin?*" "Yes, darling," he says in reply, looking at her with every eye in his head. "Where, where is it?" she cries, jumping up and clasping her two little hands together, and dropping on her knees before John.

"Where is it?" he repeats, raising her gently up; "why, on yourself, to be sure, as white and as clear as the foam on a wave in June."

"Oh, it's the other skin I want," she cries, bursting into tears. "Shall I skin myself and give it you, to please you, my lady?" he replies; "sure I will, and welcome, if it will do you any good, sooner than have you bawling and roaring this way," he says, "like an angel," he says.

"What a funny creature you are!" she answers, laughing a lilt of a laugh up in his face; "but you're not a seal," she says, "and so your skin would do me no good."

"Whew!" thought John O'Glin; "whew! now all the blossom is out on the May-bush; now my eyes are opened;" for he knew the sense of what he had seen, and how the whole was a memory of the old world.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the poor fellow, for it never took him any time at all to fall in love; "I'll tell you what it is, don't bother any more about your bit of a skin, but take me instead of it—that is," he said, and he changed colour at the bare thought of it, "that is, unless you're married in your own country." And as all their discourse went on in Hebrew and Latin, which John said he had not a perfect knowledge

of, he found it hard to make her understand at first, though she was quick enough too; and she said she was not married, but might have been, only she had no mind to the seal, who was her father's prime minister, but that she had always made up her mind to marry none but a prince. "And are you a king's son?" she says. "I am," says John, "as bould as murder," and putting a great stretch on himself. "More than that, I'm a king's great-grandson—in these twisting times there's no knowing who may turn up a king; but I've the blood in my veins of twenty kings—and what's better than that, Irish kings."

"And have you a palace to take me to?" she says, "and a golden girdle to give me?"

Now this, John thought, was mighty mean of her; but he looked in her eyes and forgot it. "Our love," he says, "pulse of my beating heart, will build its own palace; and this girdle," and he falls on his knees by her side, and throws his arm round her waist, "is better than a girdle of gold!" Well, to be sure, there was no boy in Mayo had better right to know how to make love than John O'Glin, for no one ever had more practice; and the upshot of it was, that (never, you may be sure, letting on to her about the seal-skin) he clapt her behind him on Molche, and carried her home; and that same night, after he had hid the skin in the thatch, he went to the priest—and he told him a good part of the truth; and when he showed his reverence how she had fine gold rings and chains, and as much cut coral

as would make a reef, the priest did not look to hear any more, but tied them at once. Time passed on gaily with John O'Glin: he did not get a car for Molche, because no car could go over the Mayo mountains in those days; but he got two or three stout little nags, and his wife helped him wonderful at the fishing—there wasn't a fin could come within half a mile of her that she wouldn't catch—ay, and bring to shore too; only (and this was the only cross or trouble John ever had with her, and it brought him a shame-face many a time) she'd never wait to dress anything for herself, *only eat it raw*; and this certainly gave him a great deal of uneasiness. She'd eat six herrings, live enough to go down her throat of themselves, without hardly drawing her breath, and spoil the market of cod or salmon by biting off the tails. When John would speak to her about it, why she'd cry and want to go back to her father, and go poking about after the skin, which she'd never mention at any other time; so John thought it would be best to let her have her own way, for when she had, it's nursing the children, and singing, and fishing she'd be all day long; they had three little children, and John had full and plenty for them all, for she never said against his selling her rings, or chain, or corals; and he took, bit after bit, of land, and prospered greatly, and was a sober, steady man, well to do; and if he could have broke her of that ugly trick she had of eating raw fish, he'd never say no to her yes; and she taught the young ones Hebrew, and

never asked them to touch a morsel of fish until it was put over the turf; and there were no prettier children in all the barony than the "seal-woman's;" with such lovely hair and round blinking eyes, that set the head swimming in no time; and they had sweet voices, and kind hearts that would share the last bit they had in the world with any one, gentle or simple, that knew what it was to be hungry; and, the Lord he knows, it isn't in Mayo their hearts would stiffen for want of practice.

Still John was often uneasy about his wife. More than once, when she went with him to the shore, he'd see one or two seals walloping nearer than he liked; and once, when he took up his gun to fire at a great bottle-nosed one that was asleep on the sandbank, she made him swear never to do so: "For who knows," she says, "but it's one of my relations you'd be murdering?" And sometimes she'd sit melancholy-like, watching the waves, and tears would roll down her little cheeks; but John would soon kiss them away.

Poor fellow! much as he loved her, he knew she was a sly little devil; for when he'd be lamenting latterly how 'cute the fish were grown, or anything that way, she'd come up and sit down by him, and lay her soft round cheek close to his, and take his hand between hers, and say, "Ah, John darlin', if you'd only find my skin for me that I lost when I found you, see the beautiful fish I'd bring you from the bottom of the sea, and the fine things. Oh, John, it's you then

could drive a carriage through Newport, if there were but roads to drive it on."

But he'd stand out that he knew nothing of the skin; and it's a wonder he was heart-proof against her soft, deludering, soothing ways: you'd have thought she'd been a right woman all her life, to hear her working away at the "Ah, do," and "Ah, don't;" and then, if she didn't exactly get what she wanted, she'd pout a bit; and if that didn't do, she'd bring him the youngest babby; and if he was hardened entirely, she'd sit down in a corner and cry; that never failed, except when she'd talk of the skin—and out and out, she never got any good of him about it—at all! But there's no end of female wit; they'll sit putting that and that together, and looking as soft and as fair-faced all the while as if they had no more care than a blind piper's dog, that has nothing to do but to catch the halfpence. "I may as well give up watching her," said John to himself; "for even if she did find it, and that's not likely, she might leave me (though that's not easy), but she'd never leave the children;" and so he gave her a parting kiss, and set off to the fair of Castlebar. He was away four days, longer certainly than there was any call to have been, and his mind reproached him on his way home for leaving her so long; for he was very tender about her, seeing that though she was only a seal's daughter, that seal was a king, and he made up his mind he'd never quit her so long again. And when he came to the door, it did not fly open, as it used, and show him

his pretty wife, his little children, and a sparkling turf fire—he had to knock at his own door.

“Push it in, daddy,” cried out the eldest boy; “mammy shut it after her, and we’re weak with the hunger.” So John did as his child told him, and his heart fainted, and he staggered into the room, and then up the ladder to the thatch—IT WAS GONE!—and John sat down, and his three children climbed about him, and they all wept bitterly.

“Oh, daddy, why weren’t you back the second day, as you said you’d be?” said one. “And mammy bade us kiss you and love you, and that she’d come back if she’d be let; but she found something in the thatch that took her away.”

“She’ll never come back, darlings, till we’re all in our graves,” said poor John—“she’ll never come back under ninety years; and where will we all be then? She was ten years my delight and ten years my joy, and ever since ye came into the world she was the best of mothers to ye all! but she’s gone—she’s gone for ever! Oh, how could you leave me, and I so fond of ye? Maybe I wouldn’t have burnt the skin, only for the knowledge that if I did, I would shorten her days on earth, and her soul would have to begin over again as a babby seal, and I couldn’t do what would be all as one as murder.”

So poor John lamented, and betook himself and the three children to the shore, and would wail and cry, but he never saw her after; and the children, so pretty in their infancy, grew up little withered atomies, that you’d tell anywhere to be

seal's children—little, 'cute, yellow, shrivelled, dawshy creatures—only very sharp indeed at the learning, and crabbed in the languages, beating priest, minister, and schoolmaster—particularly at the Hebrew. More than once, though John never saw her, he heard his wife singing the songs they often sung together, right under the water; and he'd sing in answer, and then there'd be a sighing and sobbing. Oh! it was very hard upon John, for he never married again, though he knew he'd never live till her time was up to come again upon the earth even for twelve hours; but he was a fine moral man all the latter part of his life—as that showed.

We have occupied considerable space in treating of the Island of Achill, and yet we have not said of it half "our say." It is wonderfully full of matter for the tourist: there would be no great difficulty in procuring there materials for a volume; and not a volume of mere descriptive details or legends of past and existing superstitions,—it possesses amazing stores of wealth for the geologist, the botanist, and the antiquary; but to the philanthropist it may become a still more fertile scene of inquiry and labour.

From Achill we retraced our steps to Newport-Mayo, for the weather was too unsettled to permit our venturing across the bay; and from thence we proceeded, through a wild and uninteresting district, a distance of six miles, to Westport. Westport is a town of considerable

size, containing a population of nearly 5,000. The "Hotel" is situated on "the Mall," through which runs a clear stream; it is opposite the Roman Catholic Chapel—an ugly building, the exterior of which we regretted to see defaced by "posting-bills" of sales and auctions. The inn is large, and abundantly furnished, containing five sitting-rooms and twenty-four bed-rooms; it was built and, we understood, supplied with furniture, free of expense to the host—who holds it rent-free—by the Marquis of Sligo, with the sole view of benefiting the town, by affording accommodation to all who are drawn thither by business or pleasure. Travellers have been loud in praises of "the house;" to our minds, however, it is in ill keeping with all things in its neighbourhood: comfort is sought to be compensated for by state; and wax candles, in the "far west," seemed to be sadly out of place.

The seat of the Marquis of Sligo adjoins the town, through the grounds of which there is a pleasant road to the quay—a road generously left free to all comers and goers. The quay is at some distance from the town; it seemed bustling and lively, notwithstanding the doleful aspect of a long line of storehouses, ostentatiously marked "wine in bond," "tobacco in bond," and so forth. The demesne of the Marquis is exceedingly beautiful; nature had amply provided for the improvements of art; a fine lake almost washes the steps of the hall-door; and the trees, of which it is full, are of magnificent growth. The most noble peer was for some

years an absentee, occupied in discharging his duties as Governor of Jamaica; happily he is now generally "at home," setting a good example to his wealthy neighbours, encouraging the industrious, and comforting the poor. He was described to us by persons of all classes, as a good and generous landlord; most estimable in all the relations of private life; courteous, kind, and condescending; an enlightened gentleman, a sure friend, and a true patriot.

The vicinity of Westport is full of attractions: the lovers of the picturesque will find enjoyments in abundance;⁸⁶ while here, as in every other part of this primitive district, there are innumerable sources of pleasure open to the sportsman. From Westport we proceeded to Connamara—entering this far-famed domain of Nature by way of Leenane, a small village situated at the mouth of the Killeries.

We are in this singular land, soon after passing the pretty bridge of Errive, where the sublime although savage scenery of Connamara may be said to commence. But of the assemblage of grandeurs here congregated we must postpone our descriptions awhile, until we may entreat the reader to accompany us through Galway County.

CLARE

The maritime county of Clare is in the province of Munster. It is bounded on the east and south by Lough Derg and the river Shannon, by which it is separated from the counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Kerry; on the north and north-east by the county of Galway; on the north-west by Galway Bay; and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 802,352 statute acres; of which 524,113 are cultivated land, the remainder being unprofitable mountain and bog, or under water. It is divided into the nine baronies of Bunratty, Burren, Clonderlaw, Corcomroe, Ibrickane, Inchiquin, Islands, Moyarta, and Tulla. Its principal towns are—Ennis (the assize town), Kilrush, Killaloe, Curofin, and Ennistymon. In 1821, the population was 208,089; in 1831, it was 258,262; and, in 1841, it reached 286,394.

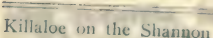
During our stay in Limerick we made a visit to Killaloe, which is situated also on the Shannon, about twelve miles north of that city. It is one of the remarkable or memorable places of Ireland; the celebrated Brien Boru (or, of the tributes), one of the most distinguished of the ancient Irish monarchs, having resided in its vicinity, as did many of his ancestors, as well as successors of his line.



Photomicrograph from a Painting by T. Cresswick
Killaloe on the Shannon

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During our stay in Limerick we made a visit to Killaloe, which is situated also on the Shannon, about twelve miles north of that city. It is one of the remarkable or memorable places of Ireland; the celebrated Brien Baro (or, of the Brien Baro), one of the most distinguished of the ancient Irish chieftains, was killed in its vicinity.  as well as the successors of his line.

Killaloe on the Shannon

Photogravure from a Painting by T. Créswick



Killaloe lies on the Clare side of the river, and is approached from that of the county of Tipperary by an excellent bridge of nineteen arches, which crosses above the rapids in the only fordable part of the Shannon. Some of the arches are ancient; three or four in the centre, of ample span, were built in 1825. Below this a ledge of rocks obstructs the navigation, and in time of flood the fall of water has a magnificent effect as it passes over it; above the bridge the river is cut up by numerous eel and salmon weirs. The canal between Limerick and Lough Derg, constructed for the avoidance of the falls, terminates a little above the bridge, where the river is deeper and more tranquil, and from thence steamers ply between the town and Portumna. At either side of the bridge, occupying the extent of two small islets, are two ruinous castlelets of the ante-Tudor era, which formed the ancient defences of the pass. The town, situate on the hill-side, is old, poor, small, irregular, and neglected. Its population is about one thousand. It contains two cathedrals, the Protestant and Roman Catholic; the latter, a new unfinished structure, in a very plain pointed style. In the neighbourhood are some excellent slate-quarries, which are actively wrought; there is also a mill for polishing and preparing marble, brought down the Shannon by the steamers, and which, when manufactured, is exported to England and elsewhere. The old cathedral is a cruciform building, surmounted in the centre by a low massive tower. The style of this structure is of a

mixed character; that predominant in it is the early Gothic, but portions of it, in the Romanesque, indicate a higher antiquity. The history of this building informs us, that it was founded (it should be, reconstructed) in 1160 by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond; but we also find amongst the few peaceable acts of his predecessor, Brien Boru, that he caused the church of Killaloe to be *repaired*—that was, one hundred and forty-six years earlier. These statements are verified by the present appearances of the building; portions of the old church of Brien may be found in the nave, where a highly-ornamented Romanesque door remains, closed up—ignorantly called by some Boru's tomb. The lancet style of the rest of the building is at once referable to the age of Donald. The whole is about two hundred feet in length, the span of the roof being fifty feet. The windows are narrow lancets, splayed inwards. That of the chancel consists of three lights, the centre being round-headed; those at each side are pointed; they are surmounted by a weather cornice; at the east end angles are two straight pilaster-like buttresses. The nave is a large, void, and naked-looking space, not used for service. The north transept has been converted into a school-house, under the stair in which lay, thrown from its pedestal, the old floridly-ornamental font. In the same enclosure with the cathedral stands a still more ancient stone-roofed church. It is considerably decayed, and sadly wants the friendly assistance of the renovator. Its high-pitched roof is cov-

ered with mosses, small ferns, and shrubs, which have inserted their roots between the interstices of the stones. The dimensions of this building are not large. At the west end is a round-headed door, now walled up. The arch, which is deeply moulded, rests upon two short columns, on the capitals of which are carved figures resembling those of a baboon and an elephant. Over this, near the apex of the gable, is a small round-headed window, narrower at the arch spring than at the base. The eastern wall also possessed an opening, as if into some lesser external building once annexed to it; but a Gothic pointed arch, now closed up, shows that it was not of the same antiquity as the rest of the building; above this, corresponding to the round-headed window of the western wall, is one of those ancient Pelasgic lancet windows found only in the round towers, and their immediate successors—the small, early *damhliags*, or stone churches.

On an island below the bridge, and in front of the episcopal grounds, is another stone-roofed church, which bears all the characteristics of a still higher antiquity. The stones with which it is constructed are of large size, fitted to each other in the cyclopic or polygonal manner. The door is framed of great stones, and covered in by a single lintel. It is broader at the base than at the head. To the antiquary, this building possesses, in its architectural details, a greater interest than the old church near the cathedral. It is considered to prove, that with the change

of religion, from Paganism to Christianity, there was no change of architectural style.

The history of Killaloe is little better than a record of its various destructions and resuscitations: thus, in 1061, 1080, 1116, 1154, and 1155, it was successively burned. The only other event of interest in its story beyond what appertains to its church, is the building of a bridge here, in 1054, by Turlogh O'Brien. We ascertain its materials from a mention of it in the Four Masters, at 1170, where it is called the "Clar droichet Cilledalua," the timber bridge of Killaloe. This did not outlast two centuries, as in the beginning of the fourteenth century the passage was only known by its ford, then called *Claris ford*, from Thomas de Clare, who had obtained possessions in the east of Clare from one of the Princes of Thomond. The power of the De Clares was, however, but temporary, for about forty years afterwards, the victorious Morrogh O'Brien, "of the Ferns," resumed his authority over the place, and Killaloe became known again by its former denomination. Of the palace of *Kincora*, the seat of the celebrated Boru, no vestiges remain beyond one fort, still called Bal-Boru, which formed one of its adjuncts. This site was the chosen residence of several of the kings of Munster and North Munster, before the accession of the most distinguished of them, Brien Boraimhe (pronounced Boru), in the latter part of the tenth century; but it was under Brien himself, who held his court here, both as king of Munster, and afterwards as monarch of áll Ireland, that

the place obtained its greatest celebrity. After his death, at the celebrated battle of Clontarf, in 1014, where the power of the Northmen was for ever broken in Ireland, his children and successors continued to inhabit Kincora for some generations, but the "palace" shared largely in their reverses. Connected with Kincora, was a character not less famed than the patriot monarch Brien himself, although in a different vocation; this was his chief bard MAC LIAG, a few of whose productions have reached posterity. Among them is a "Lament for Kincora," occasioned by the death of Brien. And well might he mourn; for a prince more generous than the fallen monarch, laureat never bewailed. Rich, various, and frequent were the *cumals* of cattle, the cloaks, the ounces, the brooches and *rings* of gold bestowed on him for his lays. Nor long did the grateful bard survive the loss of his munificent master; he retired to a distant island, far away from scenes too fondly remembered, and died in the year succeeding the fatal battle of Clontarf.⁸⁷

Almost all traditional memory of Kincora, as far as we are able to collect, appears to be lost here. One old woman only was able to tell us that Bal-Boru Fort was Brien's parlour, and that "his kitchen was at Kincora, where the steam-boat station now is." Thus have even the ruins and their memory perished. But still, the people of Ireland

"Remember the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;

Though, lost to Momonia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more."

While speculating as to the probable site of the Palace of many kings, and giving scope to our fancy by calling up a long array "of chiefs and ladies bright," listening to the harp of the old minstrel, we were suddenly startled by the distant sound of the bagpipes. It was two years ago, and there was a fair in the neighbourhood; we followed the music, and after walking through a gathering crowd—it was too early for the sports to begin—we made our way into a tent, and were there introduced, not to the bard of the brave Brien, but to his successor, the village-piper, and, perhaps, one of the last of his *original* race—for the class is rapidly "going out;" faction-fights have altogether ceased, and dances are, now-a-days, few and far between. The piper consequently finds it a hard matter to live by his music. But his worst "enemies" are the "brass-bands" of the Temperance Societies; they are now become so numerous as to be found in nearly every town, and at the time of which we write had attained sufficient popularity to make the old pipers, and their adherents, tremble for the results. We found one, as we have invariably found his fellows, very "chatty" and communicative, mourning over "ould times" as pathetically as did his great prototype Mac Liag over the downfall of Kincora; wrathful exceedingly upon two or three points,—the decay of mountain stills, the decline of dancing, the departure of all spirit out of the hearts of

“the boys,” and, above all, the introduction of “brass-bands,”⁸⁸ from which was to be dated the ruin of Ireland. We were greatly amused with and interested in the old man, of whom “the neighbours” told us much; and perhaps the reader will permit us to print a passage from his autobiography.

Rory Oge, or Young Rory, as he is always called, is as enthusiastic and yet as *knowing* a piper as ever “blew music out of an empty bag.” He is now—or rather was when we saw him—a large portly man, with a bald high brow, down either side of which flowed a quantity of greyish flaxen hair; his nose had a peculiar “twist,” and his mouth was the mouth of a Momus—full of ready laughter. He was blind from his birth, and jested at this infirmity with great good humour: sometimes he would say that the fairies took away his eyes, “they war so handsome;” or that he was blinded “out of mercy to the girls,” who, but for that, would have broke their hearts after him; that they would give him no peace as it was, but that, sure, if the thought of what he would be, “if his blinkers were to the fore,” almost made himself mad—what would it make others?

Rory was in great request all over the country. His father, “Red Rory,” the sire, had been universally admired, and Oge inherited his reputation; but the son laid claim to greater musical knowledge than the father. Red Rory never attempted other than the old-established Irish tunes; while Rory Oge, who had visited Dublin,

and once heard Catalani sing, assumed the airs of a connoisseur, and extolled his country's music in a scientific way. When he played some of the heart-moving Irish planxtys, at the commencement of the movement he would endeavour to look grave and dignified; but before he was half through, his entire face expanded with merriment, and he would give "a whoop" with voice and fingers, as it was concluded, that manifested his genuine enthusiasm. Once in his life he had visited Dublin; it was, as we have intimated, for the purpose of hearing Catalani; and when he was in the mood, his uncourtly auditors used to derive great pleasure from the recital of his interview with the Queen of Song.

"You see," he would commence, "I thought it was my duty to hear what sort of a voice she had; and on my way to the grate city, in the cool of the evening, just by a place—they call it by the name of 'the Meeting of the Wathers'—in the county Wicklow, if ye ever heerd tell of it, and if ye didn't ye've a grate loss. Well, just in the cool of the evening, I sat, myself and my little boy, by the side of the two strames—and I've always observed that birds sing most and best by the sides of rivers—and it wasn't long till a thrush began in a rowan-tree on the opposite bank, and then another; and then a blackbird would give his tally-ho! of a whistle, high and above all the rest; and so they went on singing together for ever so long; then, two or three would stop, and one grate songster would have it all his own way for a while, until the

rest would stand it no longer; and then they'd hark in together, and if there was any pause, why you'd hear, maybe, the thin, fine note of a finch, or one of the little hedge birds, like a single thread of silver—so low, and light, and sweet, and delicate; and then the grate flood of music would gush out again. In the midst of it all, the little gorsoon fell asleep—and by the same token, fine melody ever and always set that boy sleeping—and I felt the tears come down my face just with thinking of the beautiful music the Almighty puts into the throats of them fluttering birds, and wondering if the furrin lady could bate the thrush in the rowan-tree. In the afternoon of the next day I was in Dublin, and thinking she was to sing that night, I had hurried meeself; but not a bit of her was to tune it up till the night afther, and I was kilt intirely with the impatience, and so—but I'll tell you all about it, straight. Why, God bless ye, the Dublineers were going just as mad about her singing, as they are now about them nasty, braying, brass-bands—my bitter curse on 'em—that has no more of the rale music in them than a drove o' donkeys. I'll say nothing about the Temperance at all—but as to the bands! Well, dears, I'll not be thinking of them now, putting me past my patience, only just come to the furriner, and more's the pity she was one; so, as I said, thinking, as I was a born musicianer, and all my family for hundreds of years before me, I thought, for the honour of the counthry, I'd call upon her; for, troth, I was just fairly

ashamed of the fellows that war round her, from all I heerd, giving her no idaa of the rale music of Ireland, only playing, night afther night, at the theatre, St. Patrick's Day; as if there was ne'er another saint in the calendar, nor e'er another tune in the counthry. Well, I got my pipes claned, and my little guide-boy a bran new shoot of cloes; and to be sure I was in the first fashion; and the lace ruffles round my wrists, that my father wore when he rattled the fox-hunter's jig to the House of Commons, there, in College Green. And I sent up my card, and by the same token, it was on the back of the tin o' diamonds I had it wrote; I knew the card by the tin pricks of a nail Jemmy Bulger put in it; for I always had great divarshion with the cards, through the invintion of Jemmy—rest his soul!—giving me eyes, as I may say, in the tops of my fingers; and I got the man where I put up to write on it, 'Rory Oge, the piper of all Ireland and His Majesty, would be proud to insense⁸⁹ Madame Catherlany into the beauties of Irish music.' Ye see, the honour of ould Ireland's melodies put heart into me; and I just went up stairs as bould as a ram, and before she could say a word, I recited her four varses, my own poethry, that I made on her. Oh, bedad, girls! you may wink and laugh; but I'll tell you what—that was what *she* didn't do. 'Only, Mister Ror Ogere,' she said, not understanding you see, and spaking English with the short unmusical clip the Englishers put on their words, 'I'm glad to see you, and I'll not be

insensed at anything you please to say.' 'I'm sorry for it, my lady,' I makes answer, 'though to be sure it's only faamale nature to shut their beautiful eyes upon sense of all kinds.' Well, I can't think she understood me rightly, which maybe was natural, living as she did among furriners; but she was as kind as a born Irish; she asked me to sit down and play her an 'Irish jig;' and I just said a few words, by the way, to let her see that I wasn't a mere bog-throtting piper, but one that could play anything, Handel or Peter Purcel, or any of the Parley-voos; and betwixt and between them all, there isn't a better air in any of their Roratoreys than a march my own father played one day that restored an ould colonel officer to the use of his limbs—there was the power of music for you!—and maybe she didn't think so, and asked me to play it—and maybe she wasn't delighted! Well, though I was consated enough to be proud at traducing to her my own family's music, *it was the music of my counthry my heart bate to tache her*; and so after awhile I led on from one to another the fine ould ancient airs, the glories of Ireland—the melodies; and, after all, that's but a poor word to express them in all their grandeur and variety, for melody seems a feeble thing, sweet and feeble; but the wonder of the Irish music—do ye see me now—is that its sweetness is never feeble, and its strength never rude; it's just a holy and wonderful thing, like the songs of the birds by the meeting of the wathers, or the talking together of angels.—Well, jewel

Oge! maybe she didn't drink them down; and then 'stop,' she'd say, and tune them over every note as clear and pure—the darling! faix, I almost forgot the air when she got round it, every note she'd give as clear as the silver bell that the fairees (God bless us!) do be ringing of a midsummer night under the green hills; and then she'd say, 'Play another,' and in the midst of it all, would have my little guide into the room and trated us like a queen to fine ancient wine: and now she says, (and didn't *that* shew the lady she was?) and now she says, 'You've played for me, and I'll sing for you;' and—she—did—sing!"

"And what did you do, Rory Oge, agra?" one of his audience would inquire.

"Why, then, just forgot my dignity altogether; and before she'd half done, I fell upon my knees; I couldn't tell how I did it or why, but I *did* it, and stopt there till it was finished, every note; and bedad, girls—and now you'll think this hard to believe, but it's true—*she put me out of consate with the pipes!* she did, bee Jakers! it was as good as a week before I could tatter a note out of 'em; and I left myself a beggar going to hear her sing; and sure enough didn't I rejoice I gave her a taste of the melodies before I heerd her, for I don't think I could have played a note before her afther. So," added Rory, drawing himself up, "you may judge what she was—I never forgot her, and if the Lord had given me a minute's sight to see if she was like her music, I think—the Holy

Mother forgive me—I think I should have died a happier man; and yet, when I was laving her, she said, spaking of my music, that I had delighted, but not *insensed* her about Ireland music: the craythur spoke broken English, you see, and understood nothing else.”

“Rory Oge,” said a pretty blue-eyed girl, nodding her head at us to lead us to understand that she was quizzing him, “do you mind last year, the time you sat under where you are now, and never heeded the fight outside, nor the breaking up of the fair, and the stripping of the tent, and you playing away for the dear life, and how you kissed old Molche Brenan—thinking it was me, and yer wife to the fore.”

“Ah! Peggy,” exclaimed Rory, “it’s just jealousy makes you tell that.”

“That was before the brass-bands took the shine out of the pipes.”

Rory Oge grasped his hat, and without a word, flung it in the direction of where the laughing girl had been, “To the dickens with all brass-bands,” he exclaimed, “and I hope I’ll see the end of them, the hallooing, groaning, thieving vagabones. I’ll engage, if my pipes met with a misfortune, I’d have to thravel the counthry before I’d gather enough to buy me another, while there’s pounds upon pounds paid for their roaring.”

“Why, then, that’s throe for you, Rory Oge, darling,” replied the girl in a tone of most provoking sympathy; “but sure you played them down once in the Main Street, anyhow.”

“Bedad, that’s thrue, Peggy; they were drivin’ at ‘God save the Queen’ at one end of the street, and I struck up ‘St Patrick’s Day’ at the other—and maybe the boys didn’t gather to me; sorra a dozen staid with the *braishers!*”

We left Rory in despair at the state of national music, and full of dread that, owing to the heresy of brass-bands, he would be the *last of the pipers*.

We are limited to a very brief view of the interior and the northern districts of the county of Clare; the southern and western coasts, bounded by the Atlantic and the Shannon, supply more attractive and important objects for the tourist. Ennis, the assize-town, is situated nearly in the centre of the county. It is very irregularly built, and watered by the rapid and turbid Fergus—here navigable only for small boats. The streets, which are rather narrow, and kept in no very excellent condition, are paved with limestone. The original name of the town was *Iniscluan ruadha*, a name still preserved in Clonroad, one of its suburban districts. In this lay the mansion of O’Brien, the lord paramount of Thomond, under the Tanistic institute. The holder of this chiefry having, in the reign of Henry VIII., laid down his title of O’Brien and received that of Earl of Thomond, his indignant followers and liege men set his dwelling on fire, and would have burned himself in the flames, but for the interference of Mac Clanchy, the chief-justice of the native Irish in North Munster. The abbey church is

an ill-assorted combination of the ancient and modern, the nave of a fine old monastery having been repaired and covered in. On the central bell-tower angular pinnacles are placed. The friary of Ennis or Iniscluan ruadha was erected in 1240, by Donagh Cairbrach O'Brien, for Conventual or Grey Friars of the Franciscan order, more commonly called Friars Minors. In 1305, it was repaired by one of the family of the founder, and many rich gifts were presented to it. Several of the chiefs of Thomond—the O'Briens, Macnamaras, &c.—were interred within its sacred precincts. In 1343, one of the latter race built the refectory and sacristy, and soon after died here, in the habit of the order. In 1540, the house was reformed by the Franciscans of the Strict Observance.⁹⁰

In front of the little bay of Skariff, which lies at the upper extremity of Loughderg (one of the many lake-like expansions of the Shannon) is a group of three small islets—the principal of which, Iniscealtra, or Holy Island, contains twenty acres. It has been famous from very early ages for its reputed sanctity: it possesses structures belonging to the Pagan as well as Christian periods;—a round tower and seven small churches, or rather cells or oratories. The round tower is about seventy feet high, and in good preservation. The principal church is called Teampol Camin, or the Chapel of Saint Camin, because that saint was either the founder, or patron. From the little delivered to us by the old hagiologists, we collect that Camin

flourished in the first half of the seventh century; that he was of the princely house of Hy Kinse-lagh (in Leinster), and half-brother of Guare, the generous King of Connaught. Betaking himself to the seclusion of Iniscealtra, he there led a life of contemplation and great austerity, the fame of which attracted to its shores numbers desirous of imitating his virtues and receiving instruction. The concourse of these disciples became at length so great, that the holy man was compelled to found a place for their reception and shelter, and thus originated a monastery, which in after times enjoyed a far-spread reputation, and was deemed one of the *asylums of Ireland*. Camin died somewhat about the year 658. He wrote a Commentary on the Psalms collated with the Hebrew text—a copy of which was seen by Archbishop Usher.⁹¹

Of the civil history of the island the facts are few; they may be classed under the head of Danish invasions, which succeeded each other in 834, in 908, and 946. The Irish themselves sometimes also disregarded the sanctity of this holy islet, as we find a devastation of this kind by some unscrupulous freebooter in 949, just three years after the last wasting by the northern Vikingirs. In 980 the heroic monarch, Brian Boru, re-edified the church of Iniscealtra. The neighbouring waters were in after years the scene of several conflicts between the fleets (not, doubtless, of very large craft) of his descendants and those of the O'Connor dynasty of Connaught.⁹²

Holy Island continues a favourite burial-place with the peasantry; and, although its religious establishments are ruined and desecrated,—the ancient sanctity of its character still endures; and pilgrims from remote distances seek its shores. On the *patron* or festival day of St. Camin (12th of March) the crowd of these devotees is very great; but the clergy have of late years, with much propriety, discountenanced such assemblages.

Few of the counties of Ireland contain finer monastic ruins than the county of Clare—that of “Quin” is, indeed, worth a pilgrimage to see. Nor is Clare—so magnificent in the huge barrier it presents to the ocean—without its inland charms. The lake of Inchiquin may be classed with the most beautiful lakes of the island. It is situated about twenty miles north-west of Ennis. We picture it as its fine expanse of waters spread before us on a clear summer morning, bearing an aspect of romantic loveliness we shall not speedily forget. Its calm surface, diversified by only one solitary islet, reflecting the inverted forms of the surrounding hills and woods, and partaking of their varied colours. At our feet lay a sandy beach, against which feebly plashed a slow succession of tiny ripples; on the north side stretched out a range of swelling hills, which, though not aspiring to the dignity of mountain heights, yet in the picture assumed all their irregular beauty of forms. On the south side, tufted groves and broad sweeping meadows, shady banks, and many-

gladed woods and green uplands, offer a charming contrast. The mansions and demesnes of several of the gentry skirt their shores. But the principal object of the scene—that which imparts to it the associations of romance and of old feudal recollections, is the castle—a warrior pile, which, though shattered and time-worn, retains a stern and frowning dignity even in its decay. It stands on a small island, or rather peninsula, lying close in to the northern shore, and consists of a square embattled keep, vaulted within, a curtain wall, and barbican tower. It is supposed to have been erected by Theige O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, who certainly made it his residence in 1406; to which period the architectural style of the building refers. The territorial district in which it stands was anciently called Tulloch O'Dea, of which the O'Cuins, or Quins, were proprietors. Tradition says that the last O'Quin, previous to the O'Brien possession, was starved in the castle. The transfer of property in old time was so often by violence that this story may not have been without its truth, although the conjecture is equally worthy of a belief that it may have passed to the O'Briens by family alliance, several intermarriages being on record between the O'Quins and the O'Briens. The name given to this peninsula, in all likelihood originated from a previous *dun*, or fortified residence of that kind, used by the Irish previously to the introduction of castellation, and which O'Quin must have regarded as a site peculiarly eligible

in an age when, although saints much abounded, turbulent sinners, little regardful of the differences between *meum et tuum*, were not at all few. The lake is regarded as the site of a city long lost by the power of enchantment; the key by which it is to be disenthralled, is lying buried with the redoubted Conan the Bold, in his grave beside the lake of the sun, on the "very bleak Mountain of Callan." The legend says, that one of the daughters of this enchanted city, in times of old, frequently visited the surface of the lake in the figure of a swan, and on one of these occasions saw and loved "the youthful O'Quin," whose stronghold looked out upon these haunted waters. A secret marriage between them ensued, but, upon strange conditions, as to the continuance of their union; these conditions being afterwards violated, caused the late nymph to return to her subaqueous home.

It is, however, the great ocean-river, the Shannon, that gives its chief attractions to Clare County. And these attractions—of beautiful and magnificent scenery, ruined abbeys, and dilapidated castles—commence seaward with the borders of Limerick city, and terminate only with the mountain-rocks that keep out the Atlantic. In the immediate vicinity of Limerick, the road lies over a rich alluvial flat, which stretches from the shores of the river to the base of the highlands, which rise behind the woods of Crattoe. These flats, which are remarkably fertile, are here called *Corcass* lands, a term

originating in the Irish word *Corroch*, a swamp or morass, which these grounds, previously to the hand of reclamation reaching them, must unquestionably have been. They are still often overflowed by the Shannon; and along the high road which traverses them, stone pillars are raised, at frequent intervals, as indexes of its limits on such occasions. The neighbourhood of the hamlet of Cratloe possesses two of those solitary castelets so frequent in the south of Ireland, which would almost seem as though they never possessed any outworks or other adjuncts. One of these is called Cratloe Castle, the other Cratloe Beg. They belonged to the lesser chiefs—the feudatories of their period—the followers of the lords paramount of Thomond, the O'Briens in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are of the earliest class of castellation. The lower chambers are dark and vaulted, the walls massive, and the chambers narrow and dimly lighted. They must be regarded as the next in succession to the Duns, Rathes, and Liosses of the earlier periods.

The voyage hence down this magnificent river, to its mouth, is full of interest. Sea-rocks, islets, and islands are abundant. We must, however, pass them all by, to arrive at far-famed Scatterry, memorable in ecclesiastical history, and celebrated as the residence of that ungallant and un-Irish saint—St. Senanus—who having

“sworn his sainted sod
Should ne’er by woman’s feet be trod,”

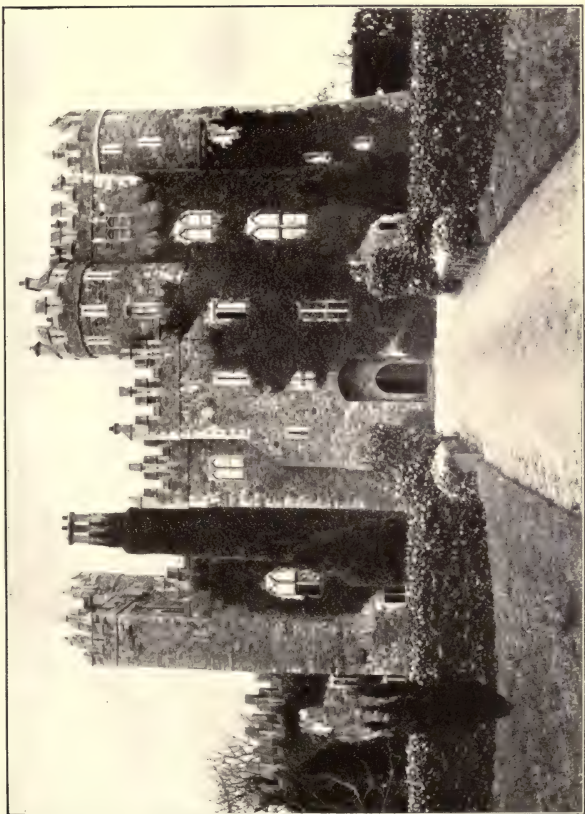


Kilkenny Castle
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originating in the Irish word *Carrack*, a swamp or morass, which these grounds, previously to the period of reclamation rendering them, must unquestionably have been. They are still often frequented by the Shamans; and along the high road which traverses them, stone pillars are erected at frequent intervals, as indexes of its length on such occasions. The neighbourhood of the hamlet of Cratloe possesses two of those solitary castelets so frequent in the south of Ireland, which would almost seem as though they never possessed any outworks or other adjuncts. One of these is called Cratloe Castle, the other Cratloe Beg. They belonged to the lesser chiefs—the feudatories of their period—the followers of the lords paramount of Thomond, the O'Briens in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and are of the earliest class of castellation. The lower chambers are dark and vaulted, the walls massive, and the chambers narrow and dimly lighted. They must be regarded as the next in succession to the Duns, Rathes, and Liosses of the earlier periods.

The voyage hence down this magnificent river, to its mouth, is full of interest. Sea-rocks, islets, and islands are abundant. We must, however, pass them all by, to arrive at far-famed Scattery, memorable in ecclesiastical history, and celebrated as the residence of that ungalant and un-Irish saint—St. Senanus—who having

"sworn his sainted sod
 Kilkea Castle ne'er by woman's feet be trod,"
Reproduced from an Original Photograph



refused even to associate with him in his solitude, a "sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him." But, if we are to credit the poet—

"Legends hint that had the maid
Till morning's light delayed;
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

The island contains about one hundred and eighty acres; twenty of which, previous to the dissolution of monasteries were covered with wood, although not a shrub now remains. St. Sinon, or Senanus, deemed it an eligible situation in the sixth century, for a monastic establishment. He was a native of *Hy Conall*, (the present baronies of Connelloe, in the county of Limerick,) and studied in Ireland. He afterwards travelled into Britain, and thence to Rome. On his return to his native land he became the founder of several monasteries in Thomond (the present Clare), and in particular of one at Scattery, subsequently converted into a priory for regular canons. No trace of this building is now visible. He is also said to have founded eleven churches in the same island: but the ruins of seven are all that remain, and of these the style of architecture of three declares their erection to have been subsequent to the twelfth century. They are all structures of insignificant dimensions; and have yielded every trace of grandeur, if they ever had any, to the

inroads of time. A round tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, stands a few paces to the west of "St. Sinon's Cathedral:" it measures twenty-two feet in circumference; the doorway, which faces that of the church, is on a level with the ground—a circumstance unusual in these buildings; a few small oblong perforations, and four loop-holes at the top, admit light to the interior. A long rent, from near the conic cap down to the centre, caused by lightning, disfigures the tower and threatens its ultimate destruction.⁹³

The coast from Kilrush—on the mainland opposite the island—a pretty and fashionable bathing-place, round to Kilkee, which faces the Atlantic, may vie for sublime grandeur with that of any part of the kingdom. The two towns are distant about eight miles by land; but to reach the one from the other by sea, a voyage of little short of forty miles would be necessary; for the long and narrow promontory—the barony of Moyarta—stretches out between them and forms the northern boundary of the mouth of the Shannon. Some miles north of Kilkee are the famous cliffs of Moher—the highest of which is said to be nine hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. To supply even a faint description of the wonderful scenery in this vicinity would exceed the space to which we are limited; we must therefore refer the reader to a small but full and valuable little volume, entitled "Two Months at Kilkee," written by Mrs. Knott, and published by Messrs.



Cliffs of Mohr
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

measured the tower, which is round tower, one hundred feet in diameter, stands a few paces to the west of the main body of the church. It measures 100 feet in circumference; the doorway, which is at the base of the church, is on a level with the ground—a circumstance unusual in these towers; a few small oblong perforations, and two large holes at the top, admit light to the interior. A long rent, from near the conic cap down to the centre, caused by lightning, disfigures the tower and threatens its ultimate destruction.¹²

The coast from Kilrush—on the mainland opposite the island—a pretty and fashionable bathing-place, round to Kilkee, which faces the Atlantic, may vie for sublime grandeur with that of any part of the kingdom. The two towns are distant about eight miles by land; but to reach the one from the other by sea, a voyage of little short of forty miles would be necessary; for the long and narrow promontory—the barony of Moyarta—stretches out between them and forms the northern boundary of the mouth of the Shannon. Some miles north of Kilkee are the famous cliffs of Moher—the highest of which is said to be nine hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. To supply even a faint description of the wonderful scenery in this vicinity would exceed the space to which we are limited; we must therefore refer the reader to a small but full and valuable little book, entitled "Two Months at Kilkee."

Written by J. H. P. Knott, and published by Messrs. Cliffs of Moher.
Reproduced from an Original Photograph



Curry and Co., of Dublin; for we have to supply some information—not to be procured so easily—concerning a singular subject; and for which we are indebted to the inquiries of our friend Mr. Windele, to whose kind and zealous assistance we have had such frequent occasion to refer; and to whom, for his notes concerning this county, we are especially indebted.

The mouth of the Shannon is grand almost beyond conception. Its inhabitants point to a part of the river, within the headlands, over which the tides rush with extraordinary rapidity and violence. They say it is the site of a lost city, long buried beneath the waves, and that its towers and spires and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary. The whole city becomes visible on every seventh year, and has been often seen by the fishermen sailing over it; but the sight bodes ill luck, for within a month after, the ill-fated sailor is a corpse. The time of its appearance is also rendered farther disastrous by the loss of some boat or vessel, of which, or its crew, no vestige is ever after found. In the summer of 1823 the city was last visible, and then a sail-boat, carrying a crew of fifteen men, perished. The day happened to be Sunday, and it was reported, and of course believed, that the whole fifteen were seen, about the same time, at the parish chapel, mixing and conversing amongst their neighbours and relatives, as they were accustomed to do in life; although, in a few hours after, the dreadful tidings of their

loss reached their families, filling the whole community with sorrow and lamentations.⁹⁴

There is yet another subject of vital importance connected with Ireland, upon which we must offer some observations before we close our book—its POPULATION, and the probable amount of its inhabitants at different periods, from the sixteenth century to the present time. We give the following “Tabular View of the several Censuses,” which we shall accompany with some explanatory remarks.

Date.	How ascertained.	No. of Souls.	Date.	How ascertained.	No. of Souls.
1593	Moryson's Estimate,	700,000	1777	2,690,556
1641	Sir William Petty,.....	1,466,000	1785	2,816,932
1652	850,000	1788	G. P. Bushe, Esq.,.....	4,040,000
1672	1,100,000	1791	Hearth-Money Collectors,.....	4,206,612
1695	Captain South,	1,034,000	1792	Rev. Dr. Beaufort,.....	4,088,226
1712	Thomas Dobbs, Esq.,.....	2,069,094	1805	Thomas Newenham, Esq.,.....	6,395,456
1718	2,169,048	1819	{ Incomplete Parliamentary	6,937,856
1725	2,317,374		Census,	
1726	2,309,106	1821	Parliamentary Census,	6,801,827
1731	Established Clergy,	2,010,221	1827	Moreau's Calculation,.....	7,672,835
1754	Hearth-Money Collectors,	2,372,634	1831	Parliamentary Census,	7,767,401
1767	2,544,276	1841	Parliamentary Census,	8,175,124

1582 to 1602.—At the close of Elizabeth's reign, Moryson, who visited Ireland with Lord Mountjoy, estimated the population at the conclusion of the civil war of that day, at so low an amount as 700,000; but from the state of society in that country at the time, and the great difficulty that must, of necessity, have existed to prevent any accurate statistical return, little reliance can be placed upon his statement; and he does not inform us by what means he obtained his information. This was the first estimate recorded of the population of the country.

1640.—In Sir William Petty's “Political

Anatomy of Ireland," by a series of ingenious calculations, he arrives at the conclusion that, prior to the troubles of 1641, the population amounted to 1,466,000.

1652.—The same authority estimated it at 850,000 souls.

1672.—Twenty years after, Sir William Petty being employed to superintend the great territorial survey of the country under the Protectorate, for the arrangement of forfeited property, published an estimate of the population grounded on an average of five persons to each house. This afforded a return of 1,100,000 persons.

1695.—Captain South put forward a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of this year, on the population of Ireland; he makes it appear but 1,034,102—the loose and unsatisfactory nature of his report shows how little reliance can be placed upon it.

1712.—Thomas Dobbs, Esq., in his "Essay on the Trade and Improvement of Ireland," gives the following amount of population from 1712 to 1726:—

1712.—2,099,094.	1718.—2,169,048.	1725.—2,317,374.
	1726.—2,309,106.	

These estimates, as well as most of those recorded in the remaining portion of the eighteenth century, were made from the calculations of the hearth-money collectors, on an average of six persons to each house; but those who remember how difficult it was to collect that tax—the thou-

sands who evaded it, and the multitude of places which the collectors never could visit, particularly in the western rural districts, must know how inadequate was this means of obtaining accurate information, independent of the suppression, for purposes of fraud, of many hundreds of houses by the collectors themselves.

1731.—In this year the Irish House of Lords ordered the established clergy and magistracy to make a census. The amount returned by them was 2,010,221; but when large tracts of country were without the jurisdiction of the one, and beyond the influence of, or unknown to the other, neither can this be depended upon.

1754 to 1785.—The hearth-money collectors made the following returns:—

1754.—2,372,634.	1767.—2,544,276.	1777.—2,690,556.
	1785.—2,845,932.	

1788.—Gervais Parker Bushe, Esq., Commissioner of Revenues, published an essay in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1790, on the subject of the population of Ireland, in the form of a letter, addressed to the then president, Lord Charlemont, from the survey-books of 1788. The data on which this was founded were similar to the foregoing; but the calculations were corrected and amended by Mr. Bushe, who acknowledged that 40,000 houses at least were suppressed by the collectors of this revenue; with this addition, which no doubt fell far short of the truth, he estimates the population at “above” 4,040,000.

1791.—In this year a return was made to the House of Commons of the number of hearths in Ireland, from which a population of 4,206,612 was calculated.

1792.—Dr. Beaufort, father of the present distinguished Hydrographer, constructed an ecclesiastical map of Ireland; and in the memoir published with it, he offered some speculations on the population, which show an amount of 4,088,226 souls.

1805.—Major Newenham, in his "Inquiry into the Progress, &c., of the Population of Ireland," by a vast collection of facts, and a series of most ingenious arguments, endeavoured to correct the inaccuracies of the hearth-money collectors—his average is 5,395,456. Much of the reasoning of this very intelligent writer is founded on the observations made by the celebrated Arthur Young. Mr. Newenham asserted that the population in Ireland doubled in forty-six years, and that thus it would amount to 8,413,224 in the year 1837; a calculation which, but for the increasing emigration from Ireland since he wrote, would have been very near the truth.

1812.—An Act passed for taking the population of Ireland on the same plan as that put in force in England and Scotland in 1810. This Act failed in its object, from being framed on the plan of the English one. In England and in Scotland, the enumeration was intrusted to the overseers of the poor and the parish schoolmasters; the first class did not exist in Ireland,

and the second were incompetent to execute the task; it was therefore committed to the care of the grand juries, who either took but little interest in the matter, or consigned it to the hands of ignorant or improper persons: thus, out of forty counties and counties of cities, only ten made complete returns, and four gave no returns at all. In some counties, the grand juries did not even endeavour to enforce the Act. By a series of ingenious calculations it was patched up, and the population made to appear on record as 5,937,856.

1815.—In this year a very ingenious Population Act was arranged by Mr. Shaw Mason, Secretary to the Public Records in Ireland, and passed through Parliament. In this, the enumeration of the people was intrusted to the bench of magistrates at quarter sessions. In January, 1821, the magistracy made a return of the territorial extent over which they presided, and this formed the ground-plan of the census; but upon reviewing it subsequently, a lamentable ignorance of the domestic geography of Ireland was discovered, as may well be imagined when we state, that the only survey of Ireland known to or acted on by the Government, acknowledged in courts of justice, or used for fixing the greater part of the local taxation of Ireland, was the incomplete survey of Petty, made 150 years before. Copies of this Act were distributed throughout the country, and enumerators were appointed by the magistracy and assistant-barristers to register the names, ages,

and occupations of the people. The Act commenced to be put in force simultaneously in Great Britain and Ireland on the 28th day of May, 1821, by the enumerators proceeding from house to house till the entire country was registered, when the census books were returned to the chief secretary's office in Dublin to be examined, and the information they contained put into tabular forms. Some parts of the country were enumerated in baronies, but the greater portion in parishes; and this latter, as might be expected, was the more correct. Subsequently, every parish was specified in the printed abstract, so that essentially it is a parochial census. At first, the enumerators experienced considerable opposition in different parts of the country, even amounting, in several instances, to violence; a letter, however, addressed to the clergy of all denominations, soon checked this hostility, by explaining to the people the nature and objects of the information they were required to give. This opposition was but what might have been expected in a country placed under the circumstances in which Ireland then was; and it appears to us that one of the great errors in all the censuses attempted in Ireland (and the last is not an exception) was, that the public mind had not been prepared for it; the people, particularly the lower classes, knew not the intent of the information required of them, and conceiving (naturally, we confess) that it was for the purposes of taxation or enlistment, they either avoided or resisted it.

On the *view* books being returned to Dublin, a classification was subsequently made of the *matériel* thus collected into houses and families, sexes, ages, and occupations, as well as of the schools, and pupils attending school, &c., &c., under the direction of Mr. Shaw Mason. This record was presented to Parliament in 1825, as affording a population of—

Males, 3,341,926; Females, 3,459,901; Total, 6,801,827.

We have dwelt thus long upon the details of this census, because it was the first attempt ever made at an accurate statistical survey of Ireland. The theory of it was well conceived, and if the machinery of it could have been depended on, it was well arranged; but far too much power was left in the hands of the enumerators to insure much accuracy.⁹⁵

1827.—In this year there appeared a most curious and valuable work on “The past and present State of Ireland, exhibited in a series of Tables, constructed on a new plan, and principally derived from official documents and the best authorities,” by Cæsar Moreau, Esq., French Vice-Consul in London, comprised in a large folio work of fifty-six lithographed pages, and now become exceeding scarce. Immense labour seems to have been expended on this production, which, on the whole, exhibits the best and most condensed view of the subject it treats on, of any work published in its day. Its population statistics are chiefly derived from the previous census of 1821; and the tables of trade,

commerce, and navigation, &c., &c., are ably drawn up. His own calculation of the population in 1827 was 7,672,835; and according to different communications received by him, but not official—8,173,000—8,490,000—9,050,000.

1831.—A parliamentary census was taken, but of its plan we know little, except that in its details and subsequent arrangement the forms of the previous one of 1821 were partly adhered to: there is no memoir to it, and George Hatchell, Esq., the person under whose direction it was compiled and printed, merely signs the document at its concluding page. It exhibited a population of 7,767,401 souls.

[1834.—In this year a Commission was ordered by the king to inquire into and report upon the religion and public instruction in Ireland, previously to the passing of the Church Temporalities Bill. A compressed analysis or digest of this was published by W. T. Hamilton, Esq., one of the Commissioners; but it refers more to religion and education than the numbers of the people.]

1841.—The census of this year enables us to arrive at a more accurate statistical knowledge of Ireland than was ever before aimed at; and is one of the most interesting and practically-useful records, next to the Ordnance Survey, ever produced in reference to that country. The machinery of this census was excellently planned, and admirably carried into effect. Three causes operated to make this census more effective than any of those that preceded it: its forerunner, the

Irish Survey, had made the country much better known than it was previously,—every townland (the smallest division of its area) having been previously surveyed and mapped; the great power and local knowledge of the constabulary and police force by whom it was taken; and the better feeling and increased civilization of the people themselves. This census was conducted by a Commission, composed of W. T. Hamilton, Esq., T. Brownrigg, Esq., and Capt. Larcom, R.E. In this census the enumeration was intrusted to the police, assisted in some remote districts by civilians, and taken in a townland division of the country, and a street division in cities. A printed form was left with every family in Ireland, previously to the 6th of June; and these were again collected a few days after, and transmitted to the Castle of Dublin. Thus an enumeration of the people was effected in the best and most economical manner, on the night of the 6th of June, 1841. We have epitomized the principal results, as far as our limited space will permit, in the table on page 211.

The information demanded under the Act of Parliament was more voluminous than any hitherto required in Ireland; as it included the name, age, sex, relationship to the head of the family, marriage, occupation, education, and nativity, together with the rates of wages, number of servants employed by, farming-stock, &c., of the living resident population. The enumeration and description of the houses, schools, &c., were also intrusted to the police.

Queries were also asked as to the members of families non-resident on the night of the 6th of June; and finally, the mortality of each family since the year 1831. This latter, as well as the marriage queries, opens up a field of investigation never before attempted in Ireland. This

SUMMARY OF THE IRISH POPULATION CENSUS OF 1841.

	Leinster.	Munster.	Ulster.	Connaught.	All Ireland.
EXTENT in statute acres.....	4,870,211	6,064,579	5,475,486	4,392,063	20,802,271
POPULATION:—					
MALES—Heads of families and their children.....	772,220	909,676	975,794	608,380	3,226,050
“ Visitors.....	133,638	142,273	117,826	71,813	465,550
“ Servants.....	57,889	74,241	63,138	27,689	227,857
“ Total number of males.....	963,747	1,126,190	1,156,758	707,842	4,019,576
FEMALES—Heads of families and their children.....	766,156	933,131	966,287	577,474	3,263,048
“ Visitors.....	164,177	186,966	167,200	98,343	616,586
“ Servants.....	79,651	89,974	71,059	35,200	275,914
“ Total number of females.....	1,009,984	1,209,971	1,204,546	711,017	4,155,548
“ Total population.....	1,973,731	2,336,161	2,361,304	1,418,859	8,175,124
HOUSES:—					
First class.....	30,052	10,892	7,471	3,165	60,080
Second class.....	74,453	65,024	101,437	32,235	264,184
Third class.....	131,898	125,106	179,745	96,446	533,295
Fourth class.....	79,921	164,113	125,988	121,346	491,278
“ Total inhabited.....	306,459	365,135	414,651	243,192	1,329,639
Uninhabited.....	12,320	12,005	21,690	6,233	52,308
Building.....	1,272	1,023	628	302	3,518
“ Total number of houses.....	320,051	377,963	436,969	249,877	1,384,860
RESIDING in first class houses.....	20,153	16,292	8,722	3,087	67,254
“ second class houses.....	96,292	86,187	113,276	26,570	321,925
“ third class houses.....	141,837	187,185	187,108	100,979	566,659
“ fourth class houses.....	86,702	175,477	130,694	125,058	518,931
“ Total number of families.....	292,134	415,154	430,805	255,684	1,473,787
CHIEF EMPLOYMENT—Agriculture.....	214,046	292,933	267,799	190,850	965,628
“ Manufactures and trade.....	92,692	78,989	141,901	83,534	395,506
“ Other pursuits.....	55,290	43,182	30,205	17,800	146,557
Dependent on rented property, professions, &c.....	14,530	9,816	9,448	4,888	38,682
“ direction of labour.....	133,151	132,674	152,081	49,900	467,806
“ manual labour.....	290,121	359,903	271,508	194,938	1,116,570
“ occupation unknown.....	14,009	12,761	6,772	5,988	39,529
EDUCATION—(Persons five years old and upwards.)					
Can read and write—Males.....	362,746	367,722	412,097	144,804	1,287,369
“ Females.....	231,851	125,018	205,945	55,783	618,597
Can read only—Males.....	133,028	121,129	237,637	71,496	563,390
“ Females.....	226,166	150,010	882,127	71,140	1,229,443
Can neither read nor write—Males.....	323,467	541,581	868,639	294,749	1,928,436
“ Females.....	437,586	724,562	480,058	490,716	2,132,922
RURAL ECONOMY, &c.					
Arable land.....	3,961,198	3,974,613	3,407,539	2,250,260	13,693,610
Uncultivated.....	731,686	1,330,477	1,794,070	1,000,000	6,256,735
Plantations.....	115,944	130,415	79,783	48,840	374,982
Towns.....	15,569	14,693	8,790	8,877	47,929
Water.....	51,624	151,381	214,566	212,854	630,425
Number of farms.....	124,750	163,886	226,694	155,842	671,172
Horses and gules.....	179,032	167,209	160,178	69,732	576,151
Cattle.....	496,927	635,508	882,536	298,577	1,913,548
Sheep.....	659,504	693,970	213,213	534,508	2,101,195
Pigs.....	386,754	546,077	308,128	176,856	1,417,815
Poultry.....	2,249,835	2,883,692	1,915,382	1,408,708	8,457,617
Asses.....	24,648	24,780	13,431	39,486	92,345
Annual value of property rated to the relief of the poor, &c.....	4,750,806	3,764,253	3,281,129	1,536,106	13,272,294

* By the term *first class houses*, must be understood habitations having more than 9 rooms; by the *second class*, a good farm-house, or one having from 5 to 9 rooms; by *third class*, a cottage built of mud, possessing from 2 to 4 rooms and windows; by *fourth class*, all mud cabins or huts of a single room.

† The poor-law valuation is from the Commissioners' Report, published in 1849.

department of the work, as well as some of the general statistical details, was intrusted to W. R. Wilde, Esq., who availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded of drawing up a Medical Statistic of the country, not only from these census returns, but from the registries of the different hospitals, gaols, lunatic asylums, and coroners' inquests, &c., for the preceding ten years.

The original edition of our work was completed shortly after the taking of this census, but as its results were not then published, they are only now for the first time included in our pages. We are well aware that the lapse of years, the failure of the potato crop in 1847 and 1848, and the consequent famine that succeeded, together with the annually increasing tide of emigration, must have materially affected its accuracy; but it is still the best existing authority, and will, of course, remain so till the publication of its successor of 1851, when it will acquire a new value as a means of ascertaining the effect of the intense suffering to which Ireland has been subjected during the last four years.

This census affords only a slight increase on that taken in 1831; but when we consider the insular position of the country, the restless spirit of its inhabitants, the little inducement held out to them for improving their condition at home—owing in part to its non-resident landlords and nobility—we can scarcely wonder at, however much we may deplore, the vast emigration that yearly takes place in Ireland, both permanent

emigration to England, America, and the Colonies, and the temporary emigration that occurs annually in summer (the very time the census was taken) to England for agricultural purposes; we feel assured that emigration is mainly the cause of this small increase, and we know that the system has continued to act in Ireland for the last thirty years with much greater effect than many are aware of.

The subject of emigration is one upon which two very opposite opinions exist. We have presumed occasionally to offer some passing remarks upon it; for it seems to us impossible that any traveller in Ireland can take note of the enormous tracts of land lying utterly waste and useless, which enterprise and capital might render productive and profitable, without arriving at the conclusion, that to encourage emigration is—at present, at least—totally unnecessary, and therefore cruel, as well as unwise. If only the idle, dissolute, and disaffected were induced to quit the country, good only could follow; but it is notorious, that every ship which conveys emigrants to foreign climes carries away the sober, most steady, and industrious people of the kingdom—most unwilling exiles; for no people of the world are less prone to wander, or more attached to home memories and associations. From our own experience of Ireland, we could adduce numerous proofs in support of these assertions—that emigration is considered not an advantage, but an evil, by those who emigrate, and that the best of its inhabitants only will en-

counter it. We quote a passage from a letter received by us from a distinguished merchant of Cork, who, from his connection with passenger traffic, has had ample opportunities of watching the working of the system. "On Saturday," he says, "there left this place about 150 of the finest young women you could possibly see congregated in this or any other country; they were all above the humbler class; all wore straw bonnets and mantles; they left this in one of the river steamers to join a Sidney vessel at Cove, and their friends took a silent and mournful leave of them as they left the quay; there was none of that loud grief that you observe amongst the lower class, but real and apparently heart-felt sorrow. As the boat moved off, the 'emigration band'—for such we now have—to buoy up the spirits of those poor creatures at parting from their home and their dearest friends, played up St. Patrick's Day, but underneath all the pang of parting showed itself in sobs. I don't know that ever I felt more than on this occasion, at seeing so many of our fair country girls leaving their native land; and I understand that it is likely to continue for some months. It is the bone and sinew of Ireland that emigrate—the real *wealth of the country*."

The same authority adds, in reference to the latter point,—“Yet I can assure you that of late, on several occasions, our steamers have conveyed from Liverpool to this port a great number of poor disappointed creatures, who, after having

gone out to America early in the spring, have returned penniless and almost naked to their friends here. One poor fellow, who, as he said, had seen better days (and I believe him, for he, though ragged, had yet a dignified air), held a little handkerchief bundle in his hand as he landed, and on it being remarked that he had not much baggage, he said, 'No, sir; no, indeed—this is all my baggage,' holding it up, 'but I had a much better equipment *when starting* from this, more than a year since; it is now all gone but this, and *I feel thankful to get home even though light is my purse.*'”

Indeed it is unnecessary to supply evidence that Ireland loses her best strength when a ship with emigrants leaves her shores; and that not alone in thews and sinews, sobriety and industry; for every exile takes with him an amount of money, small considered in reference to each, but making an immense sum in the aggregate; enough, or nearly so, under judicious regulations, to bring into cultivation land that would be ample for their maintenance. We have been at some pains to procure returns of the number of emigrants from several of the principal Irish ports; and we believe we may, in every instance, depend upon the accuracy of our information, which has been derived from the official statements furnished by the emigration agents and officers of the customs at the several ports. It embraces the three years, 1846, 1847, and 1848.

PORT OF EMBARKATION.	1846.		1847.		1848.	
	United States.	British America.	United States.	British America.	United States.	British America.
Ballina,	1,769	186
Ballyshannon,	444
Baltimore,	2,088	737	295	360
Belfast,	881	2,674	3,938	7,059	6,800	1,930
Coleraine,	67
Cork,	1,383	5,683	4,360	13,159	8,600	3,021
Donegal,	177	804
Drogheda,	65	494
Dublin,	861	1,939	2,435	6,700	7,363	317
Dundalk,	113
Galway,	290	1,442	2,478	3,624	3,179	1,056
Killybegs,	81
Killala,	184
Limerick,	4,482	1,784	9,944	2,777	6,623
Londonderry,	2,965	2,439	5,645	6,635	5,888	1,188
Newry,	371	622	1,007	1,947	1,384	494
New Ross,	204	1,509
Ross,	2	944	231	4,831
Sligo,	326	5,480	1,035	10,165	569	1,262
Trillick,	1,861	68	308
Waterford,	91	1,758	956	3,792	222	920
Westport,	371	885	447	817	376
Wexford,	10	74	233
Totals,	7,070	31,788	24,502	71,253	33,843	20,852

Formidable as these numbers may appear, they by no means represent the whole of the persons leaving Ireland for the New World every year; many thousands embark from Liverpool and Greenock, and a proportion from all the other ports. The late Mr. Rushton, the Liverpool magistrate, estimated the Irish emigrants who left that port for the United States in the year 1847, at the immense number of 130,000. Neither do they include the emigration to the Australian Colonies and the Cape of Good Hope; to the former of which nearly 2,000 *free* passages were granted by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners during the year 1848, including a number of female orphans selected from the various unions throughout Ire-

land. In the period between May, 1848, and April, 1850, twenty ships were despatched from Ireland with this class of emigrants; of these, eleven were destined to Sidney, and conveyed 2,553 girls; six to Port Philip, conveying 1,255; and three to Adelaide, with 606: making the total number of orphan girls sent to Australia in the two years 4,114, with an addition of 61 from the Wexford union who were sent to the Cape of Good Hope. A very large sum has also been expended on emigration by the various unions throughout Ireland during the years 1848 and 1849; in 1847-8 the outlay was £2,776; and in the year ending Michaelmas, 1849, no less than £16,553 had been applied to the same purpose.

We have already occupied with this subject greater space than we can well spare; but it is one of vast importance, and we should neglect our duty if we closed our book without endeavouring to impress it upon the minds of our readers. It seems undeniable, that emigration from Ireland is neither necessary nor expedient. If there are tens of thousands of unemployed hands, there are millions of acres upon which to employ them—acres which, since the creation of the world, have yielded no produce to man. Parliament, omnipotent over property, might remove the evil, though the owners of the soil either will not or cannot. When it is expedient to run a railroad through an estate, or to use it for any public improvement, the owner has no remedy but the decree of a jury, which determines the amount he

ought to receive in recompense, either from the country or the party legally authorised to take from him his land. Surely the same law might be carried out in reference to these waste lands of Ireland, which never have produced, and probably never will produce, the smallest profit to the landlord. Such a system would effectually check exorbitant demands, compel foolish men to be their own benefactors, and force the merciless or the indifferent into contributing to the general good.

This would indeed be a boon to the people of Ireland, glorious to the age and country,—one which the present Government might grant, and has the power to grant. It would go farther to destroy disaffection—farther by many degrees—than all the concessions of the last twelve years, and would give to immortality the names of the men who would bestow it. Land only need be taken, into which the spade had never plunged, and given in small but sufficient allotments to moral and industrious families,—precisely those who now emigrate,—not given *to be cultivated, and then taken away*, but given for ever, as properties inalienable, under proper superintendence, paying reasonable rents, and subjected to just conditions; the result, ere many years had passed, would be, in a word, to REGENERATE Ireland.

GALWAY

The county of Galway is in the province of Connaught. Its boundaries are, on the north, the counties of Roscommon and Mayo; on the east, those of Roscommon, King's County, and Tipperary; on the south, the county of Clare and Galway Bay; and on the west, the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,510,592 acres; of which 955,713 are cultivated; 476,957 are unprofitable bog and mountain; and 77,922 are under water. In 1821, the population (exclusive of the town and liberties of Galway, which forms a county of itself), was 309,599; in 1831, 381,564; and in 1841, 422,923. It is divided into the baronies of Arran, Athenry, Half Ballymoe, Ballynahinch, Clare, Clonmacnoon, Dunkellen, Dunmore, Kilconnell, Killian, Kiltartan, Leitrim, Longford, Loughrea, Moycullen, Ross, and Tyaquin. Besides the provincial capital, it contains the populous towns of Tuam and Athenry, and the market-towns of Loughrea, Eyrecourt, Gort and Headford, besides the greater part of Ballinasloe; the small but rising and rapidly improving town of Clifden, being its only seaport in addition to the port of Galway.

Proceeding from Dublin, the county of Galway is entered on passing over the bridge that crosses the Shannon at Ballinasloe. From this

pretty and prosperous town, where the grand cattle fair of Ireland is held, two great roads branch off, the north leading to Mayo through Tuam, the west through Aughrim and Loughrea to Galway town. Although we visited the county by the former route, we shall conduct our reader by the latter, as enabling him to examine the district, and Connamara in particular, to greater advantage; for, as we were told when too late to profit by the knowledge, to enter this region, as we did, by the Killeries, was "like looking at a man's face behind his back." Proceeding thus, however, we shall miss the old town of Tuam—and "no great loss," for it is a dirty and ruinous looking place, and its Roman Catholic cathedral, recently erected, is sadly out of harmony with the dull and dingy habitations upon which it looks down. Approached from the east, nevertheless, it has a remarkably picturesque effect, towering above the landscape, and commanding an extensive prospect of the adjacent country. The cathedral with its numerous pinnacles, and the surrounding trees, conceal the town beyond.

The road from Ballinasloe to Galway passes through Loughrea—a remarkably neat and orderly town; and leaves, to the right, the ancient but now ruinous town of Athenry, where there are several interesting remains of antiquity. Athenry was famous long before Galway became remarkable; and early records of the provincial capital distinguish it as situated near Athenry.⁹⁶ The comparatively unchanged char-

acter of the district soon becomes apparent; if there were no other proof, the tourist will obtain one in the frequent occurrence of the "original Connaught pig"—which now exists in no other part of Ireland—modern improvement having completely destroyed his "seed, breed, and generation." He is a long, tall, and usually spare animal; with a singularly sharp physiognomy, and remarkably keen eyes. His race is still preferred by the peasantry; for he will "feed upon anything"—even the thin herbage of the common; and the "rearing" costs neither trouble nor expense. For the purpose of sale, however, he is useless; and as it is the pig that "pays the rent," and is seldom or never brought up for "home consumption," the Connaught pig is nearly extinct, and probably, in a few years, will be found only in pictures.⁹⁷

The tourist on approaching Galway town perceives other evidence that he is in a peculiar district; the dark features and coal-black hair of the people indicate their Spanish descent; and they are, for the most, so finely formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as a model for the sculptor. Passing along the narrow streets, he is startled by greater singularities; houses with remains of "jalousies," and arched gateways, elaborately carved, mingled with modern buildings, indicating the comparatively unchanged "aspect" of the inhabitants and their dwellings.⁹⁸ These records of old time are rapidly falling into ruin; only a few small portions of the "walls" remain; even the

Moorish eyes and complexions are not as common as they used to be; and probably, in a few years, Galway will have lost its distinctive character. The "remains" are, as we have intimated, very varied in style; they belong, indeed, to no order of architecture, but seem to have been designed according to the whim or fancy of the builder. The observation applies not only to the private residences, but to the public structures. The history of Galway is full of interest—from the year 1178, when the Anglo-Normans first set hostile foot in Connaught, to the war of the revolution, when the town surrendered, upon honourable terms, to the victorious Ginkle, who had previously routed the Irish forces at Aughrim. During all the terrible contests of centuries, Galway had its ample share of glory and grief; participating largely in the persecutions of the several periods, but maintaining a high character for courage and probity throughout.⁹⁹ Of its old strength as a fortified town, there are, as we have intimated, few remains; but of its former wealth and splendour, as compared with other towns of Ireland, there are many—they exhibit, generally, tokens of the commercial habits of the people rather than of their military character. The house still known as "Lynch's Castle," although the most perfect example now remaining, was at one period by no means a solitary instance of the decorated habitations of the Galway merchants. Nearly every lane and alley contains some token of their grandeur; and over the doorways of a very large number of



Lynch's Castle, Galway
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

IRELAND

Moorish and Arab complexions are not as common as they used to be, and probably, in a few years, the "Moorish" has lost its distinctive character. The "remains" are, as we have intimated, varied in style; they belong, indeed, to the domain of architecture, but seem to have been introduced according to the whim or fancy of the architect. The observation applies not only to private residences, but to the public structures. "The history of Galway is full of interest from the year 1178, when the Anglo-Normans met their hostile foot in Connaught, to the war of the revolution, when the town surrendered, upon honourable terms, to the victorious Ginkle, who had previously routed the Irish forces at Aughrim. During all the terrible contests of centuries, Galway had its ample share of glory and grief: participating largely in the persecutions of the several periods, but maintaining a high character for courage and probity throughout." Of its old strength as a fortified town, there are, as we have intimated, few remains: but of its former wealth and splendour, as compared with other towns of Ireland, there are many—they exhibit, generally, tokens of the commercial habits of the people rather than of their military character. The house still known as "Lynch's Castle," although the most perfect example now remaining, was at one period by no means a solitary instance of the decorated habitations of the Galway merchants. Nearly every lane and alley contains some token of their grandeur; and over the doorway of a very large number of

Lynch's Castle, Galway

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the dilapidated houses, are still standing the armorial bearings, carved in stone, of the early occupiers.¹⁰⁰ So remarkable, indeed, are those "bits" of Spain transferred to the wild West of Ireland, that Mr. Inglis, who had visited the former country a short time previous to his tour in the latter, thus refers to the resemblances he observed between them: "I had heard that I should find in Galway some traces of its Spanish origin, but was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. At every second step I saw something to recall it to my recollection. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the outer and inner railing, and the court within—needing only the fountain and flower vases to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carried the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia. I even found the little sliding wicket for observation in one or two doors, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution observed, where gallantry and superstition divide life between them."

If, however, in the town are to be found the records of a peculiar people, in one of the suburbs a people equally peculiar still exist, retaining to-day the customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabitants of the "Claddagh" are a colony of fishermen, and they number, with their families, between five and six thousand. Their market-place adjoins one of the old gates of the town, and is

close to the remains of a fortified tower. Here they sell their fish, but it is apart from their own dominion—"their own dominion" it may be called literally, for they are governed by their own king and their own laws; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to make them obedient to any other.

The Claddagh is a populous district lying to the right of the harbour, consisting of streets, squares, and lanes; all inhabited by fishermen. They claim the right to exercise complete and exclusive control over the bay, and, indeed, over all the bays of the county. They are peaceable and industrious, and their cottages are cleaner and better furnished than those of most of the Galway dwellings; but if any of the "rights" they have enjoyed for centuries are infringed, they become so violent that nothing can withstand them.¹⁰¹

This singular community are still governed by a "king," elected annually, and a number of by-laws of their own; at one time this king was absolute—as powerful as a veritable despot; but his power has yielded, like all despotic powers, to the times, and now he is, as one of his subjects informed us, "nothing more than the Lord Mayor of Dublin, or any other city." He has still, however, much influence, and sacrifices himself, literally without fee or reward, for "the good of the people:" he is constantly occupied hearing and deciding causes and quarrels, for his people never, by any chance, appeal to a higher tribunal.¹⁰² In the Claddagh, too, there

are many remarkable remains of those singular antiquities which prevail in the town.

Their king is indeed completely one of themselves; his rank and station being only indicated, according to Mr. Hardiman, by a white sail and colours flying from the masthead of his boat, when at sea—where he acts as “admiral.” They have many peculiar customs; one is worthy of especial note. The wedding-ring is an heirloom in a family. It is regularly transferred by the mother to her daughter first married; and so on to their descendants. These rings are large, of solid gold, and not unfrequently cost from two to three pounds each.¹⁰³ Some of them are plainer; but the greater number are ornamented. The people are, in general, comfortably clad; and their houses are, for the most part, neatly furnished. We entered several of them, and among others that of the ruler of the district. His majesty, however, was at sea; but we were introduced to his royal family—a group of children and grandchildren, who, for ruddy health, might have been coveted by any veritable monarch of Christendom. Taken altogether, this primitive suburb included, there is no town in Ireland so interesting as Galway; and none that affords stronger temptations to the enterprising capitalist; or, indeed, to those who, with limited means, desire to obtain not only the necessities but the luxuries and enjoyments of life at small cost.¹⁰⁴

Amongst its other attractions, the beautiful bay must not be forgotten, nor the magnificent

lake that pours its rich tribute to the ocean through the town. "The bay," writes Mr. Hardiman, "is esteemed one of the noblest entrances in the world; it extends nearly thirty miles eastward of the isles of Arran, and contains innumerable roads and harbours. The haven is safe and spacious, and is capable of affording protection to the largest fleets." The Arran islands are three in number; one of them, Llanmore, is of considerable extent. During our visit to "the West," the weather was more than usually rough, and we were unable to visit them. They were described to us as amazingly full of interesting objects—wonderfully abundant in natural scenery, and containing a vast number of rude monuments of remote antiquity. The inhabitants number above 3,000. The whole of the coast round the beautiful bay, although less magnificently rugged than that more to the north, abounds in picturesque objects; and the peasantry here, as well as in the less familiar districts, are rich in original character; their vicinity to the wild Atlantic, and their living remote from frequent intercourse with more civilized parts, having preserved much of their primitive simplicity. Wandering one day by the shore of the broad ocean, an incident occurred to us, the recital of which may not be displeasing to our readers.

We had walked a long way, when in the distance we saw, above the level of the sea, what at first sight we imagined to be, so perfectly motionless was it, an artificial figure—the figure-

head of a ship, perhaps, placed there as a beacon—but the wind setting in strongly from the land, we perceived some drapery in motion, which led us to think that it was really a human being. Still there was no “stir,” no indication of life, or any interest manifested in surrounding objects. The wind blew, and a shawl that had become gathered round her neck, indicated the direction of the wind. A long stream of dark hair, escaped from beneath her cap, floated like a pennon; her arms were folded beneath her shawl, and though there was a ship in the offing, her eyes were bent upon the tide, which was kept back by the strength of the breeze. It is quite impossible to fancy a greater picture of patient meaningless endurance than this poor woman. She was evidently a living sorrow; and yet there must have been some who cared for her, for the shawl that had blown off her shoulders was of a thick comfortable texture; her cap was clean, and her gown needed no repair; the expression of her face was that of intense anxiety, unrelieved by any gleam of mind,—yet she never moved even her eyes, but gazed over the waters, one long, unchanging, “unwinking” gaze.

“Have you been long here?” we inquired.

She never moved her eyes, but said, “Yes.”

“And will you not go home?”

“I am home.”

“The wind blows strongly—you had better go home.”

“The wind’s foul, it keeps him at sea. When it’s fair, the rocks and the eddies and things keep

him out; but now it's foul, *that* keeps him out; but I can't go till he comes in."

"And how long has he been gone?"

"Oh, then, ever so long—five Christmases and Midsummers—and six—I'm thinking it's six All-hallows, but I'm not sure; only now you see the wind's foul, and he can't come in."

"You are trembling with cold, you had better go home."

"Sure I am home, I tell you!" she answered pettishly, without raising her eyes; "I *am* home. And as to the trembles—the shivers—how could they leave me, and he away? that's not possible; but if the wind changes he'll come in, and I can't go till he does, only it's foul now." We perceived two boys watching her from one of the low cliffs; they hastened to meet us. Her story had nothing peculiar in it, but it interested us much. The elder of the two boys was her brother, the younger her son. "His father," this fine intelligent little fellow told us, "was drowned at sea about six years ago, and his mother never was 'to say *right* since.' She was very bad entirely for as good as a year, and then the Lord riz her up a little, and put new life into her, but she grew bad again; and night and day they watched her for fear any harm would come to her. She thinks he'll come back—but he can't—he would if he could"—continued the boy, suppressing a gush of tears—"he would if he could, I'm sure; but it's not God's will. She'll stand there till she drops from weakness or sleep, and then her brothers or sisters carry

her home; when I'm a man I'll do so myself."

We asked him if his mother knew him?

"Oh, ah, does she!—and well—quite well—but she does not show it," he replied.

"Ah, Johnny, that's your fancy," said the elder. "He fancies his mammy knows him, but she doesn't."

"She does though!" retorted the child. "Sure my voice is the only one that makes her shed a tear!"

We cannot leave the town of Galway without directing the reader's attention to the marble manufactured there, and which so plentifully abounds throughout the county. The subject of Irish marbles is, indeed, one of vast importance; we shall not, therefore, apologise for treating it at some length. It may be made, under judicious management, a source of immense wealth to the island and employment to its people.¹⁰⁵

The limestones of Ireland, which are capable of being applied, as marbles, to ornamental purposes, may be divided into three species. First, the limestone which is imbedded in the primary rocks of many mountain tracts. It is of a highly crystalline structure, and never contains petrified shells or other fossil remains; its common colours are blue and white—more rarely rose and dove. The blue varieties are found extensively over Tyrone, Western Derry, and the whole of Donegal; they are burnt for lime, but are unfit for ornamental purposes. The other

varieties are frequent in Donegal, and of these the white is perhaps the most common. In some places, as at Dunlooky, near Arrigle Mountain, at Muckish Mountain, and in other parts, the component crystalline flakes of this variety become very small, its texture compact, and it passes into a fine statuary marble, very closely resembling that of Paros, or Carrara. We are informed by Dr. M'Donnell, that many years ago some pieces of this marble were sent to Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, for his opinion. "Send me," said he to Mr. Stuart of Ards, "a large well-chosen slab, and you will see what I shall make of it"—an expression that we may plainly construe into a favourable opinion. But nothing came of it; the slab seems never to have been sent. The late Sir Charles L. Giesecké, no mean authority, was of opinion, that this marble was of "a superior quality for statuary and other ornamental purposes." So little of it, however, has yet been raised, that there can be no doubt the best quality of stone has not been reached. It has been often stated that the places where it occurs are of difficult access. The Rev. Dr. Bryce is of opinion, from what he observed during a late visit to the western and north-western portions of Donegal, that this white marble will be found imbedded in the mica slate of that county, in many places where it has not as yet been exposed to view; and that in several of these, as well as in some of those where it is already known to exist, water carriage could easily be applied to the transport

of large blocks. Let us hope that the vast improvements which Lord George Hill, and other proprietors, are effecting in this county, will be the means of developing its great mineral resources, which are certainly far beyond what any one would suppose who is not well acquainted with its geological structure.

In the district of Connamara, and in the adjoining tracts, white and rose-coloured marbles occur in the same geological positions as those just mentioned. The great intermixture of serpentine and talc in all the rocks of this wild region, distinguish them remarkably from those of the rest of Ireland. The primary limestones, subordinate to these rocks, partake of the same character. Precious serpentine, of various shades of green and yellow, often mottled and striped, is intermixed with the white and rose-coloured limestones; and a very beautiful marble is thus produced, precisely the same in structure and appearance as the *verde antico* of Italy, and undoubtedly the richest and finest ornamental stone yet found in these kingdoms. The most beautiful varieties occur at Ballynahinch and Clifden, in Connamara, where extensive quarries are, unhappily, but partially worked. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful marble is so little known. There are decided indications of its existence in other parts of the same district.¹⁰⁶

The next species of limestone is that which is distinguished by the name carboniferous, from its lying immediately under coal, and being the

basis or support of that rock. It has been termed mountain limestone in England, and the name Irish-bog limestone has been suggested as the most applicable in Ireland. It occupies nearly two-thirds of the surface of the country, forming the substratum of all the rich plains and bleak boggy tracts of the midland counties, from Donegal and Monaghan to Cork and Kerry, and stretching out often to the sea-shore by the deeply indented bays of the western and south-western coasts. It is well distinguished from the former species by containing a great variety of petrified shells and corallines. It is hard, and generally more or less crystalline; is of great vertical thickness, and can be distinctly separated into four subdivisions, which, in an ascending order, are as follow:—1. Limestone interstratified with yellow sandstone. 2. Lower limestone. 3. Impure black limestone or calp, with sandstone and shale. 4. Upper limestone. This last is of trifling extent; the three others are largely developed in various parts of the country. It is the second or lower limestone which yields almost all the marbles belonging to this formation. Mr. Griffiths (Second Rep. of Rail. Com. App. No. 1.) observes, that “nearly all the marble quarries occur near the outer edge of the limestone boundary, where it rests, either on the yellow sandstone, or some older rock. When they are met with in the interior, detached hills of yellow sandstone rise up from beneath the limestone strata in their immediate neighbourhood; thus showing that the marble beds do be-

long to the lower portion of the series." The following account, by the same author, of the principal localities is from the same Report. "The undermost beds of this lower limestone are often silicious and impure, with a dark grey or bluish-grey colour. In many localities, as the beds accumulate, they become black, and the structure so crystalline that the rock takes a high polish, and is used for marble. Thus black marbles occur, and are quarried very extensively near the western boundary of the limestone district of the county of Galway, between Oughterard and Lough Corrib; also near the town of Galway, and hence to Oranmore. The same kind of marble is found at Westport, in Mayo; and near Carlow and Kilkenny. Mottled black-and-white marble occurs at Mitchelstown; also, filled with organic remains, in the neighbourhood of Cork, and many other places. Where carbon, the colouring matter, is wanting, we have crystalline marble of various tints: as brownish-red at Armagh; white and red striped at Killarney, Kenmare, Cork harbour, and Castletown, nine miles north of Nenagh, in Tipperary; red and yellowish-white at Clononey, in the King's County; and brownish-red, mottled with grey of various shades, at Ballymahon, in Longford. Grey and dove marbles occur at many places, particularly at the base of the Curlew Mountain, near Lough Arrow, in Sligo; near the Seven Churches, south of Athlone; and at Carrickacrump, near Cloyne, in the county of Cork."

Hence we see that the secondary strata, as well

as the primary, yield an abundant supply of beautiful marbles, which only require enterprise and a small outlay of capital, to render them a source of great wealth to the country.

A third species of limestone is found exclusively in the counties of Antrim and Derry. Its colour is white, occasionally varied with different shades of yellow, blue, and red. It is identical in geological position, mineral structure, and in its fossils, with the English chalk, though possessing a very superior degree of hardness. Handsome small ornaments are sometimes made of varieties having pleasing colours, and slabs of it have been stained in imitation of foreign marbles; but in its common state it is by no means adapted for ornamental purposes, as its structure is not crystalline, and it is traversed by frequent cracks, so that large blocks can seldom be obtained. When, however, the strata of this limestone are intersected by whin-dikes, or invaded by erupted masses of basalt, its structure and appearance are completely changed. The effect of the intense heat to which it has been thus subject, *under pressure*, has been to induce a new arrangement of its particles, and to develop a highly crystalline structure throughout large masses. In this state it bears a striking resemblance to Carrara marble; and the tendency to split in all directions being destroyed, large slabs can be easily procured. There are two or three places in the county of Antrim, where it occurs in so great quantity that quarries could be opened upon it. It has rarely, if ever, been employed

for any purpose of ornament; but some idea of its durability may be formed, from the fact that Dr. M'Donnell found in Rathlin a chiselled mass of it in perfect preservation, though it had been built into the walls of three successive churches—thus standing the exposure of more than 300 years. Connected with this subject, it is a highly interesting fact, that the Carrara marble, so long regarded as a primary limestone, embedded among the older rocks, has been lately shown to be a secondary limestone, contained amid fossiliferous rocks, and metamorphosed into its present state of a crystalline marble by the long contact of igneous matter erupted among the strata from the interior of the earth.

Leaving Galway town, the tourist will proceed to Outerard *en route* to Connamara. Outerard is a small, but exceedingly neat town; close to it is the residence of the representative of the “ferocious O’Flahertys,” once the terror of the district, and in its immediate neighbourhood is a singular natural bridge, over which the old coach-road runs, and under which flows a river, one of the tributaries to Lough Corrib. The bridge is of black marble, of which there is an extensive quarry in the neighbourhood. When within a few miles of this pretty town, our astonishment was excited by perceiving a prodigious collection of cromlechs, of the existence of which, we believe, no traveller has taken note, but which certainly demands extensive and minute investigation. These huge circles of stone were so numerous, that at first we imagined

them to be merely accidental occurrences in the rocky soil; but repeated examinations convinced us that they were as much artificial erections as any of the monuments, of which we have encountered so many in various parts of the country. Mr. Fairholt made drawings of several; we do not consider it necessary to engrave them, for they differ in no respect from the examples we have already given. This great city of the Druids—for such it undoubtedly is—lies between Galway and Outerard, but much nearer the latter town, upon the old road; yet the road is not so old but that searchers after antiquities must have often traversed it. It occupies the whole of an extended plain, on the height of a steep hill, and in the valley beneath is seen the old castle of Aughanure.¹⁰⁷ The space literally covered by these Druidic stones of all shapes and sizes, extends for above two miles, and we imagine it would not be difficult to count a thousand of them. We found it easy to trace out the circles in nearly every instance in which we tried to do so; here and there the stones that completed it were lost, but generally we found that one had been built into the hedge, or into the gable of a house, or had sunk into the ground until nearly imperceptible, or had left some fragments to show where it had been. The circles were of varied sizes, some very small, in others so large as apparently to be half a mile in circumference; and although in most instances the props which supported the huge rock had crumbled under its weight, sufficient proofs of their former exist-

ence were left in nearly every case. Our leisure did not permit us to make a very minute scrutiny of this truly wonderful place, but our brief note of it may, and no doubt will, induce such an examination as it undoubtedly demands. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of Mr. Windele.

From Outerard our route lay to Clifden, a distance of twenty miles, along a road, "smooth as a bowling-green" all the way, into the very heart of Connamara. But over this road we cannot hasten, for it is full of interest; and here begin the wonders that will keep the mind and eye gratified and excited, during a tour that certainly cannot find its parallel in the United Kingdom; not alone in its amount of natural beauties, or in scenery that for wild grandeur surpasses the imagination; the country is almost entirely one vast collection of raw material, languishing for the aid of man to develop its wealth, and render it available for the services of human-kind.¹⁰⁸

These Irish "Highlands" are peopled by a brave and hardy race, attached, as all mountaineers are, to their wild hills and glens; and retaining largely their original character, although civilization has now made its way where the invader could never enter. Their habits and customs are comparatively as unchanged by time as their mountains, lakes, and Old Ocean—the natural barriers by which their "Kingdom" is encompassed. Much of the primitive state of Connamara even now endures; although it is no

longer regarded as the "Ultima Thule" of barbarism. The name signifies "the bays of the sea." Its western boundary is the Atlantic. Its rugged coast is indented with harbours. It seems as if cut off from intercourse with the world by its lakes and mountains, on the north, south, and east; and it appears as if still left to the sole government of "untamed nature."

"The Kingdom of Connamara,"—for so was this *terra incognita* styled before it contained other than bridle-roads, when it was considered an inhospitable desert; a refugium for malefactors, where "the king's writ could not run;" and where, it was presumed, no rational being would dare to venture,—this still wild, but now civilized and frequented district, is supposed to extend from Galway town to Killery harbour, bounded on the east by the great lakes, Mask and Corrib, and on the west by the Atlantic; the major part of it being a broad promontory stretching out into the ocean between the two great bays. Some forty or fifty years ago it was almost unknown; the British law was as inoperative there as in the centre of New Holland; there was scarcely a road over which a wheeled carriage could pass; nothing resembling an inn was to be found; the owners of its soil reigned almost as supreme as the petty despots of Swabia; and the people, although brave and hospitable, were as rude and neglected as the bare rocks among which they lived to force a meagre sustenance from the sterile soil. Of late years, however, this state of things has been altogether changed: nature has

been subdued; nearly every portion of the district has been rendered accessible, and its vast treasures have been brought within reach, not alone of the legislator and the philanthropist, but of the antiquary, the sportsman, the artist, and the naturalist. In fact, now-a-days, few parts of the Queen's dominions are better known; for its numerous advantages have attracted "mobs of tourists," and by many of them its peculiarities have been communicated to the world. And amply will it repay the visitor, whatever may be the object of his visit—whether health, amusement, or information.

Let us pause awhile before we enter Connamara; and take some note of the present women of this wild and primitive district. Soon after he approaches Tuam—indeed, to some extent, immediately upon leaving the Province of Leinster—the tourist will have learned that he is approaching the "far west," by the red woollen draperies which show so conspicuously, and with so picturesque an effect, upon the bright green slopes of the surrounding hills, or among the depths of the still greener valleys. This woollen is made in the cabins by the hands of the fair owners, and dyed by them from logwood; literally, according to the old song,

"They shear their own sheep, and they wear it."

Its weight produces a massive character of drapery; the form, although not left altogether as "free as Nature made it," is unrestrained by superabundant clothing; good nursing gives the

women good shapes; there are seldom any "angles" about them; the custom of carrying burthens upon their heads makes them remarkably erect—to quote from another old song,

"As tall and straight as a poplar tree;"

and they are usually as lithesome and free of limb as the young antelope of the desert.

We shall sketch a few of them at random, as they occurred to him or to us. One we call to mind whom we encountered, descending a hill adjacent to Delphi. The outline of her features was as purely Greek, as if she had been born and "reared"

"Where burning Sappho loved and sang."

She followed us down the hill, bearing upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff she was conveying to some neighbouring dyer; and leading a tethered kid—probably an offering in exchange for logwood. Her hair was banded over her brow, and confined by a gay-coloured kerchief, which passed over her head under the chin, and back, so as to fasten on the top of the head, beneath the hood of her cloak; her nose was well formed and straight—quite straight—and her brow was finely arched; the chin, a feature so seldom seen in perfection, was exquisitely modelled; and as she only knew a few words of English, her gestures, expressive of her wants and wishes, were full of eloquence. She was particularly anxious we should purchase the kid, and thus enable her

to make a better bargain with the dyer; she assured us, in broken English, "it was good for eat—nice little goat for eat, or pet"—and then she patted its shaggy ears, and the young thing looked with so much affection in its large eyes towards her, that we could not have killed it had we been half starved.

Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides, and the running waters.¹⁰⁹ A sudden turn in one of the hill roads brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young women had been filling their large brown water-pitchers (see Plate No. 17); one stood with her large eyes, whose lashes swept her cheeks, bent on the ground, the pitcher resting on her hip, and her cloak and apron, even her short woollen petticoat, falling into graceful draperies around her; her companion, whose back was to us, was chattering away "most eloquently," her abundant hair was twisted into a knot behind, and fastened with that object of Irish maiden ambition, "a crooked comb." A two-eared pitcher was balanced on her head, and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of her finely-formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropt her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its

ears at our intrusion. We paused, to ask for a drink of water; the girl advanced, dropt a curtsy, while she presented the pitcher, and said, "Wishing it was wine." ¹¹⁰

We had more conversation, however, with the "knitters" than with any other class of peasants. They deal more with strangers than with their own people, and we assure our readers that "Connamara stockings," or socks, are exceedingly soft and warm, composed of pure unadulterated wool; the wool of those little mountain sheep, which are even of greater value than the goats we have mentioned. Men's long stockings can be obtained for one shilling, or less, a pair; socks for sixpence, or even fourpence, if persons can be found to give no more. They knit with extraordinary rapidity, and, like others who practise what the quaker called "turning long needles," without looking at their work: thus they trot from cabin to cabin, and the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit" for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer," to a neighbouring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves, on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has invariably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs—old ballads it does the heart good to hear,



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thrilling with the wild, earnest power of Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely that you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain-step, from one village or solitary house to another.¹¹¹

Certainly Galway abounds in picturesque women. Their long graceful limbs move with so much ease, and the cloak—so truly the shroud of all untidiness, that we should, from patriotic feelings, as we have before said, wish it altogether abandoned—drops into such really classic folds, that every movement of the figure forms an artistic study. Look at this poor woman (see Plate No. 17) ; can anything be more beautiful than the way the hood falls round her head, sheltering, but not concealing, the well-developed features? The cherub face of the child hardly expresses the infant beauty so frequently met with amongst a population so poor, yet so patient; and the manner in which she enfolds it is expressive of the utmost tenderness. The Irish women generally carry their children on their backs—a sort of national pick-a-back—and it is nothing uncommon to see two laughing rosy faces, or two pallid from the ravaging disease of hunger, peering above their mother's shoulders.

Our attention was one day called to a young girl in the town of Galway, who had “come in” for the purpose of selling two lambs; her sweetheart had gone to sea, bequeathing his mother, a

very infirm old woman, to her care. Soon after his departure, she left her father's more comfortable dwelling to reside in the woman's cabin; so that, as she said herself, "she might watch the crayther day and night, seeing she had no one to look to her." Her parents were strongly impressed with the idea that she had thrown her affections away upon a wild sailor, who would forget her; but her faith in him was unbounded. A sheep was part of her fortune, and this she took with her; it grazed among the crags, and in good time brought her twin lambs.¹¹² These she hoped to have been able to keep towards the formation of a mountain flock; but the season was so "pinching," that to support her old friend she brought the lambs into town for sale. (See Plate No. 17.) The two creatures were coupled together like hounds; and as she stood, her eyes cast down, yet looking from them, it was impossible not to note the sorrow that was stamped upon her gentle features. Several asked the price, and after beating her down, turned away without purchasing. This continued for some time, until at last she sat down, and passing her long arm round her fleecy charges, began to cry—"I'm loath to part them, yet I must part them for what they'll bring. Every one is the same; it's bitter poverty that would make me part anything that has life in it."

"Then why don't you go to your own home, Mary, and take your lammies with you?"

"I am in my own home," she answered.
"Sure it isn't because the woman is poor and

friendless that you'd have me leave it, is it?" At last a rough-coated farmer, touched by her distress, offered her the fair value of her lambs. At first she eagerly accepted his proposal; but when she placed the tether in his hand, she raised her eyes imploringly to his face. "Sure it isn't going to kill them ye are?" "No, my dear, it is not; I'd be sorry to hurt a curl of their wool; they'll go to my own flock." "God bless you," she said, and departed with a smiling countenance.

But one of the most interesting of all the graceful women of this interesting district was a peasant, who had been eminently handsome, and was still remarkable for a singular and graceful deportment; hers was a touching instance of female devotion to what it had loved from childhood, and which no circumstances could change. Nancy had loved her cousin James something, (we have forgotten the name,) and after much delay and endurance, had received the priest's permission to marry; and just when everything was arranged, that is, a sufficient sum collected to pay "his reverence," the bachelor changed his mind, and went off to a "couple-beggar" with another cousin, for the priest of his parish refused to sanction such inconstancy.

"Let him go," said poor Nancy, "let him go, I owe him no ill-will; if the change was to come over him, it is a deal better it should come before he couldn't go back of his humour; only think what I'd have to go through, if he turned against me *after* he married me—let him go." Nancy

soon had another, and another lover, but she never heeded their love: she did not shun the long walk to the chapel with her friends, nor the society of the turf-diggers, and she was as ready as ever at "a quilting." And our readers may as well know, that when, after the occupation of several years, a patched quilt was really finished, it used to be a general practice for several young women to volunteer their services to "quilt it," that is, to run the patchwork and a lining together in various patterns, the thing of many colours being fastened in a frame for the purpose, which frame was frequently borrowed, and brought a journey of several miles. Nancy could both hand and frame quilt, so that she was of great value on all quilting occasions. She did not shun society; but she did not seek it, and it was remarked that she seemed often "sad in herself." About a year after her cousin had so cruelly deserted her, she was bringing home a very heavy load of turf strapped by a band across her forehead, so as to rest upon her shoulders; her mother was feeble, and she left the bog to get home early; but, fatigued with the exertions of the past day, she rested her burden on some stones, and stooped to bathe her heated forehead in the running brook.

"Nancy!" exclaimed an almost breathless voice, "Nancy! for the love of God come with me; I've been to three of the houses, and can't see a living creature, man or woman, they're all on the bog I suppose clamping turf, and poor Mary seems in the pains of death." Nancy felt

as if stricken with death herself—it was her cousin who addressed her.

“This is no time to think what a vagabond I behaved to you—she is of your own blood as well as me; but if you choose to turn it into black blood,” added the impetuous young man, “you may.”

Nancy wiped her face, and turning to him, answered, “I have no black blood to either of you, and if it is with her as I suppose, I’ll go now, only you had better run for wiser help than mine.”

“God bless you, Nancy! God in heaven bless you! it’s little I deserve a good turn at your hands—anyhow; you know the house, and have near a mile to get to it.” The young man ran off rapidly, and almost as rapidly Nancy pursued the mountain path that led to his cottage; but when she arrived, all was over: there was a very old woman weeping by the bedside of the dead mother of a living child.

Nancy took the infant in her arms, and while her tears fell upon its little face, she despoiled herself of a portion of her clothing to preserve its existence. In about an hour the widowed husband returned accompanied by others, but Nancy was gone; the agony of the young man was intense, and a few days found him in a raging fever, which terminated his existence. No matter how wretchedly poor a district may be, there is always some one found in Ireland to take care of an infant orphan; the little creature had homes enough; there was not a woman with-

in ten miles of that mountain-cottage who would not have taken that miserable baby to her own bosom, and shared the food of her half-fed children with "the orphan;" but Nancy claimed the child she had been the first to feed and clothe—"God who knows my heart," she said in the under-tone of deep feeling, "God who knows my heart, knows that above all things on earth, far, far before my own life, I loved its father; it's no harm for me to own it now when both him and his young wife are in their graves; and when my mother and many of my people said how angry I ought to be, I only felt *heart-sore* that I did not deserve him,—for sure if I had, I'd have had him! I'll never have a *born* child of my own, I know; but maybe when I'm ould, and those that are young with me now will be ould with me, then, maybe, she'll keep the youth in my heart;—but there's enough about it, I'll take her for better for worse, and share what I have with her while I live."

And so she did, and does; we saw her bringing up a load of turf to the inn-door, one hand resting carelessly upon the neck of the donkey who bore the creels upon his back, while the little black-eyed, wild-haired creature of her adoption stepped out freely by her side. Nothing can exceed her affection for the child, whom she brings daily to school, and who seems equally attached to "mammy Nancy."

The road from Outerard to Clifden—a distance of twenty-four miles—is now as fine a road as any in Great Britain.¹¹⁸ Nevertheless it is

still chiefly a waste; the cabins of the peasantry are "few and far between;" and there is but one house of entertainment on the whole route. This is a small cottage, distinguished as "Flynn's Hotel," consisting of two rooms—the dining-hall containing three beds. It is resorted to as a "half-way house" for refreshing horses, and is now and then used by anglers, who may be indifferent to any enjoyment except that which they find in such abundance by the sides of the broad rivers and lakes. Before he reaches "Flynn's," however, the tourist will probably turn off to the right, to visit Maam—distant about four miles from the main road. Maam should, indeed, be his first resting-place, for here the inland glories of Connamara are seen to great advantage.¹¹⁴ He is now, and has been for some time, in the country of lakes, where they assume all shapes, and are of sizes singularly varied. The mountains are on either side pouring down their supplies in rivers, broad or narrow, but ever rapid, and rushing over, or around, huge rocks that divert their channels, so that each is twisted into singular forms before it reaches the plain upon which we are now traversing. Immediately "at the turn down to Maam" is one of the most beautiful and picturesque of these lakes—"the Lake of many Islands"—surrounded by thick underwood, and full of small islets on which the furze, broom, and heather flourish luxuriantly. On the right is the western bank of Lough Corrib; and occasionally views are caught of the whole expanse of this great sheet of water.

On the left is the noble mountain of Maam Turc, rising high above a score of lesser hills, and looking down upon the loveliest, yet the loneliest, of all the lakes—Lough Inah; lying in solitary grandeur in the centre of a circle of hills, each impassable, except to the pedestrian, or to one of the little sure-footed ponies, that are never known to stumble, and will bear almost incredible fatigue, although fed only upon the thin herbage of the boggy soil, and looking so poor and wretched that a hill-blast would seem sufficient to upset them. Yet these ragged-coated “steeds” not uncommonly journey forty miles without other refreshment than the “drain” of oatmeal and water. We have been travelling upon the road made by the justly-celebrated engineer, Mr. Nimmo—one of the benefactors of Ireland, who civilized this wild district; and as we approach Maam, we arrive in sight of his pretty cottage, built for his accommodation while superintending his “works.” It is now the “Maam Hotel,” and stands beside an elegant bridge which crosses an arm of Lough Corrib, where the lake is joined by the river Bealnabrack.

At Maam the tourist must rest. He is in the midst of a host of natural wonders; within reach of all the leading beauties of the district; and he will be domiciled at one of the most comfortable inns in the kingdom.¹¹⁵

There was nothing in Connamara that astonished or delighted us more than this valley, through which the river winds at the base of a double line of mountains. We saw many scenes

of wilder and more rugged grandeur, but none that so happily mingled the sublime and beautiful. We are here, indeed, in the presence of the "lone majesty of untamed nature;" few of the works of man appear around us—of habitations there are none, except a score of humble cabins sheltered by the overhanging hill; and of the labours of the husbandman the evidence is very scanty:—

" No fields of waving corn were here,
Vineyard, nor bowering fig, nor fruitful vine—
Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Arose on either hand. Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt.
Here crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended."

The peculiar beauty of the scene consists, indeed, in the happy blending of rugged grandeur with gentle beauty; for the river moves calmly through the dell, after having rushed in torrents down the sides of the mountain, and pursues its even course into the broad lake. Only one solitary ruin is within our ken—the ivy-crowned walls of an old castle, classed among the oldest in Ireland, which occupies a low promontory that juts out into Lough Corrib.¹¹⁶ The road to Cong runs for a considerable way beside the lake, passing "the Hen's Castle;" and by de-

grees the lonely character of the scenery is left behind; for the view opens upon the beautiful lough and the shores for many miles, by which it is encompassed. After a while the road ascends, and we reach a remarkably pretty village—the village of Fairhill, not unaptly so called, which commands a most extensive and magnificent prospect of the two lakes—Corrib and Mask—for it stands upon a narrow neck of land which separates them, and under which rolls, through a subterranean channel, the waters of the latter to join those of the former, voyaging together into the ocean at Galway Bay.

We must retrace our steps; return to Maam; and regain the route to Clifden. Again we are in the country of lakes; and a few miles through barren land—which enterprise and capital would speedily make to flow with milk and honey, for it is a naturally rich valley, sheltered and not overshadowed by the mountains that overlook it—we reach the lake of Ballynahinch; and a short way on the other side of it, the seat of the Martin family—lords of a vast proportion of the soil around it.¹¹⁷ About two or three miles to the south of the demesne, is the small but rising and improving town of Roundstone—acquiring importance in commerce under the protecting care of its landlord. At Ballynahinch is the most famous of all the Connamara salmon fisheries; it is leased to a Mr. Roberts, a Scottish gentleman, who is very generous and liberal in his indulgences to the angler.¹¹⁸

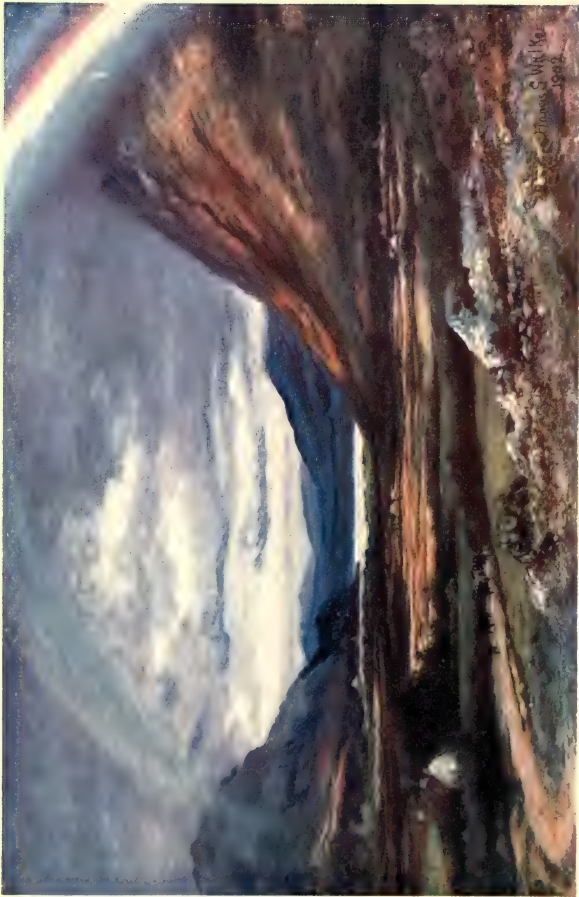
The town of Clifden owes its existence to the

late John D'Arcy, Esq., the lord of the adjacent district; and his son and successor, Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq., is adopting the wisest and surest means to render it an important seaport of the West.¹¹⁹ It is beautifully situated; mountains surround it on all sides, except to the west, where it is open to the Atlantic, standing at the head of a small bay. Here one of the rapid hill rivers makes its way into the ocean, presenting a fine "fall" a little outside the town.¹²⁰ It is so near the congregation of dwellings, indeed, that the rush of waters mingles with the voices of its inhabitants; yet, turning from the houses, it seems as lonely in its grandeur as if in the centre of untrodden hills.

Clifden Castle, the residence of the proprietor of the district, is within a mile and a half of the town; it is a modern castellated mansion, in the midst of beautiful and magnificent scenery. It was built by the late Mr. D'Arcy from his own designs. Taste and judgment have been displayed in the structure and in laying out the grounds; and the visitor will find it difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago the whole of this now interesting and adorned region was a cheerless and useless bog. We partook of the proverbial hospitality of the family. Old custom continues, in its present representative, the habit, formerly rendered necessary by the absence of all other means by which the tourist could obtain rest and food; for, as we have had occasion to remark, not many years ago there was no inn throughout the whole district to open its willing

doors to the traveller; but then he stood in need of no other introduction than that he was a stranger: his home was pre-arranged in the house of any gentleman of Galway.

From Clifden our route lay to Leenane, round the coast. The grandeur of the scenery commences as we leave the town. The "Twelve Pins," the great objects of mountain interest in Connamara, are beheld from every point of view, varied into all conceivable forms. They are beside us to the right along the whole of the road; while to the left, every now and then, the prospect opens on the bold Atlantic, seen between breaks in the green hills that guard the rugged shores. As the crow would fly to Leenane, the distance is perhaps six or eight miles—but what human foot has ever taken "the short cut" over these seemingly impassable mountains? O that some enterprising tourist, with leisure to explore, courage to endure, and constitution to bear, would make his way among them; sure we are that he might laugh to scorn all descriptions of the glories of Connamara by those who travel only its beaten tracks.¹²¹ Round the coast, by the coach-road—for such it now is—to Leenane, is about twenty miles, but the tourist must make it thirty, for he will sacrifice the better half of his enjoyment if he do not verge to the right, to visit, at all events, the graceful shores of Renvile and the rugged passes of Salruc: both are easily accessible; but to visit the district about Renvile—four miles north of the main road—



Thomas S. Whitely
1882

will require a stout horse and a strong car, for the "path" even now appertains to old Connamara. He will, after a fatiguing journey, reach the poor village of Tully,¹¹ on the northern point of a small peninsula that stands between the harbours of Ballymahall and Killbeg, but much to the west of the latter, indeed on the brink of the Atlantic. It stands upon the summit of a hill, from which a lengthened slope of land rises, and scabbier rock descends into the sea. The neighbourhood exhibits many features of grandeur.

As Tully the traveller must not think of resting; he will find it necessary to continue his journey until he reaches Lecuanac. Between the two places, however, a rare treat awaits him: he will walk or drive through the beautiful and magnificent pass of Kylemore, fully equal in grandeur to the far-famed gap of Dunloe in Kerry, or that of Barnesmore in Donegal, but possessing a beauty peculiarly its own. This "gap" in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through which runs a rapid river, making its passage into the lake near its eastern entrance. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is heard or seen among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights far above.

Some two or three miles beyond this—the chief beauty of the district—the road turns off to the

The Pass of Kylemore

Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.



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he will require a stout horse and a strong car, for the "path" even now appertains to old Connamara. He will, after a fatiguing journey, reach the poor village of Tully,¹²² on the northern point of a small peninsula that stands between the harbours of Ballinahill and Killery, but much to the west of the latter, indeed on the brink of the Atlantic. It stands upon the summit of a hill, under which a lengthened slope of land, easily made arable, runs down into the sea. The neighbourhood exhibits many tokens of poverty.

At Tully the traveller must not think of resting; he will find it necessary to continue his journey until he reaches Leenane. Between the two places, however, a rare treat awaits him: he will walk or drive through the beautiful and magnificent pass of Kylemore, fully equal in grandeur to the far-famed gap of Dunloe in Kerry, or that of Barnesmore in Donegal, but possessing a beauty peculiarly its own. This "gap" in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through which runs a rapid river, making its passage into the lake near its eastern entrance. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is heard or seen among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights far above.

Some two or three miles beyond this—the chief beauty of the district—the road turns off to the

north, leading, beside lakes which lie at the foot of mountains, to Salruc.¹²³

And so we pass on, by the side of, yet high above, Killery Bay. As we near Leenane, we obtain another magnificent view of its whole extent. From the road it is all taken in at a glance; the mountain rocks enclosing it on either side, the mighty hills towering over them, and still further back the lofty Mulrea looking down upon a combination of sea-glories, such as defy description; the view is terminated by the island of Inisture, which seems to enclose it, giving to the majestic river the character of a lake.

We viewed it from the roadside; behind us was a range of mountains; more distant were the "Twelve Pins"—the "Connamara Alps," seen from all points, and under every conceivable variety; and at our feet was a deep valley leading down to the shore.¹²⁴ But to render justice to this glorious scenery is impossible, either by pencil or pen. It must be seen to be even in a slight degree appreciated. And surely it would largely repay the visitor—even if access to it were not to be obtained by travelling replete with comfort. Descending a steep hill from this point of the view, we arrive at Leenane; and here a humble but pleasant inn greets the wayfarer, just at the head of the bay.

O'Reilly's inn, at Leenane, will be found exceedingly comfortable as a resting-place on the route, and here boats may be obtained to visit the beautiful scenery of Delphi on the opposite side of the bay.¹²⁵ Persons who are acquainted

with Connamara in old times, lament the recent death of a famous boatman, "one Briddon." He was a wit in his way, full of humour when whiskey was plenty, and his memory was stored with legends and traditions. His successors are but feeble narrators of the "marvels" of the place, and but poor companions to the magnificent scenery that on all sides surrounds them; indeed we encountered no guide in this district at all to be compared to the guides of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway.¹²⁶ But the period of our visit was, as we have elsewhere intimated, one of sad suffering to the poor, and a laugh in the midst of such intense misery would have been grievously out of place. To make amends, however, for the absence of story-tellers, we enjoyed a treat upon landing through a heavy surf, upon a rocky beach on the shore immediately under the village of Bundorrah. A group of the peasantry were watching the fishermen taking salmon.¹²⁷ We spent some time in the village, entering several of the houses, and witnessing scenes of appalling want, that deducted largely from the enjoyment we received in visiting a place famous throughout Ireland, and which all travellers unite in lauding as the chief attraction of Connamara. Perhaps it was from this circumstance, or because we had heard so much of it, that we were disappointed; for Delphi, although very grand and very beautiful, disappointed us. The road to it led through a fertile valley, upon which mountains on either side look down, and through which runs a fine river, lit-

erally crowded with salmon, that were leaping merrily above the surface. On the sides of the hills there are a few cottages, "few and far between;" in one of them a young woman lay dead: we cannot soon forget the peculiar effect of the mournful wail that proceeded from its threshold, echoed by the friends of the deceased as they gathered to the wake. The lake of Delphi is reached after a delicious walk of about a mile. It is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of mountains; on one side of it stands a small cottage *ornée*, built by the Marquis of Sligo, and surrounded by a plantation of trees.

We return to Reilly's inn, where cars may be obtained—and good cars, well horsed and with civil riders—to convey the tourist northward to Westport, through a district of most wonderful magnificence and beauty, unsurpassed even in Ireland. Arriving at the little graceful bridge at Errive, we leave the county of Galway, and enter that of Mayo.

We have failed to exhibit to the reader more than a very faint picture of the glories of this singularly grand district. Yet we trust we have said enough to direct towards it the attention of thousands who annually covet relaxation from labour, and such enjoyments as Nature can supply. Connamara and the adjacent country would, indeed, yield ample materials for a full volume. It is now, as we have observed, easily accessible; the tourist need be subjected to no annoyances, while interest will be excited, and enjoyments produced, at every step he takes.



Etive
Photodunne from a Pointing by E. W. Fairholt

usually crowded with salmon, that were leaping merrily over the surface. On the sides of the hills there are a few cottages, "few and far between." In one of them a young woman lay dying. We cannot soon forget the peculiar effect of the mournful wail that proceeded from its threshold, echoed by the friends of the deceased who had gathered to the wake. The lake of Glenties is reached after a delicious walk of about 10 miles. It is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of mountains; on one side of it stands a small cottage *ornée*, built by the Marquis of Sligo, and surrounded by a plantation of trees.

We return to Reilly's inn, where cars may be obtained—and good cars, well horsed and with civil riders—to convey the tourist northward to Westport, through a district of most wonderful magnificence and beauty, unsurpassed even in Ireland. Arriving at the little graceful bridge at Errive, we leave the county of Galway, and enter that of Mayo.

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Photogravure from a Painting by F. W. Fairholt



And here we close our Book,—grateful that we have been enabled to complete it without accident or illness, and trusting we have succeeded in preventing our readers becoming weary of our work. Now that it is finished, we presume to hope we have effected our main purpose in its production—“to render Ireland more advantageously known to England,” and “to give effect to that zealous care and sincere consideration recently manifested by the one country towards the other, and which cannot fail to increase the prosperity and happiness of both.”

That we have left much undone, and some important matters unnoticed, may be readily acknowledged: our volumes, though extended beyond the original plan, afforded space too limited for the consideration of all topics and descriptions of all places, that properly come under the notice of the Tourist. If we have directed attention to a country rich in “raw material,” and offering temptations to visitors, such as no other country can surpass, so as to induce many persons to examine it for themselves, one great object of our labours will be achieved; for (we repeat what we said at the outset) “in every stranger who enters Ireland, Ireland will obtain a new friend.”

When our first tour was undertaken, great and important changes had been working improvement in that country. That improvement has since wonderfully progressed, its extent and value can be estimated only by those who were familiar with the condition of Ireland twenty,

or even ten years before. During our annual visits since these volumes were commenced, we have witnessed its rapid advancement; and there can be little doubt, that if it continue to proceed in the same onward course, the difficulties that have for ages baulked the statesman and thwarted the philanthropist will be encountered and overcome. Few of them indeed even now exist; political agitation and its terrible concomitants have almost disappeared with the grievances or wrongs that gave agitators strength. The foundations of vast prosperity to Ireland have been laid; and now that the delusion of "Repeal" has almost vanished, the moral and physical improvement of Ireland will be as sudden and astonishing as a Greenland summer, which in a single night removes the ice-chain that binds the earth, and covers it with refreshing and productive verdure.

The establishment of a "moderate" policy as the governing principle of Ireland will be indeed mighty in its beneficial effects. A moderate party is rapidly gaining an accession of numbers and power; and that portion of the kingdom—for so many centuries the prey of faction—is, at length, really and truly governed in wisdom, justice, and generosity; not for the benefit of a few, but for the good of a whole people. Surely the knowledge of this fact will not be lost upon the capitalist, who may be still looking to that country with hope not unmingled with apprehension; and as surely it will have due weight with the Government, which—now that, happily, the

whole world is at peace—may find leisure to consider the anomalies and contradictions of Ireland—its natural advantages and destitute population—its land wanting labour, and its people wanting employment. Thus wrote Arthur Young, more than sixty years ago: “When old illiberal jealousies are worn out, we shall be fully convinced that the benefit of Ireland is so intimately connected with the good of England, that we shall be as forward to give to that hitherto unhappy country as she can be to receive, from the firm conviction that whatever we there sow, will yield to us a most abundant harvest.”

In brief, the time is approaching—if it be not yet arrived—when the vast natural resources of Ireland may be, and will be, rendered available for the combined interests—interests that never can be otherwise than mutual and inseparable—of the United Kingdom. Neither party, intolerance, faction, selfishness, nor error, can much longer postpone it.

Many years will most likely pass before we again visit Ireland. The beneficial changes and vast improvements we have witnessed in progress during the last ten years, will be as nothing compared to those which the next ten years must inevitably produce.

For ourselves, we have now only to express our grateful sense and affectionate remembrance of the manner in which our work has been received. We commenced it with an earnest and fervent prayer that our judgments might be so directed, and our tempers so controlled, that we

might be free from prejudice and uncharitableness in the treatment of subjects that too frequently excite both; and we hope we shall not be considered presumptuous in saying, that we close our book with the consciousness of having discharged our duty.

NOTES

¹ The Abbé Edgeworth was uncle to Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. Edgeworth's residence abroad had enlarged a mind of far more than ordinary capacity. He had passed much time in England, and did not feel disposed to suffer things to "go on in the wrong" in Ireland because they had been "always so;" once settled upon his estate in Longford, he laboured with zeal, tempered by patience and forbearance, among a tenantry dreading change, and too frequently considering "improvements" as "insults" to their ancestors and injustice to themselves. Those who desire to ascertain the value and intelligence of this enterprising gentleman, who, in all good respects, was far beyond the age in which he lived, will be amply rewarded by the perusal of his 'Life,' commenced by himself and finished by his daughter. It is curious to note how many persons, unknown to themselves, have been working out ideas concerning education, and other matters which he originated, and which, in many instances, were, at the time he promulgated them, rejected as visionary, or at least impracticable. The time was not come; but he foresaw it. He knew the future by his knowledge of the present and the past. His capacious mind was not content with a mere speculative opinion; but when he had established a theory, he put it in practice: thus, at an advanced age, which is supposed to require especial repose, he undertook the drainage of bogs, and was as anxiously engaged in absolute labour as if he had been only five-and-twenty. In early life, he devoted considerable time to mechanics, and his inventions have been acknowledged with due honour—and yet not with all the honour they deserved. It will excite no surprise, that a man so much in advance of the age, should have been occasionally misunderstood by his own class; yet he outlived prejudice, and his children have seen his memory respected alike by rich and poor, and his name classed among the benefactors to mankind. One proof of the power and success of his mechanical genius is pointed out with much exultation by the peasantry to the stranger—the spire of the church, where so many of the Edgeworth family are interred, is of metal, and was drawn up and fixed in its elevated position in the space of a few minutes.

Maria Edgeworth was not born in Ireland—she entered the world she has helped to regenerate during her parents' residence in Oxfordshire—and did not go to Ireland until she was twelve years old.

² The honour has been disputed by no fewer than four places in as many counties—Drumsna, in Leitrim; Lissoy, in Westmeath; Ardnagan, in Roscommon; and Pallas, in Longford. The question, however, may be considered as settled by Mr. Prior ('Life of Goldsmith,') who examined the Family Bible, now in the possession of one of the descendants, in which was the following entry of the birth of Oliver, the third son and sixth child of the Rev. Charles and Ann Goldsmith:—

"Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, Novr. ye 10th, 17—."

The marginal portion of the leaf having been unluckily torn away, the two last figures of the century are lost; "the age of the poet is, however, sufficiently ascertained by the recollection of his sister, and by his calling himself, when writing from London, in 1759, thirty-one."

In the epitaph, written by Dr. Johnson, and placed on Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey, are these words:—

"Natus in Hibernia, Fornix
Lonfordiensis, in loco cui nomen Pallas."

Here, however, the day and year of his birth are recorded as Nov. 29, 1731: and in the statement given by Mrs. Hodson, elder sister of the poet, to Bishop Percy, the day named is Nov. 29. It is clear from other documents also, that his birthplace was Lissoy. The family was of English descent; and appears to have furnished clergymen to the Established Church for several generations. One of them, the Rev. John Goldsmith, "parson of Brashoul" (Burishoole), in the county of Mayo, had a narrow and singular escape during the Rebellion of 1641. From the examination of Mr. Goldsmith, it appears that the Protestant inhabitants of Castleburre (Castlebar), had been promised safe conduct to Galway by "the Lord of Mayo," Viscount Bourke, a Roman Catholic, married to a Protestant; previously to setting out, however, Mr. Goldsmith was detached from the party, no doubt in order to save his life, under the pretence of attending upon the lady. At Shrule, they were transferred to the "guardianship" of Edmond Bourke, a namesake and relative of the Lord of Mayo. When, according to the evidence of Mr. Goldsmith, "Bourke drew his sword, directing the rest what they should do, and began to massacre those

Protestants; and, accordingly, some were shot to death, some stabbed with skeins, some run through with pikes, some cast into the water; and the women, that were stripped naked, lying upon their husbands to save them, were run through with pikes." The Rev. Charles Goldsmith, the father of the poet, married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the Diocesan school at Elphin. Both were poor when they began the world; and the Rev. Mr. Green, uncle of Mrs. Goldsmith, provided them with a house at Pallas, where they lived for a period of twelve years; and where six of their children were born—the remaining three having been born at Lissoy. The list of their children, as copied by Mr. Prior, from the Family Bible referred to, cannot fail to interest the reader. The entry stands thus:—

"Charles Goldsmith of Ballyoughter was married to Mrs. Ann Jones, ye 4th of May, 1718.

Margaret Goldsmith was born at Pallismore, in the county of Longford, ye 22d August, 1719.

Catherine Goldsmith, born at Pallas, ye 13th January, 1721.

Henry Goldsmith was born at Pallas, February 9th, 17—.

Jane Goldsmith was born at Pallas, February 9th, 17—.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, November ye 10th, 17—.

Maurice Goldsmith was born at Lissoy, in ye county of Westmeath, ye 7th of July, 1736.

Charles Goldsmith, junior, born at Lissoy, August 16th, 1737.

John Goldsmith, born at Lissoy, ye 23d of (month obliterated) 1740."

³ Mr. Prior quotes an anecdote "told by a traveller (Davis) some years ago, in the United States." Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, informed this "traveller," that he was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed, "Ma foy, Best, this huge bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir," said Best, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the 'Deserted Village!'" "Ma foy," exclaimed the bishop, "is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe; and evil be to him that would cut from it a branch!"

⁴ The name of the public-house—called "The Pigeons" in the time of Goldsmith, as well as at present—does not occur in the poem of the 'Deserted Village;' but it is the name given to the inn in which Tony Lumpkin plays his pranks—"The Three Pigeons"—and where he misleads the hero of the comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' into mistaking the mansion of Squire Hardcastle for a tavern. There is little doubt that such an incident

did actually happen to the poet himself; and that many other of his early adventures were subsequently introduced into his fictitious narratives. We heard from Capt. E——, a descendant of the poet, a story that will call to mind the leading occurrence in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' A Mr. J——, the heir to a considerable property in Westmeath, was travelling to Dublin on horseback, (as usual in those days), attended by his natural brother, who acted as his servant. On the way they agreed to exchange clothes and positions; and when this was effected, they called at the dwelling of Mr. Goldsmith, where the natural brother, in his assumed character, paid his addresses to the clergyman's sister, to whom he was soon afterwards married; and until the marriage had taken place, the cheat was not discovered.

⁵ There is, however, some authority for the existence at "The Pigeons" of

"The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose."

Mr. Brewer states, that "a lady from the neighbourhood of Portglenone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, the identical print of the 'twelve good rules' which ornamented the rural tavern, along with 'the royal game of goose.'" We were told that the "old original" sign-board lay, not many years ago, in an out-house, and was removed thence to the mansion—Auburn House—of Mr. Hogan, who is said to be in possession of the chair and reading-desk of Goldsmith's brother, the clergyman. Mr. Prior observes, that "this gentleman has used all his influence to preserve, from the ravages of time and passing depredators, such objects and localities as seem to mark allusions to the poem." We confess, however, that we could find nothing "preserved," except the things which even Time itself could not destroy.

⁶ The American authority already quoted—it is to be regretted that the date of the visit is not indicated—states, that the inn was then kept by "a woman called Walsey Kruse." The oldest existing inhabitant of the neighbourhood bears the same name—Kruse. He told us that his age was above ninety; but he had little or no information to afford us. He recollected, he said, perfectly, the clergyman, Mr. Goldsmith—"a nice, kind little gentleman he was," added the old man. Upon inquiring if he had any recollection of "the poet"—a title very well understood by the

humbler Irish—his answer was, “Oh no, I never knew *the man* at all, at all.” “Did you ever hear of him?” “Oh yes; plenty of the quality come to see the place.” “Do you remember his ever having been here himself?” “No; I never see him at all, nor any of the neighbours.” We could obtain nothing more—the old man neither drank, smoked, nor took snuff; and we had no stimulus to rouse his dormant energies, as he sat listlessly by the fireside of his cottage.

⁷ Connected with this period of his life may be noticed an anecdote, inserted in Mr. Graham’s “Statistical Account of Shruel,” on the authority of a direct descendant of the Rev. Henry Goldsmith. “Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance, but when a boy, and immediately after suffering heavily with the small-pox, he was particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing to some company in Mrs. Goldsmith’s house; during a pause between the country-dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured boy, the fiddler exclaimed, ‘Æsop!’ and the company burst into laughter, when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following lines:—

‘Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing.’”

⁸ “An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure, and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious, that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided.”—*Mr. Tite’s Report to the Irish Society, 1836.*

It is impossible not to mourn over the general aspect of the cottages. The tent of the Red Indian and the hut of the Esquimaux, are constructed with a greater degree of care, and more attention to their rude notions of comfort, than the cabin an

Irish peasant erects on the side of the road or mountain. If by the roadside, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, he invariably sinks it below, considerably *below*, the level of the highway; making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other, and the roof straight. We remember a particular instance where a wealthy farmer, we forget his real name, but we always called him "Inigo Jones," set about building a substantial farm-house on the side of the hill of Carrig. When the foundations were laid, a friend of ours asked him if he did not mean to level the part of the hill whereon he built his house. "Level it!" he replied. "Plase yer honour, I was born in a hill-house myself, and all my people lived in it, and it was so steep that *the children used to roll into the bed every night*, but sure they wern't the worse for it, nor will I be, plase God. Oh, be dad! *I can't be bothered* levelling the ground, by no means." Inigo Jones built his house, and his barns and piggeries, and even the piers of his gate, according to the drop of the hill, and certainly, when finished, it was a curious illustration of dogged obstinacy. The gate and the doors were made square, consequently they did not fit, the windows looked in full chase down the hill, and the entire offered so provoking an opposite to common sense, that our countryman was ridiculed even by those who would have done the same thing. On the whole, the erection of this huge farm-house under such circumstances, was so palpable a proof of the absurdity of the non-levelling system, that it had a beneficial effect upon the architectural taste of the people, for, by-and-by, it became necessary to prop one wall, then another, then the windows *would* drop out of their frames, and the gate never would shut. In this state we last saw "Inigo Jones's Folly," and as a lapse of seven or eight years occurred before we again visited the neighbourhood, we had no opportunity of witnessing the speedy dissolution of his ill-constructed walls; the last time we passed the spot, the grass was growing green where the farmer had set up the "Staff of his rest."

⁹ "Sleeping on a damp floor, and often without any bedstead, is injurious to the Irish peasant, and unquestionably depresses his moral energies, for he must have a strong sense of his degradation when stretched upon the same level with his hog."—*Martin Doyle's "Hints to Landlords."*

¹⁰ The stranger "who turns up his nose" at the standing-pool,

and still more offensive dirt-heap, which engenders so much disease, and is so destructive to every clean and healthy thought, may not be aware that with this sludge and refuse the cotter enriches his little potato-garden, and that to take it away, *without* providing some spot where refuse can be gathered for the same purpose, would be doing the poor fellow irreparable injury. A pigsty at the back of the cottage, built of large stones, and thatched, in lieu of something better, with reeds or rushes, could have a drain made into a square enclosure formed of the same rude material, where garbage of all kinds might be collected; and this the peasant could build himself.

¹¹ We have already quoted the descriptions of the Irish cabins, given by the Deputation of the Irish Society, as resulting from their examination of the county of Londonderry. "The cotters live in perfect hovels;" "cabins of the most wretched character, unfit for the habitations of human beings;" "disgraceful to a civilized community;" "despicable hovels," *are some* of the terms they make use of; yet the cottages of the county of Derry are by no means so miserable, wretched, or "despicable," as the cottages, generally, of the south and west. But the English tourist, accustomed to see the humbler classes treated like human beings, and so considering themselves, may be a questionable authority on such a subject. Every Irish writer, writing concerning Ireland, draws, however, the same melancholy picture. We have been referring to the various "statistical surveys" of the counties, of which there are about twenty or five-and-twenty. Without one exception, they describe the habitations of the peasantry so as at least to tally with our own report; and although the majority of them are "surveys" of some twenty or thirty years back, the improvement *generally* is so little as scarcely to demand any serious drawback from these descriptions. A single example will suffice. Mr. Thompson, in his "Statistical Survey," writing of the county of Meath, says—"Few of these cottages have chimneys, and fewer still have any other means of admitting the light than by opening the door, or a small hole in the wall, stopped up occasionally with a bundle of straw, &c. The hog is generally the inmate, the hens constantly, and if they are possessed of a cow, she also is introduced, and becomes one of the family." He adds—"The cabins are built with mud, and the clay is taken to build the walls from the spot on which they are raised, leaving the surface of the floor and the ground immediately about the walls, the lowest part, and of course subject to receive all the surrounding damp; so much so, that I have often gone into a cabin and seen

a hole dug in the floor to receive the water coming in at the door, or under the foundation, from whence it might be paled out with the greatest ease when collected."

From the Poor Law and Parliamentary Reports we might select a mass of corroborative testimony. One quotation will suffice, from the "Report of the Select Parliamentary Committee of 1823, appointed to inquire into the Condition of the Poor of Ireland:"—

"The condition of the peasantry of those districts of Ireland to which the evidence refers, appears to your Committee to be wretched and calamitous to the greatest degree. An intelligent Scotch agriculturist, who visited Ireland during the last year, alleges that a large portion of the peasantry live in a state of misery of which he could have formed no conception, not imagining that any human beings could exist in such wretchedness. Their cabins scarcely contain an article that can be called furniture: in some families there are no such things as bed-clothes; the peasants strewed some fern, upon which they slept in their working clothes."

We extract one or two passages from the second edition, just published, of a most valuable little work, printed by Alex. Thom, Abbey Street, Dublin: the price is fixed so low as barely to cover the expense of its production, with a view to extensive circulation, which we earnestly hope it will obtain, for a volume more admirably calculated to produce the object of its benevolent compiler never issued from the press. It is entitled "The Farmers' Guide, compiled for the Use of Small Farmers and Cottier Tenantry of Ireland." "The cabin of the Irish labourer," he says, "is now too often hardly fit to be seen; frequently without a chimney, full of smoke, without a window, (or if a window, it is very small and does not open,) with uneven, crumbling walls, seldom whitewashed. * * * Nothing can be more unseemly than to see human beings and cattle entering together at the same door, and feeding and sleeping in the same room."

We venture to add another extract from a paper published, some eight or ten years ago, in the *Dublin Penny Journal*:—

"There is nothing in Ireland that strikes the eye of a non-native traveller, so much as the misery—the squalid misery of the habitations of our people. The tottering, crumbling, mud walls—the ragged, furrowed and half-rotten thatch—the miserable basket-shaped orifice that answers as a chimney—the window, with its broken panes stuffed with a wisp of straw, or some rags, filthy and nasty—the dunhill before the unfitting door, which the pig has broken. Altogether, the erection is one which no unaccustomed eye can repose on without disgust and pity; and hard is

the heart and worthless the man who would not desire to give his fellow-creature a better home and sojourn in this vale of sorrow and trial, more consonant to a thinking and immortal being. Somehow or other, the squalidness of our Irish dwelling-places is peculiarly distressing and unseemly, for there is no people on earth that require more comfortable homes—the singular wetness of our climate, its constant rains and fogs, require that our shelter should be good; and if the poor labourer, who has been working all the day-long under an incessant fall of rain, is obliged to come home with his clothing soaked through, to find a wet floor on which to sit—wet turf with which to back his fire—wet coming down through the roof on the damp bed on which he is to sleep—why, here is the very perfection of discomfort; and you are induced to philosophize and admire the astonishing power of adaptation in the human frame, that can fit it for the vicissitudes of all climates and the variations of countless hardships. At the same time, it should be the aim of every one to increase the comforts of his fellow-creatures, and especially his countrymen; it is no satisfaction to the kind in heart, that man can bear and suffer a great deal and yet live. No, he knows that the inmate of a hovel is not in his right position in the sight of God or man; and as far as in him lies, he will endeavour to help him to a sense of comfort, as a sure means of making him less of a brute and more of a man. I really, while impressed with these views, cannot understand of what stuff the landlords of Ireland were made, who allured their tenantry to dwell in such filthy dens as they have hitherto done; and I almost think it would be a duty of the Government of a well-constituted State, to make landed proprietors penally responsible for the decent dwelling of all those who were attached to their properties. Well-built walls of stone, cemented with mortar, or clay slowly and firmly compressed; slated roofs; chimneys strongly and safely built; fire-places so constructed as to insure the greatest warmth with the least waste of fuel; windows that would admit air and light; apartments that would supply clean and *separate* sleeping accommodation; these I deem essential to the comfort, the health, the safety, and the morals of the poor. How they are afflicted with the rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and chronic diseases, arising from bad food and bad lodging—need I remind them of the watchful, sleepless misery that attends the fear of having the thatch of their house set fire to, by the wanton or vengeful incendiary—need I allude to the indecent, revolting practice of three or four adults sleeping, and that quite naked, in *one* bed? Surely these are evils affecting the

temporal and eternal interests of our poor countrymen; and it should be the wish of every patriotic man, as soon as possible to remove them. Indeed, I have often entertained the scheme of instituting a society for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, and of forming a fund for aiding the deserving, the peaceful, and industrious, in building the walls and slating the roofs of their dwellings."

¹² The old story of "Why shouldn't the pig come into the parlour—sure who has a better right to it than him that pays the rent?" is sufficiently known. The fact is so, literally; for the peasant rarely saves—or has the power to save—money for the landlord. The pig is sold at the proper season, and the rent is paid.—The windows, of which there were two or three, were, we should especially observe, made to "open and shut;" but this, be it remembered, was a "cottage" in which the inhabitants were comfortably clad, and had other preservatives from the cold besides smoke and a close atmosphere. The Irish peasant has a great dislike to windows that will open and shut—he associates his ideas of *cold* and *air*. If you talk to him of a lattice window, (the best and cheapest for small cottages, as it can be made out of broken pieces of glass, and needs less care,) you are reminded, "Oh! then, where is the use but to fasten it in? Sure it will only *let in the cold*." Their dislike to ventilation, their desire to cram with old rags or hat-crowns every chink where air can enter, and the stagnant pools at their cottage doors, predispose them to fever, which their miserable dirt insures; but there is a duty incumbent upon those who wisely insist upon ventilation, to see that the peasants are sufficiently clothed to protect them against the cold they complain of. We, in our warm dresses, enter their poor cabins, and are immediately struck with the suffocating nature of the atmosphere; and we say so; and the reply is, "Oh, then, may be so, yer honour, but in the *hard weather* we're kilt alive with the cold." One woman understood why this was, and gave us her opinion: "If I have a warm linsey-woolsey petticoat and a stuff gown, plaze yer honour, and flannel instead of '*flitters*' (i.e. rags) for the children, it's proud we'd be of the air and the light of heaven in our little place. Sure the only reason we put up with the blinding smoke, is because of the heat that's in it." Thus, if we expect them to adopt ventilation, let us provide them with clothes; if after that they persist in their injurious love of a close atmosphere, and prefer smoke to free air, let us *then*, but not till then, pronounce them irreclaimable.

¹³ This ancient "machine" is frequently found broken, but sel-

dom entire. At Armagh we saw several hundreds of fragments scattered around the ruins of an old windmill; the circumstance was thus explained to us:—When windmills and watermills were first introduced, it was the interest of the miller to cry down the querns, as prejudicial to the new trade; and it was customary for them to offer rewards to those who brought the primitive article to the mill, where it was broken into pieces. We learned also that, so lately as 1794, in Fermanagh County, the millers invariably destroyed them whenever they were found, and believed they were acting according to law. Many centuries ago, the legislature of Scotland endeavoured to discourage these awkward mills, so prejudicial to the miller, who had been at the expense of others. In 1284, in the time of Alexander III., it was provided that “Na man sall presume to grind qukeit, maishlock, or rye, in hand-mylne, except he be compelled by storme, or be in lack of mills quhilk souldre grinde the samen; and in this case, gif a man grindes at hand-mylnes, he sall gif the threllein measure as milture; gif any man contraveins this our proclamation, he sall tyne his mill perpetuallie.”

¹⁴ There is little doubt that similar mills were formerly in general use throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. Dr. Clarke describes one which he found at Cyprus; and adds, that it was “common also in Lapland and in all parts of Palestine, and was still found in all corn countries where rude and ancient customs have not been liable to those changes introduced by refinement.” “The employment of grinding with these mills,” he observes, “is confined solely to females; and the practice illustrates the observation of our Saviour, alluding to this custom in his prediction concerning the Day of Judgment, ‘Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken, and the other left.’” When he visited Palestine, he stopped at a village near Jerusalem, and saw the quern at work. “Looking from the window into the court-yard belonging to the house, we beheld two women grinding at the mill in a manner most forcibly illustrating the saying of our Saviour before alluded to. They were preparing flour to make our bread, as is always customary in the country when strangers arrive. The two women, seated on the ground opposite to each other, held between them two round flat stones, such as are called querns. * * * In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity for pouring in the corn, and by the side of this an upright wooden handle for moving the stone. As the operation began, one of the women with the right hand pushed the handle to the woman opposite, who again sent it to her companion, thus com-

municating a rotatory and very rapid motion to the upper stone, their left hands being all the while employed in supplying fresh corn, as fast as the bran and flour escaped from the sides of the machine." In one of the papers of the Church Missionary Society (No. 86, 1837), is given an engraving of two women working at a quern, at "Nassuck, in the north-western parts of India, and in the Bombay presidency." The drawing and description are by "Mrs. Farrar, the wife of one of the missionaries." Both correspond exactly with the Irish quern. "The mill," she says, "is composed of two flat stones. The lower one is stationary, and has in the middle a pivot upon which the upper stone turns. The grain is thrown in at the hole in the centre of the upper stone, and, falling between the two stones, is reduced to powder by the action of the upper upon the lower stone. The upper stone is turned by means of a stick fixed into it. If the mill be large, two, three, or four women, holding the same stick, turn the stone."

¹⁵ "Be it remembered that the poor man builds cheaper than the rich, and the poor man pays for all in the end. Every operation which he can perform himself ought to be left to him—he can dig foundations, quarry stones, burn lime, attend the masons. The proprietor ought to advance all moneys required for artificers' work, transport of materials, purchase of timber, &c., charging as a rent for the house the interest of the money thus advanced; or charging this rate of interest for the three first years, and binding the tenant to pay back the principal by easy instalments after the third year." * * * "Upon the average, five pounds may be considered a sufficient assistance for the proprietor to give towards the building of each house."—*Captain John Pitt Kennedy.*

¹⁶ We confess that, during our recent tours in Ireland, we have not been able, generally, to trace any material improvements in the houses of the peasantry, as arising from the large sums of money saved from the whisky-shop. We inquired closely and continually upon the subject, but satisfactory proofs of the beneficial working of the new system were not to be had. We speak, however, of the agricultural districts; in the towns, among the small shopkeepers and artisans, we were told there were abundant tokens of a change for the better, and certainly "rags" are infinitely less common than they used to be. It should be remembered, however, that the agricultural labourer was seldom an habitual drunkard; he drank at fairs, wakes, and patterns—and they occurred often enough—it was in the towns that the evil was revolting and appalling. The peasant seldom had money to spend in drink.

17 In furnishing cottages, but little should be given to peasants to take care of at first: a couple of chairs, a table, a few articles of crockery, and as few wooden vessels as possible, for the latter are not healthy if not scrupulously clean, with a comfortable bed, a tub, an iron pot, a griddle, and a few very simple articles, are quite enough to begin with. The large round piece of iron called a "griddle," placed upon two stones over the fire, is a primitive but most useful piece of cottage furniture, and is a fair introduction to the knowledge of baking. If a deal chest of drawers can be substituted for the universal and unwieldy "box," into which the women huddle their "bits of clothes" in a most untidy manner, so much the better; it is a great point gained, a decided step to improvement in domestic arrangement. A wheel and knitting-needles of course; and if you hear a wish expressed for "a taste of a box just to keep a skein of thread in or a thimble on the shelf out of the children's way," you may consider yourself fortunate, and leave the inhabitants with a fair prospect that the seed for improvement is sown, and that if sickness or want of employment does not take place, though there is but little in the lowly dwelling, that little will be cared for: still you must have patience, you must not become wearied of well-doing, you must not expect them to forego at once the experience of a life, because you tell them they have been always wrong and you are right; above all, you must not lose your temper: the moment you do that, Paddy sees and seizes his advantage. He is a wonderful compound of contradictions, that same Paddy—simple as a dove, yet cunning beyond all earthly things. "And why wouldn't we be cunning?" exclaimed a ragged messenger whom we accused of the vice,—*"Why wouldn't we be cunning? isn't it our strength!"*

We say, without hesitation, that in almost every instance where the Irish peasant has been judiciously managed the reward has been ample; but though he does things in a hurry himself, he will not be hurried to do them. He is peculiar—more differing from the English than from any other nation—the child of poverty and yet of a cheerful spirit—grateful for generosity, which he feels and understands, rather than for justice, with which he is not much acquainted, but believes it belongs to the law, and is therefore hard to get at. There is no country so likely to overturn all Utopian schemes of improvement, or so likely to "bother" you with wit, blarney, and obstinate adherence to old customs; but if you work slowly, you will progress surely.

We believe we have already inveighed against the long coats worn by the Irish peasants; but when we have failed to make him

believe that so heavy a coat is really an inconvenience to a working man, that he could be more comfortably dressed at less expense, we gained our point by proving that the tails of his cotamore would make a capital jacket for his coat-less son; this at once decided him against his old habit—the Irishman is always managed if you touch his feelings. It is impossible to inveigh too strongly against the use of anything in cottage economy that does *not* require washing. Woollens, if not scrupulously clean, are proverbially unhealthy; thus, the woollen cloak not only covers all rents, and renders the women still more careless of their under-clothes, but it carries infection in its folds; and we have known medical men assert, that infection has been frequently carried from one village to another in a borrowed cloak.

The system of every country-school must be defective that does not devote considerable care to teaching the girls needlework of the more common and useful kinds, and, where it is possible, household work. One of the great wants of Ireland is the want of good female servants. If girls are usefully occupied at the National Schools, properly paid, and well-treated—that is, treated in the same manner, considering the expenses of the two countries, that they are in England—in a very few years all grounds of complaint will be removed. It is greatly to be regretted that the instruction of females in needlework forms so little a part of National Education.

¹⁸ Isaac Weld, Esq.—a name venerated, as it ought to be, in Ireland, and respected everywhere—in his “Statistical Survey of Roscommon,” a work that goes far to redeem the usually inane character of the series of County Surveys undertaken at the instance of the Royal Dublin Society—enters upon this subject at considerable length. A single anecdote, however, speaks more emphatically than his whole chapter. He was walking with a gentleman who had been the purchaser of the concern, and paused before the beautiful gate that opened into his demesne. “Upon being asked,” says Mr. Weld, “whether I had ever seen so costly a piece of workmanship, I hesitated, for there was nothing extraordinary in its appearance. ‘That gate, sir,’ said his companion, ‘cost me £80,000; for it is the only thing I ever got out of the Arigna Iron Works.’” It may be inferred, however, from the statements of Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Weld, and others, that the failure of this great concern arose from want of proper management; and that, under more favourable circumstances, it might have contributed prodigiously to the prosperity of the country.

¹⁹ “On the whole face of the globe, probably no river exists of

so large a size, in proportion to that of the island through which it flows, as the river Shannon; and were all the advantages which it is capable of affording turned to the best account by the industry and intelligence of the inhabitants, *aided by capital*, its influence upon the internal communication and commerce of the country could not fail of being very extensive. In its natural state, however, the Shannon has conferred fewer benefits upon the country it waters than streams of far inferior magnitude, which were more even and regular in their course, and at the same time easier of access along their banks. This will be more readily understood, when it is explained that, in the distance between Lough Allen and Limerick, amounting to about 120 Irish miles, no less than seventeen different falls or rapids intervene, amounting in all to at least 146 feet 11 inches in height; each of them operating as a positive impediment to navigation." This was written by Mr. Weld in 1832: since, as our readers are aware, Government has undertaken the Herculean labour of rendering the Shannon navigable. The work is still carrying on, with what advantage we are unable to determine. It is the latest of many plans to achieve this most desirable purpose, and the only one that appears likely to be attended with even partial success. The source of the Shannon is in a gulf or hole, near the base of the Culkagh mountains, about six miles north-east of Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim. This gulf, though not exceeding twenty feet in diameter, is represented as being of such vast depth, that soundings, with a line of 200 yards, have not reached the bottom. From the quantity of water which issues out of this gulf, and which at once forms a deep, dead, and sluggish river, it has been supposed that there must be a reservoir within the limestone rocks of the mountain, fed by subterraneous streams. Its height above Lough Allen is 115 feet; above the sea, 275. We condense this statement from Mr. Weld. The following, however, is another account of the source of this magnificent river:—"It rises in the county of Cavan, barony of Tallyhaw, parish of Templeport, townland of Derrylaghan, at the head of a wild district called Glangavelin, and in the valley between Culkagh and Lurganacallagh mountains, close to the base of the former. The source or spring is of a circular form, about fifty feet in diameter, called the Shannon Pot, or more generally Leigmonshena. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it, about eight feet wide and two deep in the driest season, and runs about four miles per hour. In rainy weather the flow of water is so much increased, that its banks and all the low ground in its immediate vicinity are overflowed. There

are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Culkagh mountain, which receive the rain water; and from the circumstance of no streams descending this side of the mountain, I conclude that the drainage of this vast mountain, combined with its subterranean springs, here find an outlet, and give birth to this river. After winding its way through the valley, and collecting its tributary branches, it falls into Lough Allen, about nine miles south of its source, having in this short course swelled to a considerable river, from fifty to sixty yards wide, varying in depth from five to ten feet."

Lough Allen is about ten miles long, and is deeply imbedded in lofty hills, which contain rich and copious stores of iron and coal. Out of Lough Allen the river flows in a narrow and rather shallow and impeded channel; occasionally, however, widening into small lakes, between the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon, to Lanesborough, where it expands into the great Lough Ree, twenty miles long, and in some parts four broad. For thirty-seven miles to Portumna, the channel is more confined; but it is still a bold and wide river. From Portumna to Killaloe, its course is through Lough Derg, the largest of the Shannon lakes, being twenty-three miles long. At Killaloe it resumes the character of an ordinary river; but the navigation thence to Limerick is contracted and difficult. From Limerick to its mouth, the Shannon is a tideway, and appears, in fact, a great estuary or arm of the sea.

²⁰ In the cemetery of Kibronan, not far from Boyle, was buried the famous Carolan, one of the last of the veritable Irish bards; and here for several years the scull, that had "once been the seat of so much verse and music," was placed in a niche of the old church, decorated, not with laurel, but with a black ribbon. He died in this neighbourhood in the year 1741, at a very advanced age, notwithstanding that he had been in a state of intoxication during, probably, seven-eighths of the hours of his life.

²¹ "There is a curiously sculptured monument on it, bearing an inscription rather difficult to read, which records that 'in the ninth year of the reign of our most dere sovaraigh ladie Elizabeth, this bridge was built by the device and order of Sir Henry Sidney, Knt., who finished it in less than one year, bi the good industrie and diligence of Peter Levis, Clk. Chanter of the Cathedral Church of Christ, Dublin, and steward to said deputy.' The inscription goes on to state that 'in the same year the bridge was finished, the newe worke was begun in the Castel of Dublin, besides many other notable workes in sundrie other places. Also the arch-rebel Shane O'Neil was overthrown, his head set on the gate of the said Castel;

Coyne and Livery abolished, and the whole realm brought into such obedience to her majestie as the like tranquillitie hath no where been seen.' In a compartment of this monument is the figure of Master Levis, attired in his Geneva gown; in his right hand is something which is said to be a pistol, though it is twisted, and more calculated to represent a screw than an instrument of death. On this pistol is the figure of a rat, appearing to bite the thumb which is holding it."

Peter Levis is said to have been an English monk who turned Protestant, and coming over to Ireland was made a dignitary of Christ Church; being a man of great scientific and mechanical knowledge, Sir Henry Sidney sent him to superintend the erection of this important bridge; but being a "turncoat," a righteous rat, vexed with his tergiversation, followed and haunted him—by day and night, at bed and board; on horseback or in boat, the disgusting vermin pursued him, slept on his pillow, and dipped and dabbled its tail or whisker in all he ate or drank—the church itself could not save him from the persecution. One day, in the church of St. Mary's, Athlone, he ventured to preach, and lo! this unclean beast kept peering at him with its bitter, taunting eye, all the time he was holding forth; and when he descended the pulpit, after having dismissed the congregation, the cursed creature still remained with his reverence. This was too much—Master Levis presented a pistol, which he had always about him, to shoot it—the sagacious and unaccountable creature, to avert the shot, leaped up on the pistol, as represented on the monument, and seizing the parson's thumb, inflicted such a wound as to bring on a locked jaw, which terminated in his death.

²² Previously, according to Story, the siege had cost the English "12,000 cannon-balls, 600 bombs, nigh 50 tons of powder, and a great many tons of stone shot of our mortars." On the 27th June, the English burned the wooden breast-work, (made on the other side of a broken arch of the bridge,) and "next morning,"—thus writes Harris, *Life of William III.*—"they had laid their beams over, and partly planked them; which the enemy perceiving, they detached a sergeant and ten bold Scotsmen in armour, out of Brigadier Maxwell's regiment, who passed over their own works with a design to ruin the others, but were all slain. Yet that did not discourage others from undertaking the same piece of service, which they resolutely effected, by throwing into the river all the planks and beams that had been laid to make good the broken arch, though they all, except two, lost their lives in the attempt. This disappointment obliged the general to

carry on the work by a close gallery on the bridge; and that afternoon, to resolve, by advice of a council of war, to pass the Shannon next day, by ordering one party to go over the bridge, a second to ford the river about 150 feet above it, and a third to be carried over by a bridge of floats and pontoons, about 900 feet above the pass. The attempt was considered to be rash and desperate, as no discovery had been made if the river was fordable. Three Danish soldiers, under sentence of death, were offered their pardon if they would undertake to try the river. The men readily consented, and putting on armour, entered at three several places. The English in the trenches were ordered to fire, seemingly at them, but to aim over their heads; whence the enemy concluded them to be deserters, and did not fire till they saw them returning; the men were preserved, two of them being only slightly wounded; and it was discovered that the deepest part of the river did not reach their breasts, the water having never been known so shallow in the memory of man."

²³ The rubbish thrown down by the cannon being more difficult to climb over than a great part of the enemy's works, occasioned the soldiers to meet the bullets with volleys of oaths, which drew from Major-General Mackay, (a soldier noted for religion and virtue, as well as valour and conduct), this memorable reproof—"that they had more reason to fall upon their knees and thank God for the victory, than blaspheme his name; and that they were brave men, and the best of men if they would swear less."

²⁴ Streat, in his account of Athlone, renders ample justice to the memory of the brave and high-souled veteran. "During the exile of the royal family, Colonel Grace was treated by the Duke of York with the familiarity of an equal, rather than the reserve of a sovereign. Hence arose that warm attachment to his person, and those indefatigable exertions in his service, which so pre-eminently distinguished him on all occasions. The reputation he acquired for military experience, during his residence abroad, was, therefore, not higher than what the effects of his zeal merited for him at home; and the example which he displayed, at an advanced age, of activity, enthusiasm, and contempt of death, commanded universal admiration. On one occasion, having left Athlone, he unexpectedly returned at the expiration of a few days with a reinforcement of 400 men, which he accompanied on foot from a remote part of the county of Kilkenny, distant above 70 miles, in a forced march of two days. At another time he rode to Dublin from Athlone, and returned in twenty-four hours. His conduct to the Protestant inhabitants of the district under his

command, is said to have been so singularly humane and just, as to bring censure upon him for granting them protections too profusely, and administering to them justice too impartially. Hence it was, that, till the arrival of General Douglas, this neighbourhood enjoyed a degree of tranquillity unknown elsewhere. The lifeless bodies of ten of his soldiers, executed together beyond the walls of the town, proclaimed his determination to repress military outrage; but, though the severity of his discipline was contrasted with the prevailing licentiousness of the Irish army, he nevertheless possessed, in an eminent degree, the affections, as well as the confidence of his soldiers."

25 "He gave the messenger a deaf ear, and when urged by some one present to take instant measures, he replied that he would give a thousand louis to hear that the English ~~DURST~~ attempt to pass. 'Spare your money and mind your business,' was the gruff retort of Sarsfield, 'for I know that no enterprise is too difficult for British courage to attempt.'"

26 We might illustrate this position by a host of anecdotes; not alone from books, but supplied by our own experience. All the ties of nature are so strong among the peasant Irish, that it is difficult to say which is the strongest. This one, however, they have made for themselves. In England it is scarcely understood; how different are the feelings excited by the mention of "a wet nurse" and "a foster-mother!" the one is a hired, and, generally speaking, a most troublesome, menial; the other clings often closer than a mother. But not only is the foster-mother attached to the being she has nourished, the child upon whose milk the babe is nursed becomes its "*foster-brother*," and all the children "its fosterers." Some fifty years ago the peasant foster-brother was a sort of born thrall to the young gentleman—his attendant and his friend—a being leading the life of a parasite, not from the love of advantage or flattery, but from a self-devoted affection that formed a beautiful page in human nature. We knew one of these men, who was old when we were young. His devotion to a brutal foster-brother was extraordinary. He had saved his life in the Rebellion of '98, and that by perilling his own; for he received an injury which lamed him during the remainder of his days. This did not protect Neddy Gahar from the practical jokes and unfeeling jests of his superior, who could find amusement in setting his dogs on him until the poor fellow's garments—none of the soundest at any time—were torn to atoms; his only remonstrance would be made with a trembling lip, "Ah! Master Phil, how can you use me so?" The "Master Phil," like many of his

class, managed to finish running through the property which Cromwell had granted to his ancestor, and which each descendant had successively encumbered, while the people emphatically declared that having "come over the devil's back, it must go under his belly," and Phil was consigned to gaol. There Neddy Gahar, and only poor Neddy, accompanied him: the creature would serve him, and bear his humours all day; and when he could do nothing else, he would retire to a corner and sit looking with streaming eyes at the wreck of one of the handsomest men in the county. "There's nothing," said Philip one day to a casual visitor—"there's nothing breaks my heart more than my unfortunate foster-brother; I can endure anything better than his affection and patience—I used him so unfeelingly when I had it in my power to act differently." "Ye never did, Master Phil, ye never used me hard; what was I ever and always but a stupid bocher, fit for nothing but your divarshin? and never thought to be of any other use; and now, ye let me sit with ye, and stay with ye, and the only thing else I'd desire from ye is, that you'd give me a tally-ho! or the wind of the whip, to show you hadn't forgot I was out and out yer foster-brother." This was said with a faint earnest smile; but the poor spendthrift's days were drawing to a close, and it was evident he would end them in the county gaol. One day, while poor Neddy was as usual bearing the worn and violent temper of his foster-brother, and the still-more-difficult-to-endure reproaches he vented on himself after he had indulged any violence towards him, a letter was brought to the latter, informing him of the death of his mother's brother, who had been abroad for many years, leaving the poor bocher, one way or another, about fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds. Nothing could exceed his joy: the money at first seemed to him enough to purchase a king's ransom; and it was not until after consideration had convinced him of its inefficacy to pay off even a single debt, that he set about procuring every possible luxury for his beloved foster-brother in the gaol; the necessity for obtaining even a comfortable garment for himself never once entered his head, and he endeavoured to persuade every one that Master Phil would recover, and be a great man yet. His plan was to have deceived the gaoler, and get his master off to America, giving him all his wealth. It is to be hoped that Philip would not have permitted this sacrifice—at all events, death put an end to the struggle. "God bless you, poor Ned, my only true friend!" he said; "but for you I should have died on gaol allowance." His foster-brother gave him a splendid funeral, and put a tombstone over his grave,

upon which, with rare delicacy, his own name was not mentioned. Foster-sisters are attached, but not as strongly as foster-brothers; and in many parts of the country a superstition prevailed against nursing a boy on girl's milk, or a girl on boy's milk. Nevertheless, the mother of a healthy boy will sometimes be preferred as the nurse of a delicate girl, the nourishment she imparts being considered strengthening, but apt to make the little lady rude and boisterous. We once heard this given as a reason for the masculine propensities of a girl of the Diana Vernon school. "Ah, then, no blame to *her*, the darlin; didn't her mother get her nursed on boy's milk, and wasn't her foster-brother the finest jockey that ever rode a race? How can she help being a thrifle wild? and it's nothing but innocent wildness afther all!"

²⁷ The words "more effectual" were inserted, as showing that some kind of relief had been given in Ireland, though not effectual; *e.g.* dispensaries, hospitals, &c., supported principally by county cess, but no other state provision previously existed.

²⁸ The electoral divisions in England comprise a certain number of parishes; in Ireland, townlands are united for this purpose. In Ireland, the most generally known division of land is the "townland;" properties are usually sold by townlands; for which, among other reasons, they were made the units of which the respective Unions were formed; besides, as the Protestant and Roman Catholic parishes are not always coterminous, the former is the most easily recognised boundary. Each principal market-town is made the centre of a Union, with a radius (as nearly as circumstances will admit) of about ten miles. Where Unions are exceptions to this rule, it will be seen, on reference to the map, that the county being poor, and having a large area of mountain bog or water, is less able to support the burden of poor-rate than others having a smaller area.

²⁹ The division of the country into these electoral divisions was, and continues to be, the great stumbling-block of the Commissioners. Complaints are frequently made of injustice upon this ground; sometimes, indeed, with an appearance of reason. The power of the Commissioners to make what arrangement they please is nearly absolute, and has been loudly and continually protested against. It will be obvious, however, that various obstacles would present themselves in the way of any mode of settling the question; yet it is more than probable that, ere long, the present system will be remodelled upon a more equitable footing.

On the enactment of the existing Poor Law a wise clause was introduced, limiting the levy for the support of paupers to small

districts, so that the amount assessed upon each should depend on the amount of pauperism in the respective electoral or small districts, instead of being uniform over the whole Union. At the first framing of the bill, the rate was to have been equal over the Union; and so it passed the House of Commons. The evil that this would have produced was detected in the House of Lords, and the remedy referred to was adopted at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington. The alteration thus made, however, can only be useful in as far as its spirit is understood and strictly acted upon by the Poor Law Commissioners. The intention of the Legislature in making separate ratings for small integral portions of the Unions, was to give an impulse to proprietors to improve the condition of the people on their estates. If the electoral district, which is separately rated for the maintenance of its own paupers, be all under one proprietor, his management may be so judicious as wholly to remove pauperism, and thereby wholly to exempt his property from this portion of the poor-rates. No stronger worldly impulse could have been invented. If an estate form but a portion of one of these separate rated or electoral districts, its proprietor cannot by any exertion protect himself or his tenants against the tax; because, although his portion may be without a single pauper, it is still, as we have shown, liable to be charged in common with the remaining lands of the electoral district, and may be overwhelmed by the mismanagement of his neighbours, who, on the other hand, only bear a portion of the tax produced by the pauperism existing on their lands, and caused by their own neglect. Nothing can be more hostile to the interests of both poor and rich than this state of things, or more contrary to the spirit of the wisest provision of the act itself. More of the good or evil working of the Poor Law depends upon the manner in which the Poor Law Commissioners exercise their *power* in regulating the limits of electoral districts, than upon all other measures which affect property. These limits should, in every possible case, be made to correspond with the limits of the estates of individual proprietors within each Union. There is no principle outraged by making an electoral district to consist of townlands separated from each other. There is no principle that can require an electoral division to be of a square or compact form. Its functions in no way require contiguity or compactness of territory, such as is required, for example, by a school district, a police district, or even by a general Poor Law Union, each of which have reference to central points.

³⁰ Every cess-payer (or rate-payer, where poor-rates have been

struck) is entitled to vote for the election of guardians, and is eligible for that office. The annual election of Poor Law Guardians gives rise to annual disputes, heart-burnings, and animosities. The framers of the act threw the power almost exclusively into the hands of the "Liberal" party; the consequence has been, that many respectable persons, and persons of property in land, who should have been especially considered, are nearly excluded from participation in the administration of the law. We fear there is too much truth in the assertion, contained in a Dublin newspaper of comparatively moderate views, that "The Irish Boards of Guardians are too generally complete bear-gardens, from which every gentleman desirous of retaining his own self-respect must be anxious to withdraw, because he is brought into painful collision with a class whose habits and manners are intolerable. No sooner is a Board of Guardians elected, than the most indecent scramble commences for the disposal of every piece of patronage attached—their blood relations are commonly put into the stipendiary offices, their most distant relatives into the body of the house; and this, not unfrequently, to the exclusion of the really destitute and infirm." This is, however, an evil that will cure itself, and was almost inseparable from a sudden transfer of political power to those who were not accustomed to its use. It is, indeed, as we know, growing less and less from year to year. The Irish "people" have a sort of natural yearning towards persons placed by rank or property above them; they are the very reverse of democratic in their feelings and modes of thinking and reasoning; and we feel assured that ere long the just exercise of influence will flow into its legitimate channel.

³¹ "It was supposed by many persons that we should not be able to find individuals possessed of the requisite qualifications for filling the several offices in the Unions in Ireland; and we were ourselves not free from apprehensions on this score, especially with reference to the offices of master and matron, on whom the order and efficiency of the workhouse would in every instance so much depend. We are rejoiced to be enabled to state, however, that the difficulty arising from this source has been much less than was anticipated, and that in general very good officers have been obtained. Many of them were ignorant at first and uninformed of their duties; but by sending them to one of the Dublin workhouses in the first instance, and recently to one or two of the other best-managed houses for training, for a time, we have been enabled generally to secure efficient officers."—*Eighth Report*. We made continual inquiries upon this very essential subject, and

were in almost every case assured of the fitness of the parties employed; notwithstanding that they are elected by the guardians, and that private influence will sometimes operate to the prejudice of public duty. The officers of the establishment are, however, closely watched—not only by jealous guardians, but by the assistant commissioner.

³² Various complaints have been made concerning the disproportion of payments to Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains: they have been thus met by the Commissioners:—"In some, if not in several, of the workhouses in the western districts, we doubt if there be a single Protestant inmate; and in many of the other houses the number will be very small; and in these cases we have considered it to be our duty, in accordance with what we believe to have been the intentions of the Legislature, to assign a less salary to the chaplain of the Established Church than to the Roman Catholic chaplain." Where—as in the north of Ireland—the proportions are more upon a par, other regulations are of course made. This embarrassing subject has given rise to many other difficulties. An application by the Roman Catholic bishops to permit the chaplains "to associate with them their own curates in the discharge of their duties" in the workhouse, was refused by the Board, on the ground that—"They cannot but look upon an officer appointed by them as being individually responsible to them for the due execution of his duties; and, as a general rule, they cannot sanction or permit the duties of any officer to be delegated to a person not named in the order of appointment." A question having arisen as to the religion in which a child was to be brought up, who had been deserted, and of whose parents nothing was known, the opinion of the Attorney-General (Blackburne) was thus taken:—"I am of opinion that the guardians ought, in such a case as this, to cause the child to be educated in the religious creed of Protestantism—the religion of the State."

³³ There are eleven assistant commissioners, ten with districts, one detached on medical inquiries. The districts may be considered as having the following towns as their centres:—Galway, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Donegal, Belfast, Derry, Longford, Kilkenny, and Dublin.

³⁴ In some of the workhouses, the clothing of the inmates is made "at home." In that of Galway, we saw the paupers at work upon coats, petticoats, shoes, &c.; and here, by the way, to our great surprise, we found that the woollen stuff used for men's dresses was *not the manufacture of Ireland*. Every visitor will be struck

by the insufficiency of employment for the paupers; but upon this important subject we quote the "Eighth Report" of the Commissioners:—

"In connection with workhouse management, we may notice the difficulty everywhere experienced, of finding suitable employment for the inmates. The unprofitableness of pauper labour is so generally admitted, as to require no argument for establishing the proposition; and if this be the case in England, where the field of employment is so large and so varied, it must be at least equally true with respect to Ireland, where the labour market is in so many instances overcharged. All that has hitherto been attempted in this respect in the Irish workhouse, has been to endeavour to provide employment of the simplest and commonest description, especially for the more aged and infirm of both sexes, who constitute the great majority of the inmates. These are generally employed in oakum-picking; in the picking, and spinning, and carding of wool; in knitting; and some few in making and mending the clothes belonging to the establishment. Of the able men, very few have been admitted, and there are scarcely any of this class in the workhouses, although there are a great many of the partially-disabled, who are, for the most part, occupied in the kitchen, and doing the rougher work about the house and yards; and where this does not afford sufficient occupation, they are employed in breaking stones. The able-bodied women (with or without children) are generally employed in household work; and, in several of the houses, there are not a sufficient number of these to clean and keep the house in proper order, without the aid of paid assistants; but where the number of able-bodied women is greater than can be so employed in household work, they are set to work with the needle, or in carding, spinning, and knitting. On the whole, therefore, the difficulty with respect to employment in the Irish workhouses is not, perhaps, greater, or even so great, as might have been apprehended, owing to the very large proportion of the aged and infirm, of whom the inmates consist. With regard to the children, and the youths of both sexes, in addition to the instruction which they receive, it has been our endeavour to impress upon the guardians the necessity of training them up in habits of industry, by which they may in due time be fitted for earning their own livelihood. They are, accordingly, when not at school, employed in occupations fitted to their age and strength: the girls, under the matron, in household work, or in working with the needle; the boys working in the yards, or in the garden, or

at some trade in the house—thus accustoming their hands to labour, and developing their muscular powers, and fitting them for every-day occupations of life.”

³⁵ The dietary in most common use consists of a daily allowance of—for breakfast, to adults, 7 ounces of oatmeal made into “stirabout,” one pint of buttermilk, or half a pint of new milk; for dinner—3½ lbs. of potatoes, and 1 quart of buttermilk; children, 5 to 14, 3½ ounces of oatmeal for breakfast; dinner, 2 lbs. of potatoes; supper, 6 ounces of bread, and 1 pint of new milk, daily. Infants, the sick, infirm, &c., dieted as directed by medical officer. Two meals a day only are allowed; except in some districts, “where the bulk of the labouring population can and do usually provide for themselves three meals.” Children have three meals. Meat is not given; it is unnecessary to say that meat is a “luxury” rarely tasted by the Irish peasant out of the workhouse. In Dublin, Cork, and other localities, however, soup and other descriptions of food are given to the paupers; in Dublin we saw them dining upon rice, which they at first loudly protested against, but to which they afterwards became accustomed. Potatoes were then at a very high price.

Circumstances have occurred rendering it inexpedient or disadvantageous to adhere strictly to the established dietary, when a temporary departure from it was advisable, owing to the state of the markets or other cause. In such cases, a variation has been made by substituting bread for either potatoes or oatmeal, in the proportion of 12 ounces of bread for 3½ pounds of potatoes, and 8 ounces of bread for 7 ounces of meal; or 8 ounces of meal in stirabout for 3½ pounds of potatoes.

³⁶ The Commissioners deserve the highest credit for the rapidity with which these structures were raised. There was nothing of that dilatoriness and procrastination, to which Ireland has been accustomed for centuries, in the conduct to completion of public works; nor have we heard from opponents of the system any charges on the ground of jobbing in their erection. “Even with favourable seasons”—we quote from the Eighth Report of the Commissioners—“it was by no means a light task to superintend and direct extensive buildings, proceeding simultaneously in every part of the country; but with such weather as that of the last three years, and with not less than a hundred of these buildings in progress at one time, and all requiring frequent inspection and constant superintendence, the difficulty has been proportionately increased.” The architect to the Commission is George Wilkinson, Esq. Among the difficulties encountered by the architect, may be

stated the anomaly created by the Poor Law Act, in rendering the Poor Law Commissioner responsible for the building of the workhouses, but making it necessary that the guardians should be required to borrow the money for their erection; this, however, may have been indispensable, as little doubt can exist that in certain parts of Ireland, unless the Act had so provided, no workhouses would have been built; and, moreover, very great difficulty would have been encountered in obtaining plans which would have suited the tastes of the several parties interested in the structure. But the onerous nature of the architect's duties can perhaps be appreciated only by those who are officially connected with him. Some estimate of their extent and importance may, however, be formed, by considering that 100 of the workhouses were simultaneously in progress; that there were employed *directly* on the works, at the same time, 11,117 workpeople, and 1,032 horses and carts; that, in addition to this, the terms of the contracts for the erection of the houses devolved on the architect the irksome and anxious duty of "awarding the amount which he shall deem to be due to the contractors for work executed by them, and for which the contract has not provided." Of course Mr. Wilkinson has shared the fate of most arbiters, some of the Boards of Guardians having considered that the prices allowed are too liberal; the contractors, on the other hand, have held two or three public meetings to express their indignation, &c. &c., at being offered by the Commissioners such sums as are totally inadequate (they state) to cover the first cost prices of the works. Wherever these complaints have been sufficiently definite to allow investigation to be made, it has been found that a fair and equitable course has been pursued, both as regards the interests of the Unions and the fair remuneration of the contractors. This has been amply shown lately in an investigation made by direction of Government through the Board of Works. Those who know the architect of the Poor Law Commission could have anticipated no other result; the conviction being general, that for efficient zeal, and upright and honourable conduct, the Government does not in any department possess an officer superior to Mr. Wilkinson.

³⁷ All accounts agree in considering that the necessity for frequent ablutions—and above all "the bath" at entrance—is looked upon by the applicants as a most intolerable evil. The paupers, generally, complain that after washing they have felt the cold as if they had been deprived of a suit of extra clothing; and Drs. Kennedy and Corrigan, in their report "upon the state of the Dublin workhouse, more especially in reference to accommoda-

tion for infant pauper children," say, "The prejudice of the mothers against the use of the bath for their infants was such, that, we were informed, they had rebelled *en masse* against its employment; in fact, we found but one, out of the thirty, who gave her child the advantage of this adjunct to health—most of the others rested satisfied with washing the face, some the limbs, and a few the hands and arms of their infants, but none of them washed the whole body." We were once present during an altercation between the master and the inmates on the subject of ventilation; he endeavouring to persuade them that he only wished to let in the *air*, while they declared "that his open windows perished them alive wid the *could*." We succeeded in convincing one poor woman that this could not be the case, as the day was fine and she was comfortably clad. She listened attentively, and answered, "Sure then there's sense in *that*, anyhow; and barring the wind in my face—that would be sure to give me the toothache, *if I had any teeth left*,—I don't feel the cold at all! But you see," she added, "we're used to the cold and not to the clothes; and no wonder we'd have a dread of it."

³⁸ It is by no means among the least of the advantages incident to the system, that every boy and girl, from the earliest age at which it is capable of receiving it, obtains education. The plan adopted is that of "the National Board," under whose superintendence this department of the establishment has been placed. We found these schools, generally, in a very satisfactory state; and more than once chanced to be present when the "Inspector" was examining the children. It was really astonishing to find them so well informed—their information being by no means limited to mere reading, writing, and cyphering; they were usually well read in the scriptures, in history, in geography, and so forth. Upon this subject we extract a passage from the "Eighth Report of the Commissioners:"—

"We adverted, in our last Report, to the education and training of the pauper children in the several workhouses, and explained the steps which we had taken in reference to this most important subject, on which we continue to feel extreme solicitude; for the condition and usefulness of these children in after-life—moral, social, and religious—will mainly depend upon the manner in which they are educated and trained after they have been received into the workhouses. Our unceasing and earnest attention will be given in furtherance of this object, in which we are unable to say that such progress has yet been made as to preclude the necessity for further exertion on the part of the

several Boards of Guardians, as well as of the Commissioners."

³⁹ The platforms on which the paupers sleep are raised about ten inches above the level of the "gangway;" on these platforms are placed their straw pallets; when these are taken off, the place can be swept like an ordinary floor. This arrangement has been highly approved, and has, we understand, been adopted in several instances in England. The plan was invented by Mr. Wilkinson, and by this very ingenious contrivance a considerable saving in the cost of the bedsteads, which would otherwise have been required, has been effected. It would not be too much to estimate the saving at £30,000.

⁴⁰ The Reports of Mr. Nicholls have been very severely canvassed, and continue to be, occasionally, "handled roughly." He received his instructions from the Government, it would appear, on the 22d of August, 1836; and his Reports were sent in on the 15th of November of *the same year*. It is asserted that he had "no previous personal knowledge of Ireland, her interests, or her inhabitants;" that consequently, being an "inexperienced stranger," he did not enter upon the task with sufficient information, or sufficiently unprejudiced; and that the period allowed him for arriving at conclusions relative to so momentous a subject, was infinitely too limited. One of his opponents, writing in 1837, affirmed that, "in his nine weeks' tour, it seems a question whether he was not seeking to shape the wants and condition of the people to his Act, rather than to frame an Act suited to their real wants and condition;" and a leading journal of Dublin—the "Evening Packet"—contends that the late Government "committed a primary error in intrusting the whole working of the preliminary measures to Mr. Nicholls;" maintaining that "he knew nothing of Ireland or Irishmen," and that there should have been associated with him some person who knew much of both. This opinion is, indeed, very general in Ireland; and there can be no question that Mr. Nicholls made certain mistakes, which he as certainly would have avoided, if he had been more conversant with the country. It is, however, impossible to read his "Reports," without entertaining feelings of high respect for his benevolence, clear-sightedness, and, generally, soundness of judgment. If he had previously "known nothing of the country,"—which we greatly doubt,—his power of obtaining information and arriving at accurate views is perfectly amazing. His Reports are classed chiefly under the following heads:—1st, State of the Country and Habits of the Peasantry; 2d, Expediency of Establishing a Poor Law; 3d, On Workhouses and the Workhouse System; 4th,

On the Workhouse Dietary; 5th, On Relief; 6th, On Settlement; 7th, On Rating; 8th, Pauper Idiots and Lunatics; 9th, On Migration and Emigration; 10th, On Mendicancy; 11th, On the Repression of Mendicancy.

⁴¹ This is too delicate a subject to be illustrated by facts. But all who know Ireland, know that there was no district in which there did not exist two distinct classes—those who gave much to the poor, and those who never gave the poor anything. In fact, the gate, or the house, of “the hard man to the poor” was familiar to all “the wandering train,” and as much so to the respectable and generous collector of charitable gifts—it was avoided by both. We could easily name individuals of large properties who did not bestow a shilling in the year, either by giving food or money; individuals who are now forced to pay, in many instances, one or two hundred pounds per annum. It follows, as a matter of course, that the really charitable have experienced a corresponding relief; and it can scarcely be doubted that, although the necessity for occasional collections has by no means ceased, this class, the really charitable, are now taxed less heavily than they were before the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland. We could easily establish this position. It should also be borne in mind that, by this tax, THE ABSENTEE is effectually reached.

⁴² It is concluded that mendicancy can be prevented only by rendering it penal; but the penalty can surely be enforced only when, for every beggar, the state has provided an asylum. In their Seventh Annual Report, the Commissioners enter at considerable length into this subject; and it will be recollected that a Bill was introduced into Parliament by Lord Morpeth, with a view to a remedy; it was abandoned, however, chiefly on the ground that begging was not to be considered a crime when the “houses were full;” but it was out of the question that beggars could be assumed to know when they were acting legally and when illegally. From the very commencement of their proceedings in Ireland, the Commissioners have been receiving frequent representations from individuals of all parties and persuasions, pointing out the necessity of some legislative enactment for the repression of mendicancy; and in December, 1839, they deemed it right to record their views upon the subject of such a law in a minute, copies of which were sent to their Assistant Commissioners, with directions to take such fitting opportunities as might offer for inviting the several Boards of Guardians to direct their attention to this important question. In this minute they ob-

served, that "a law for the repression of vagrancy and mendicancy has for the most part been called for on the ground of its being a necessary adjunct of the Poor Law; but, although undoubtedly necessary for the effective working of the Poor Law in Ireland, it is not on that account alone that it is required. Such a law is necessary here on the same grounds that it was and is still necessary in England, and the reasons for its establishment apply equally to both countries. A vagrancy-law is strictly a measure of police, it may be said of moral police, affecting in a very high degree the morals and habits of the community; for so long as vagrancy and mendicancy, with all the desultory and demoralising habits springing from and fostered by them, are permitted to exist, it will be impossible to effect any very general or permanent improvement in the social condition of the Irish people. Whilst mendicancy is allowed to range unrestrained over the country, its moral taint will mingle with and deteriorate the entire mass of the population, despite any countervailing efforts which may be made, short of its actual suppression." (Vide Sixth Annual Report.) These were the views of this question taken by the Commissioners shortly after they had begun to introduce the law into Ireland; and in their Seventh Annual Report they repeat their conviction—a conviction which they say is rendered, if possible, even stronger by recent events in the Dublin Unions—that the repression of mendicancy is necessary in every Union, as soon, and so long, as the workhouse is open and available for the relief of the destitute poor. "This conviction," they say, "we are also satisfied, is felt generally throughout the country, and particularly by the small farmers and occupiers, who are, indeed, the chief sufferers, the contributions being for the most part levied upon them. The congregation of the beggars in towns at certain periods, or at certain hours of the day, gives an appearance of the pressure being greater than in the neighbouring rural districts: but such is not the case; the alms which the mendicant collects in the country being almost always taken to the town for consumption, or for the purpose of being sold or exchanged to supply his wants, or minister to his appetites." In their Eighth Report, the Commissioners are still more emphatic upon this subject: "It is found," they say, "that the present state of the law with respect to mendicancy creates positive obstacles to the operation of the Poor Relief Act. In some of the Unions, after the stock of habitual mendicants had for the most part been taken into the workhouses, the rate-payers of particular electoral divisions, finding that the removal of what may be

called their own established poor did not protect them from mendicancy, but was followed by inroads of beggars from the surrounding districts, or even from those more distant, have deemed it better that their own poor should be permitted to levy contributions from house to house as heretofore, rather than that the rate-payers should incur the charge of maintaining them in the workhouses, and at the same time be compelled to make contributions to casual vagrants or mendicant strangers by whom their doors were beset. The prevalence of such a feeling has been exemplified by occurrences in the Kilmallock Union, where the rate-payers of a certain electoral division came in a body to the workhouse, and demanded to have their poor delivered up to them, which was accordingly done, and they were carried back with great demonstrations of rejoicing, to be supported by almsgiving in the accustomed mode. The rate-payers in this case no doubt expected that, when they had their own beggars about them, they would be protected from the inroads of beggars from other districts, to which they were liable so long as their own habitual stock were maintained in the workhouse." The Commissioners, although they give no suggestions as to a remedy for this evil, hint that, "whenever a measure for the repression of mendicancy shall receive the sanction of Parliament, it ought undoubtedly to be carried into effect with caution and moderation, and with a due regard for the feelings and opinions which necessarily accompany a practice so deeply rooted in the habits of the Irish people."

43 Of course many of the inveterate beggars continue to "hold out," but a few years will see the race extinct. Their excuses are sometimes, as will be supposed, amusing and witty. During our tour in June, July, and August, 1842, we found very few of them complaining of the want of sufficient food in the poorhouses; they generally admitted that in this respect the inmates were better off; the deprivation of tobacco seemed to be the grand objection; in scores of instances we received the answer, "Ah, sure, I'd be lost without the smoke!" One old woman at Kinnegad was honest enough to say, "Do ye think I'd give up the divarshun I knock out of the streets?"—"Saying 'I have nothing to do,' bedad! that's a great go, intirely," answered a Dublin beggar to us one day: she was an old acquaintance of the friend who was with us; the woman was strong, hearty, bronzed and brazen, and sadly vixenish; and we reproached her with idleness. "Have I nothing to do? enagh! haven't I to take my turn about Dame-street, and over the bridges to the market, to pick up the *marcy*

of God in coppers, from the ladies that does their own marketing, though they're as hard as the stones they tread on? And haven't I to tramp back to wait on the *genteels* in Merrion-square, where the band do be playing; and then to take my turn at the shop-doors in Grafton-street, and larn who comes and who goes? and then, in the evening, batthering at the college-boys, or telling mee throuble to a neighbour; or afther the childer, to bring them home from their stands; or to fetch the ould man from kneeling in the mud by Ballybock-bridge, and he the 'poor blind?' Bedad, we war down in the mouth until the Lord took away his sight; that set us up for a while, till the people got used to it; but what they see they don't heed. Idle am I! faix, if ye knew but all, there's not one so industrious in the Mendicity, or anywhere else. Nothing to do! I like that—that's a hard thing to say of a craythur that never has time to shut her eyes night or day for contrivance; nor to cross herself. Bedad, it's *we* that *do* work hard, ever and always at it; begging was asy enough in the ould Parliament times, or when the car-boys would drive us for change of air to Kingstown, to watch the quality land; but now ye must have something in luck to get on; and barring my poor husband was struck with the blindness, sorra a thing ever chanced me; while Mary Mac, across there at the Post-office, had first twins, and then three at once. Lord preserve us! to say nothing of one cripple and a blind mute! Sure, every one was talking of *her*, quality and all, and she bagging the half-crowns where I couldn't ring silver—that's luck!—but you're so sharp upon me to what you used to be long ever ago, that I——;" and the vixen interrupted herself to run across Sackville-street for the purpose of attacking some one who did not know her as well as our friend did.

⁴⁴ A striking illustration of this fact was related to us by a friend at Lurgan. A strong able-bodied woman, who was both the amusement and terror of the gentry, from her ready wit and bitter tongue, and who levied contributions something after the manner of black mail, after abusing the "new gaol," as she termed the workhouse, from the laying of the first stone to its completion, when it came to be occupied, presented her bronzed face as usual at every house, as if no asylum had been provided for the poor. The gentry, however, had come to a resolution not to give her anything whatever, but to afford her the means of employment if she desired it. Accordingly, "Kitty" was told that in future she must either work, or go into the poor-house. In return for this information, Kitty stormed at and rated, first

one, and then another, of all her former friends, who stood out firmly; for Kitty was the very queen of the beggars; and if they yielded to her, they must yield to all; whereas, if Kitty was withstood, the others would know they could have no chance whatever. Nothing could exceed the virago's indignation at being, as she termed it, "cast off" by the quality, after spending her time up and down with them for a matter of thirty years, and never bringing shame to their door, but being as honest as Saint Bridget, or any other holy saint; and this was her return; "she didn't know how they could look her in the face after it!" Kitty fared badly—she knew the dinner-hour of every family in the county; but instead of the well-piled plate of "pork and cabbage," the "double handful of meal and dish of potatoes," Kitty found the back-doors locked; and the families remaining quite inattentive to her eloquence, which certainly was more powerful than elegant. After, according to her own account, "going through" as much trouble as would break a heart of stone, she suddenly made her appearance before one of the Poor Law guardians whom she had repeatedly offended, but whom she still considered her friend. There she stood, her empty wallet slinging by her side, her battered straw-hat flapping over her face, and her brawny arms folded one within the other. "Here I am, noble colonel!" she exclaimed; "the supplies are stopped, my lord, and poor Kitty must yield to the articles of war." "I thought," he replied, "I should have been obliged to commit you as a —." "Don't spake the word, yer honour—there's no use in insulting a dead soldier—it's only mee shadow that's in it—I'm pickt to an atomy—the crows don't think me worth flying away from—and the dogs that I've known the last ten years bark at me. I never quartered meeself on a cabin-keeper yet; I'd scorn it! I'd not take from worse than meeself; and now you see I'm driven hard; yet bad as they've used me, my heart's with the gentry of the county Armagh still. We can't forget the friends of our youth, noble colonel; and it's sorry I'd be to turn mee back on my ould friends; and it's lonesome the roads will be without me, and they used to me so long; but still, needs must when the devil (saving your presence) drives. And so, if yer honour will just answer a few questions, which I'll put to ye, to my satisfaction, why I'll be thinking about renouncing the pomps and vanities—taking the veil, my dear! what else can I call it? Devoting meeself, for the ase and pace of the counthry, inside them four heart-breaking thick walls—putting the prime of mee valuable life into a stone jug." "I suppose," said the colonel, "you are going into 'the house' at last?" "That's what

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I'm thinking of," she replied, "only my feelings war too tender to say it." "Well," he answered, laughing; "you know, Kitty, we have all come to a determination that you must all either go into 'the house,' or work—one or the other. We offer you work and good wages, Kitty, or 'the house.'" "May the devil—!" shouted Kitty; but recollecting herself, she paused, and dropping her voice to a whine, she continued—"Noble colonel, the little kquestions I was going to ask you, my dear gentleman, that's all, before I'll devote meeself—just—is it quite an impossibility to get the drop of whiskey in it?" "Quite." "Glory be to God! well, I've had a thrial at the could wather to oblege Father Mathew, so I know that it is possible to do without whiskey, so I'll drop it; but the grain of tay, colonel—sure you'd manage to let me have that on *the sly*, and mee so ould and broken down?" "No, Kitty, no!" said the inexorable son of Mars; "no, no, Kitty, no favour to one more than to another—that would be unjust." "Sure it's the strength of justice to favour friends." "Not in my opinion. Have you any other question to ask?" "Bedad I have, though your answers ain't no ways plasing to me. Sure yer honour wouldn't deprive me of a shock, or maybe a draw of the pipe, a few times in the day?" "Not a single leaf of tobacco must enter the gates." "But they are light enough to fly over the walls," persisted Kitty. "No, not a drop of whiskey, nor a grain of tea, nor a leaf of tobacco." "And it's cruel enough to be in airnest you are, is it?" "Quite. Will you go in?" The gentleman and the woman looked at each other fixedly for a moment; Kitty untied her empty wallet, grasped it in her hand, and then, as she flung it from her, exclaimed, "Tatteration to me, colonel dear, *but I'll work first!* and for every sixpence any woman in the place airns, I'll airn two." And so she does, and will continue to do—never idle; and not having time to be abusive, she is far more popular than she had ever been before. We saw her ourselves as busy as a bee.

⁴⁵ In England the poor-houses are the constant, and frequently the only, refuge for the more respectable class of housekeepers who fall into poverty; there are but few of those who have occupied such a position, at present, in the Irish workhouse, and it will be some time before the more respectable class of tradesmen can bring themselves to receive assistance from the parish; they have generally some rich or respectable relation to cling to, who would suffer much privation before his third or fourth cousin should receive public, no matter how long he may have lived upon private, charity; this is one of the peculiar feelings of the country.

Only one instance of a superior grade of persons accepting refuge has come under our knowledge, and this was a member of a class for whom the warmest sympathies of our nature have been long called forth—a governess. She had grown old in her vocation; and even if her salary had ever been large enough to permit her saving (which we doubt), she had had to support a mother who had been dead little more than two years. We were told that she cast no blame on any one: some of her former pupils had assisted her; others had not the means of doing so; and she grew old, and feeble, and broken-hearted; yet even then, the master said, if she recovered from the paralysis which had rendered her right hand useless, she hoped again to work for her own honest livelihood. "When first she came," he observed, "she requested permission to wear her own clothes; this was contrary to the rules of the house, and she went away weeping, poor thing! She attached great importance to the wearing "these relics of ould dacency." "At the end of a month," he continued, "she returned, looking more wasted than before, and willingly gave up what she had on—two worn-out garments, so as to preserve an exterior appearance of decency—but the women complained the next morning that they could not sleep for her continued sobbing." The high feeling of the peasant Irish was strongly evinced towards this poor forsaken one. One or two attempted to sneer at her having been a lady, but the women rose almost *en masse* to avenge her; and many of them paid her every attention in their power, even to the picking out of the best potato from their shares, accompanied by such observations as—"Ah, then, sure she's a well-larned woman, and tenderly rared; the raring's the thing that does it; and has no right to be here with us. God break hard fortune before every honest woman's child; it's little her parents thought of what she'd come to when they fed her on white bread and new milk, and fastened ribands in her hair, and fixed earrings in her ears. She'll carry the marks of them to her grave, God bless us! Well, no great matter; no questions will be asked there of who she was or where she came from; only she has dacent blood, and it isn't for us to be putting up to the likes of her. God break hard fortune! sure it's ten times as hard for her as for us; and if the Almighty takes her, won't it be shocking to think of her being buried without one tear dropping on her grave?" The entrance of this poor lady amongst them gave rise to much conversation; but they all seemed agreed upon one point—that, bad as it was, and hard upon her, it was better for her to be there than to die in a ditch. While one or two suggested "that was true; but if

she had a roof over her, wouldn't it be better she died under *it*, than in the way she was?—to have it *known* she died in a work-house!"

⁴⁶ We were in Connaught during one of these starving seasons; and on our return we addressed a letter on the subject to the "Dublin Evening Packet;" from which perhaps—as the subject is one that has engaged the attention of all writers on Ireland—the reader will permit us to make some extracts:—"The temper with which their sufferings are borne has excited my wonder no less than my admiration; and I have returned with increased respect for the character of the Irish peasant, who can submit with magnanimous fortitude, and almost without repining, to a condition inconceivably wretched. It is impossible to exaggerate in detailing the miseries the lower classes have had to bear in some 'out-of-the-way' districts. In towns, their condition has been explained through the ordinary channels, and at public meetings held for their relief; but in villages remote from observation, famine has made its ravages unchecked, and the people have been literally starving in masses.

"I will describe a visit I paid to one of these isolated spots, because in this instance my own observations received, more distinctly than they could elsewhere, the proofs that may be necessary to give authority to my statement. The village of Bundurrah, (I am not sure that I spell the name correctly,) near the head of Killery Bay, in "Joyce's country," Connemara, must be passed through by all who visit the grand and beautiful scenery at Delphi—a sporting lodge belonging to the Bishop of Tuam, held, I understand, under lease from the Provost of Trinity College. It consists of twenty-two cottages, and about 150 inhabitants—the whole of whom are in a state of frightful poverty, while a considerable portion of them have been, repeatedly, for two days together, without food. Of this fact I received assurances from an intelligent policeman stationed there, named Linsky, who, with his corporal, Evans, have been barely enabled to prevent several from actually perishing. (We subsequently received a letter from Mr. Linsky, stating that, although the famine had been somewhat mitigated by a small government aid, it had been, as usual, succeeded by the fever, and that the people were still in a most deplorable condition.) I examined some of the hovels in which they dwelt: in one I found a widow named Malley, with her mother and six children; the whole had subsisted for weeks upon the milk of a cow, and such herbage as they could gather upon the mountains. The cow occupied somewhat more than half of the cabin, and a boy, dread-

fully afflicted with scrofula, was stretched upon some rushes in a corner. In another cottage I found a strong and healthy man, with his wife and five children. His name is Martin Welsh. He was, in truth, as he said, 'weak with the hunger,' but still able and willing to work, 'if he could get it.' This poor man, a few days ago, sold his last sheep for the sum of six shillings, to buy meal; and when I expressed my astonishment at its bringing no higher price, I was told that in many instances sheep had been sold for less, and 'slips of pigs' for sixpence each—'they must sell them or starve.' This evil, indeed, is spreading so extensively as to induce a conviction that the present distress will not be merely temporary; for every article usually considered as devoted to the payment of rent, will be parted with before the season brings relief.

"I give you, sir, a description of one of the many scenes of misery I witnessed—and even this I do not enlarge upon as I might do—because I consider myself justified in here inserting the names of persons who may be considered safer authorities than a mere tourist. But I might fill more than one of your columns with similar details. It would be scarcely too much to say, that in the island of Achill, out of a population of 5000, there are at least 4000 who do not know how or where to get the morrow's food; many of whom are living with their families in huts averaging about 12 feet long, by 7 feet broad, and 5 feet high. And this, too, surrounded by a sea teeming with fish; and in the midst of land utterly waste and unproductive, which a very moderate expenditure of capital might render ample to afford all the necessaries of life to a people four times as numerous."

⁴⁷ The agony which this regulation occasions to persons who have transgressed no law of God or man, who have no sin in the eyes of the world to answer for except that of being poor, is very grievous to think upon. In England it is borne more calmly than it is in Ireland, because the character of the English people is more calm. In many of the Irish houses the scenes were of the most agonising description, when it became necessary to divide those "who had climbed the hill together," and were compelled to "totter down" alone. One case we heard of, where a very old man, who had been a respectable grazier, went to the master to know if he and his wife (they were both past seventy) could be permitted to remain together. The master had no power to grant the request; their poverty was strong, but their love was stronger; they had outlived their friends, and their feelings would not permit them to beg. About three weeks after the overseer's

refusal, they were found in the ruin of an outhouse that had once been theirs—the man dead—the woman so ill, that she died in a few hours; both were buried in the same grave; and both had died together of literal starvation. We remember seeing an old woman sitting alone beneath the shadow of one of the workhouse walls; we asked her if she was ill. She thanked God, no—she was not; but she knew her poor *ould* man was “very poorly;” if they’d let her be with him, it would “ease her mind.” She had been his “lawful wife” for five-and-forty years, and they had never done an act that could bring a blush to their cheek. They had two sons abroad; one was coming home, and when he came he’d be able and willing to take them out; so as she’d hope, she’d have patience; if they’d only let her see her “poor ould man” but once a day! there was that hard-hearted wall between them! She sat and looked at it all day, and if she rose up with ever so good a spirit, it was crushed before night—thinking of him. “Oh!” she exclaimed, clasping her fingers together until they seemed twisted with intensity into a mass of bones—“Oh! that they would only let us look at each other, even without speaking; ah! sure it’s a hard world to punish poverty so.”

⁴⁸ We particularly noticed, in a ward of the Longford workhouse, a number of exceedingly old women, many of them bedridden and palsied; they were all loud in their prayers and blessings. One very old creature, whose features were bronzed and wrinkled, and drawn into all manner of “puckers,” yet whose expression was that of great kindness, was half sitting half kneeling by her bed, upon which, in the unconscious and rosy sleep of childhood, lay an infant of extraordinary beauty; the day was warm, and she kept waving her withered hand to and fro above the child’s face to keep away the flies, “croning” every now and then a line of an old ballad; and if any one spoke loud, she held up her thin finger with a murmur of displeasure.

The portraits were worthy any skill to depict. Never was there a stronger or finer contrast; the soft, round, pulpy cheek of the infant, his little rosy mouth half open, the long brown lashes of his closed eyes turning up from a full cheek, and his little hands so rolled and dimpled, flung out, while his guardian rocked, and waved her hand, and sung, and nodded her head to us, delighted that we noticed her infant charge. We inquired, in a whisper, if it was her grandchild. “No,” she replied, “but it was the darlin of her heart, its mother was washing below, and she kept the babby, and he ‘doated’ on her. She wished he would wake that we might see his eyes as black as sloes, and see how he’d crow

and love her; but she couldn't find it in her heart to wake him, the jewel of the world! She hoped she'd live to see him leave the poor-house, though it would '*still*' her heart entirely not to have him near her—the prince couldn't be handsomer nor better. God bless him—sure it was a sunbeam he was, day and night, the beauty!" There was something catching in the old woman's enthusiastic praise of her sleeping favourite, for all the old women joined in praising him, qualifying their praise with an observation which we do not remember to have heard anywhere but in Ireland, "that indeed he was the greatest beauty they ever saw—*of a poor man's child.*"

We could not help considering how this old woman and her tender infant would have been situated but for the building of this poor-house;—the woman, foodless—clotheless—extending her shivering hands towards the windows of the travelling coach, or to the passengers on Bianconi's car, for a single halfpenny, which, if she received, she was expected to divide; a poor wretched creature, with every ill beside the ills of age heaped upon her, crawling to an almost roofless lodging, where there was neither fire nor candle, but where crowds, as wretched as herself, prayed or blasphemed; the infant, dark, dirty, and ragged, clinging to its mother's back, and rendered ill-tempered and unhealthy from want of heat and food. In a little time, and the kind old creature will pass peacefully away, and soon the infant will have outgrown childhood, and having acquired education and industrious habits, become a use, instead of a nuisance, to the world.

The appearance of a remarkably fine white-headed old man at Lurgan attracted our attention. He must have been eminently handsome in his youth, but he was very old and childish. His only surviving son had begged with him on his back during the last three years, and he was blind. He died, and the father, who had been eyes to his blind son, was bequeathed to the kindness of the peasants, some of whom constructed a sort of handbarrow, and so carried him from house to house, or village, for "God sake;" but the old man had not sense enough left to beg; he would use every effort to induce a dog or a child to come and play with him. To him the workhouse was indeed a city of refuge; and within its walls he sat as a king, his face beaming with the meaningless joy of an infant, as he cast straws into the air, or blew a feather up, and laughed—oh, such a sad laugh—to see it come down again; then, when he cried (for it fell beyond his reach), another man, looking nearly as old, but in whom the lamp of reason was not extinguished, brought him his filmy play-

thing, muttering a prayer "that God would leave him his senses, anyhow."

⁴⁰ "The absence of all exciting influences, the regular hours, due supplies of food and clothing, and the warmth and ventilation which are found in a workhouse, in a superior degree to what can be obtained by the same classes out of it, have conduced to the preservation of the health, and we doubt not to the extension of the life, of its inmates."—*Eighth Report*.

⁵⁰ We found each and all of these feelings or motives strongly operating upon the beggars with whom we talked. And when they cease to produce their influence, there can be little doubt that they will be replaced by other and better, that will be equally strong, to prevent their entering the workhouse unless compelled by extreme necessity. A case in point we desire to record:—

"There it stands," exclaimed a remarkably fine-looking old man, who had been for some time surveying the building from a rising ground; his coat was fastened at the throat by a wooden skewer, while his shoeless feet seemed as hard as the stones upon which they trod;—"There it stands, as grim as an ould giant the minute he is born, swallowing the whole counthry: more than seven hundred desolate craythurs are gone down his throat; but as for me—I'll die as I have lived, a free man. I can't go through more hardships by keeping out of it, than I have gone through all my life. I saw my wife and two of the children die of the sickness by the side of the road—I can't go through *that* again. I saw my little girl, that married as fine a boy as any in the country, turned out of her cabin, and her bits of things *canted* to pay the rent of the shed she broke her heart under. Her and hers are in their graves—I can't go through *that* again. I have been tould by those who have the name of rich men, and by middle men, who wear brogues and sup sowans, and who *are* rich without the name,—by the great buddagh of a farmer, and by the fine lady, that looks at poverty through a goold spy-glass,—to go into the house, for they'd do nothing for me. And I've tould them I never would. I've tould them I'd rather share the fox's hole, and lie down to die with the air of heaven about me, as all my people did, than be put alive into the poor man's gaol, and looked at once a month by the quality like a show." This was just after the poor-house to which we refer was opened. We left him shaking the rags about his bulky but emaciated frame, in exultation over his liberty. Another year—and the first man we saw as we entered, was our old acquaintance. For the sake of the poetry of the anecdote, we would rather not have seen him there; but

he looked fatter, was comfortably clothed, and was sheltered from the weather. "The sickness drove me into it," he said, in reply to our inquiring look. "And glory be to God! why it's not a bad place for *ould* or *young* children."

⁵¹ Hard as it seems to us, who enjoy so many luxuries, to observe that the poor are deprived of "the bit of tobacco and the grain of tea" they prize so much, and which supply as great a consolation as lying in the sun to the Neapolitan *lazzaroni*, still the regulation keeps out many an able-bodied beggar. At Longford, upon inquiring of one of the very aged people how they liked being "in"—"Oh, God be praised! it's a fine place enough, if we could but get a bit of tobacco," was the reply. The master of the workhouse shook his head at this. "Really," he observed, "one might fancy the stones in the yard grew tobacco and snuff; how they get it, and it is contrary to rule that they should have it, I do not know; they are forbidden it; it is destroyed when found; the people are searched upon entering; the poor creatures themselves have never a farthing; and yet they manage to procure both." "Bedad," continued the woman, "if we do, I must say there's no thanks to you, for you do your best to keep it from us—the Lord forgive you! Sure, Father Mathew took the whiskey from us first and foremost, and we know that was for our good; and sure I'd do anything in reason to oblige the gentry, *and so I came here*; but it's unnatural to expect us to do without the only comfort of our *ould* hearts." It is no bad illustration of Irish quickness to observe the various signs these poor people make expressive of their desire to obtain these luxuries, behind the master's back. He reproved one woman whose gesture caught his eye, for begging. She laughed, and replied that "it was just to keep herself in practice, and that if he was twisting all day like a *teetotum* she'd have her turn at it still;" this was said without any intention of rudeness, but in jest. Another complained that "the lumpers" (potatoes) were wet. "I'm sure," he replied, "they are far better than you'd get outside." "To be sure they are," she answered, screwing her features into an expression of contempt, "to be sure they are; if they weren't, do ye think I'd be giving ye the pleasure of my company *here*?" "The pleasure's great, to be sure," said another; "but I'll say this, we've a roof to shelter us, and our share to eat *regular*, and clothes to wear, and, to my thinking, the first sign of justice to Ireland that ever I saw was just when the first stone of this house was laid." There was a good deal of this feeling about all

the old persons; they entered the poor-house reluctantly, but the shelter it afforded was sincerely and generally appreciated.

⁵² Mr. Nimmo, the eminent engineer, in his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, in 1819, stated that "The waste lands of Ireland, easily reclaimable and convertible to the production of grain, almost without limit, for exportation, comprise three millions and a half of Irish acres, or about a fourth part of the entire island, and would provide for an additional population of two millions. Upon the whole," he adds, "I am so perfectly convinced of the practicability of converting the bogs I have surveyed into arable land—and that at an expense that need hardly ever exceed the gross value of one year's crop produced from them—that I declare myself willing, for a reasonable consideration, to undertake the drainage of any given piece of considerable extent, and the formation of its roads, for one guinea per acre." The total expense of reclamation he estimates at £9, and the potato crop at £10. He also computes that two labourers and one horse can improve five acres of waste land in one year, and derive an adequate subsistence from the produce. A host of other authorities might be adduced; and although few of them are quite as sanguine, all agree in affirming that the cultivation of the waste lands of Ireland generally, would repay an ample profit to the reclaimer.

⁵³ Cong is on the borders of Galway county, and adjoins the wild district of "Joyce's Country." Tourists will, therefore, be more disposed to visit it during their stay at Maam—from which it is but a two hours' drive. To this route we shall have occasion to refer.

⁵⁴ We quote again from our authority. The monks of Cong were banished in consequence of the following circumstance:—The proprietor of the place, who was named Richard Bourke, and his wife, being invited to dine at the Monastery one day, the lady, on seeing that the ingenious friars had their nets and fishing-rods so contrived, that through a chink in the wall, the end of the rod and line passed from the river outside, to the table at which they dined, and that on the end of the rod was placed a small bell which rung whenever the bait was taken or the net was struck by the fish in the river, became so covetous of the place, and the other beauties and useful contrivances belonging to it, that she vowed she would be possessed of it, and never ceased till she got her husband to yield to her entreaties, and banish the whole confraternity. They were, it is said, about 700

in number when banished; and walking two by two, the first of them had arrived at the spot where Strandhill-gate (about a mile) now stands, when the last had just quitted the Monastery, so that a book forgotten by one of the first was handed to him without his being obliged to walk back for it. It is said that at this place they all turned to the right (the spot is since called "*Iompo Deshile*,"—or Turn-to-the-Right) and cursed Cong. The family by whom they were banished were the first and the last upon whom they poured their bitter invectives and imprecated curses. It is said that, in consequence of these imprecations, none of the descendants of Richard Bourke, the object of the friars' vengeance, has been blessed with a second son. Pat Bourke, son of Barbara Bourke, the celebrated conductor of visitors to the Pigeon Hole, is said to be a lineal descendant of this Richard Bourke. It is added, in legend, that any considerable sum of money acquired in Cong since that period, must waste away before it can be carried out of it; and so with any bringing much money into it—it may be enjoyed there, but cannot be conveyed elsewhere.

⁵⁵ The tracery on the front is divided into a great number of small panels, which, in every instance, is composed of a pattern consisting of one or more animals, representing dogs tearing themselves or each other. It bears the same character as the illuminated letters on the old Irish MSS., which are generally of the same device. It is frequently found also in cornices and tops of pillars in ancient buildings, clearly proving that the device is Irish; and as the artist's name on the cross is Irish, there can be no reasonable doubt that the work is the production of a native artisan, although, from its extreme beauty, many consider it to be Italian. The inscriptions are on a flat silver band, which passes outside all round the cross, and confines the side of the wood which composes the substance of the cross; the armature which covers the front and back of the wood is brass or bronze, very well gilt, and highly worked, with silver bands inserted, which divide the panels composed of the canine pattern. The letters of the inscriptions, which are "extremely clear," are not cut, but punched, which may be proved by examining the wood under the silver band, for they are exactly the same under it; which could not be the case unless they were produced in this way. The fact is curious, as it proves that the Irish artist was acquainted with and applied so much of the art of printing by single types, one for each letter, as answered his purpose: had his necessities required him to have made many inscriptions in a

small space of time, no doubt his inventive faculty would have led him to have made a number of types, and have arranged them in the mode now adopted by printers.

⁵⁶ The difference is quite perceptible; that in the arms and shaft looks quite new, compared with the thin flat piece in the centre with the cross on it, which has every character of great antiquity about it, its colour and extreme brittleness.

⁵⁷ The Rev. Dr. Wiseman saw the cross when in Dublin: he thinks the old wood is not the relic, but that it was a small morsel, which was originally exhibited under the quartz lens, which allowed it to be seen *very much magnified*, so that ignorant people would imagine it to be much larger than it really was.

⁵⁸ This has been since found to be a mistake; the gold is a wash very well put on—indeed nothing can be better. How it was done would puzzle a modern artist; altogether the gold on the cross is not worth ten shillings, yet it is made to go very far, and may have been intended more for use than ornament,—to prevent the brass becoming foul from the dampness of the climate.

⁵⁹ This animal is the dog, it bites the foot of the cross; and on the front of the hook of the crosier of Glendalough, which belonged to the late Major Sirr, we find the dog trampled under foot by a figure representing a bishop, who strikes the spike on the foot of his staff into the mouth of the dog, who appears to bite it. The dog was considered an unclean animal, and is always represented as a female, and may possibly have been considered as the type or emblem of “the flesh,”—which was to be crucified by the daily penance, fast, and offices, which the religious of those days imposed on themselves. There is some reason to believe that the dog held the place in the emblems of the early ascetics in Ireland, which the serpent, not found in that country, was considered the type of in those countries in which it was found—the flesh, or the lusts of the flesh, which the early ascetics considered it essential to subdue.

⁶⁰ It would appear that the solder was not confined to the joints of those riveted bells, for two of them in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy have it diffused over their external surface, where it is now forming irregular masses, evidently proving that the bell, when riveted, was dipped in the liquid brass, which covered its surface, and thus increasing its thickness, improved its tone. The brass on the outside looks like half-melted pitch, which we may notice on the plank of a ship after exposure to the sun. Should the brass have been used for the purpose of improving the tone by increasing the thickness of the metal, it is quite mani-

fest we should not call it solder. In some old trumpets and other instruments in the same Museum, we find examples of brass or bronze cast on to the same metal, and thus defects are remedied or additions made to castings; one is peculiarly interesting—a trumpet. Its tone was perhaps too high when first cast, and a piece about five inches long was afterwards added to it by this process. We find handles put to swords, with the rivets complete, also in this way, which we may imagine to have been one branch of the ancient art of foundry in bronze.

⁶¹ The non-existence of serpents and toads in Ireland, has been the subject of much inquiry and curious speculation; but the bare fact is left as unexplained in the nineteenth century as it has ever been. The popular belief is, that they were expelled the country by the order of St. Patrick; but the “historian” Keating, although he maintains that “Ireland had serpents before the coming of the patron saint,” is “of opinion that they were not venomous;” and “inclines to think” that, by the serpents spoken of in the life of the holy man, “were meant infernal demons;” and he proceeds to describe the circumstances which led to the absence of these reptiles from Ierne. Niul, the son of Fenius, king of Capaciront, who had married Scota, daughter of the king of Egypt, had by her a son named Gaoidhal. Moses, escaping from Pharaoh, encamped with his followers near Niul’s residence, which led to a mutual friendship and alliance between them. “It happened that, upon the same night, a serpent bit Gæyal, Niul’s son, whilst he was swimming, by which his life was endangered; *others assert that the animal came out of the wilderness and bit him in bed.* Niul’s people advised him to bring the youth to Moses; he complied, and Moses prayed to God, and laid the rod that was in his hand upon the wound, and it was immediately healed. Moses then foretold, that wheresoever any of the posterity of this youth should inhabit, no venomous creature would have any power.” Thus the Irish, being his descendants, were freed from the pest; or rather, according to the “historian,” from all peril arising from it. But he does not explain how it has happened that the innocuous reptile quitted Ireland altogether; a fact accounted for, by an equally authentic document—the modern song, which places St. Patrick upon the hill of Howth:—

“’Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
He drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.”

Whether the earth or the air—or what is by no means improbable, the exceeding moisture of the climate—forbids the existence of serpents and toads in Ireland, is matter of speculation. The former have, however, been certainly introduced into the country “on speculation,” and have perished; the latter, we understand, have “increased and multiplied” in a district of the south. Frogs, we know, were equally strangers to the Irish about eighty years ago: previously, there was no frog in the island; they are now as common as they are in England. Naturalists account for the fact in a very easy way; “serpents were not given to Ireland at the general distribution.” Thus, at least, it was explained to us by a distinguished naturalist in Dublin; who, upon the same principle, accounted for the absence of many animals not known in Ireland, and the presence of others unknown elsewhere. There are no moles in the country. Standing upon the quay at Larne, a story was told to us, which at the moment startled us much; subsequent inquiries, however, convinced us there was “nothing in it.” Some vessels were conveying earth to the opposite shore in Scotland as ballast. We asked the motive of so odd a cargo. “It is strange,” said our informant, “that wherever this earth is laid no mole will live;” and he proceeded to relate that a few years ago some Irish earth, that had been thrown upon the shore, was used to cover a bowling-green which required frequent repairs in consequence of its being infested with moles. To the astonishment of the owner, from that time it continued as “smooth as a bowling-green”—ought to be. The improvement was attributed to the use of the Irish earth.

⁶² Mr. Whittacar, in his “History of Manchester,” mentions, that bells were applied by the Christians of Italy to denote the hours of devotion, and summon the people to church. The first application of them to this purpose is by Polydore Vergil ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. In Britain, bells were applied to church purposes before the conclusion of the seventh century. In the monastic societies of Northumbria, and in those of Caledonia, as early as the sixth, and by the Greek Christians not until the ninth century. In France they were composed of iron, but in England, as formerly in Rome, they frequently consisted of brass. In the ancient monasteries we find six kinds of bells enumerated by Durandus, viz.: *Squilla*, rung in the refectory; *Cymbalum*, in the cloisters; *Nola*, in the choir; *Nolecta*, in the clock, &c. The use of bells is of very ancient origin. The Greeks, Romans, and Christians applied them to various purposes, and on various occasions. By

the heathens they were sometimes attached to the necks of men, beasts, birds, &c. Matthew Paris observes, that in ancient times the bell was prohibited in time of mourning, though at present it constitutes one of the principal ceremonies on the burial of the dead. Mabillon asserts that it was a frequent custom to ring a bell to advertise the people to pray for those about to expire: whence our "passing bell." The passing bell was anciently used for two purposes—one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other, to drive away the evil spirit who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize its prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage. In the Roman Catholic Church, bells were baptized and anointed, *oleo chrismatis*. They were also exorcised and blessed by the bishop, from a belief that, where these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical. In "Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy" we find some mention of Irish bells. "Consecrated bells were formerly held in great reverence in Ireland, particularly before the tenth century. Cambrensis, in his Welsh Itinerary, says, 'Both the laity and clergy in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, held in such great veneration portable bells, and staves crooked at the top, and covered with gold, silver, and brass, and similar relics of the saints, that they were much more afraid of swearing falsely by them than by the gospels, because, from some hidden and miraculous power with which they were gifted, and the vengeance of the saint to whom they were particularly pleasing, their despisers and transgressors are severely punished.' Miraculous portable bells were very common. Giraldus speaks of the *Campana fugitiva* of O'Toole, chieftain of Wicklow; and Colgan relates, that whenever St. Patrick's portable bell tolled, as a preservative against evil spirits and magicians, it was heard from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from the Hill of Howth to the Western shores of Connemara."

Bells of similar size and form to that we have described are not uncommon. In the "Dublin Penny Journal" two are pictured: one was found, with several Celtic weapons, in the county of Monaghan; the other, which is of very rude workmanship, much corroded by time, and composed of a mixed metal, hammered and riveted together, was dug up at Loughmore, county of Limerick, near the celebrated abbey of Mungret, "said to have been erected in the fourth century, before the arrival of St. Patrick in Munster."

We heard of one that was discovered in a very singular manner by a gentleman who related to us the occurrence. The peasantry, in the neighbourhood of an ancient abbey—we forget the name—had attached superstitious notions to the ruin, in consequence, as they alleged, of the singular noises that proceeded from it. In particular, they spoke of the tolling of a bell that always preceded some calamity in the neighbourhood. Statements to this effect were so numerous, and rested upon such good authority, that the party in question was induced to inquire further; and one evening, when the wind was unusually high, he distinctly, and to his utter astonishment, heard the solemn tolling of a bell. When his first sensations of surprise, and indeed of dismay, had subsided, he endeavoured to ascertain the quarter from whence the sound proceeded; and at length found the bell embedded in ivy.

⁶³ Mr. Ball, the naturalist, of Dublin, tells a curious story in reference to these miraculous trout. "When visiting the Pigeon-hole, a curious cavern in the county of Mayo, through which runs a subterranean river, I was shown what my guides called a holy trout. Desirous of testing the superstitions of the country people then present, and, at the same time, awakening the echoes of the cavern, I proposed firing a pistol at the trout. On presenting it they turned away their heads, and at the moment I was about to pull the trigger, a small cloud obscured the sun, and I lost sight of the fish; nothing daunted, I fired, and the sun shone forth at once again and displayed the trout unscathed. I have no doubt the accidental occurrence of this momentary obscuration has tended to confirm the country people in their belief." Mr. Otway says, "The stream which runs through the cavern seemed alive with the trout." The legend, however, is, that it has never been inhabited by more than two; and two only we could see. The same story is told here as we have heard elsewhere: How an unbelieving soldier took away with him one of them, and placed it upon a gridiron to broil; upon which the trout instantly vanished, and was found next day swimming about by the side of his companion, in the old place, as merrily as if he had never been tried by the ordeal of fire. At the holy well at the foot of Croagh Patrick, near Westfort, a brace of trout are exhibited, upon one of which a like experiment was made—and in this case there can be no doubt; for the guardian of the well showed us upon the side of the trout the marks left by the hot bars of the gridiron.

⁶⁴ It was the first visit of Mr. Fairholt (the artist by whom we were accompanied) to Ireland, and he had received some warn-

ings from his friends as to the peril of entering the wild region of the West; with some earnest misgivings as to his probable fate, especially so soon after there had been a sort of insurrection at Ennis, where a party of starving men and women had robbed a flour-mill of a certain quantity of oatmeal; paying the penalty of four or five lives and a score or two of gun-shot wounds, which made some of them cripples for the remainder of their days; and probably has helped to people the workhouse. The event was much discussed in the English papers; and, like most of the Irish "outrages," was so magnified by distance, that many persons looked for an early discovery of bogs full of pike-heads. Shortly after this circumstance we travelled from Tuam to Castlebar, between the hours of eight and twelve at night, upon an outside jaunting car, armed with a brace of umbrellas, as safe from injury or insult as if "John of Tuam" himself had occupied the driver's seat. To those who know Ireland, it is unnecessary to lay any stress upon this fact; it is needless to comment upon the perfect security in which a traveller may journey from one end of the island to the other—with greater security, beyond all question, than he can travel in any other country in the world. At the commencement of our work we made some reference to this topic; observing that in our various journeys we had not only been exposed to no interruption, but that we had never lost a single shilling or shilling's worth, at any of the inns in which we had been domiciled. We have now, after two other tours through the wildest districts of Ireland, precisely the same story to tell. Yet in England there are many who are either in ignorance of this, or wilfully close their senses against conviction; and it is still not uncommon to consider Ireland, notwithstanding its innumerable sources of pleasure, an *unsafe* country to travel over in search of health, instruction, or enjoyment.

Upon this subject we presume to extract a passage from the letter, to which we have elsewhere referred, as addressed by us to a Dublin newspaper, during our tour in Connaught, at a period when want was to be found literally in almost every cabin:—

"There is one other point connected with this matter, upon which I feel bound to comment—the wonderful tranquillity and integrity of the peasantry while suffering actual hunger, and almost on the verge of perishing of want. I have travelled nearly four hundred miles within the last three weeks, not alone upon highways, but into unfrequented districts, and I have not heard

a single instance of outrage or robbery perpetrated anywhere. I journeyed at all times of the day and night, upon the ordinary car, in the midst of people who were without food, and never met the slightest interruption or annoyance, except from the entreaties of hungry men, women, and children, whom I was unable to relieve. I have seen cattle feeding in the valleys and on the hills adjacent; and believe that scarcely an instance has occurred of persons who were starving having taken that which did not belong to them. In one or two towns, indeed—as we know from sad records—some attempts were made to obtain food by force; but, considering the present state of things, it is absolutely wonderful that cases of the kind have been so limited; their having been exclusively confined to places—Ennis and Galway—where a few unprincipled men will be always found; but even there, I have reason to know, the outrages of a brief hour are by no means to be charged upon the suffering poor.”

⁶⁵ Mayo County has been long celebrated in the annals of duelling; although not more so than its neighbour, Galway. “The sod” in both counties is still shown, a mile or two outside the towns of Castlebar and Galway, where many a “thoughtless hero” has been laid low—the bullet being not unfrequently fired by an old friend and companion, who would almost as soon have shot himself. Happily, the reign of the Fire-eaters terminated long ago; a duel now-a-days in Ireland is a rare event. Even the “Mayo Cock” and the “Galway Cock”—rivals and friends for centuries—incline more to settle their disputes in the Courts than at twelve paces. We heard a vast number of anecdotes in illustration of the old practice: some of them were deeply serious, others exquisitely comic. The records of the two places referred to would alone fill a volume. We could, however, do little good by preserving them: the dismal page had better not be re-opened. We, therefore, abstain from printing the many anecdotes that were related to us—the majority by persons who witnessed what they described. The characters who figured in them are nearly all gone to their long account; and we should inevitably wound the feelings of their descendants, by detailing instances of a savage custom carried to a brutal extent. Besides, the English public are not sufficiently aware of the changes that have been wrought by Time in the habits of the Irish gentleman, to discriminate with sufficient accuracy between what *has been* and what *is*. Pictures that refer only to a passed generation, and excite general disgust—by portraying the Irish of the upper grades

as drunkards, duellists, and rascals utterly without principle—are sometimes confounded—in this country—with portraits of living men and scenes of present occurrence. It is not at all times easy to distinguish between yesterday and to-day. Only evil can arise to Ireland by thus recruiting a prejudice that has been rapidly giving way before actual experience. Until within the last thirty years, there was scarcely a gentleman of either Galway or Mayo who had not “been out;” and in some of the “established families,” pistols are still kept as heirlooms, to which many tragic stories are attached. At one time a club existed in Galway, to which no person was admissible who had not shot his man. Some of the pistols are notched, or nicked, in several places, to denote the number of persons who had been shot by them. Hence, it is said, the term once familiar enough in “the West”—“he’s nicked,” when a man was down. We met, not long ago, a very courtly and amiable gentleman who had acted as a “friend” in no fewer than twenty duels, and had been lucky enough to lose no more than two principals. Upon asking him how he came to be so often selected for this responsible duty, he accounted for the fact thus:—About forty years ago, a young English officer called upon him to be his second; he was brought off harmless after a shot or two, and was so delighted at his escape, that he presented his pistols to his “friend.” The pistols were of a superior make, and remarkably “true;” the consequence was, that whenever afterwards “business” was to be done in the neighbourhood, these weapons were to be borrowed. “And so,” added our acquaintance, “of course I was obliged to go, to—to look after my pistols.” Castlebar was the scene of the terrible exploits of George Robert Fitzgerald—known by his cognomen of “Fighting Fitzgerald”—whose frightful history seems akin to romance. It has been told—and, we believe only from authentic documents—with great ability, by Mr. Archdeacon, an amiable and highly-respectable schoolmaster resident in that town. Fitzgerald—although the descendant of the great Desmonds, and closely connected with many noble Irish families—was hanged at Castlebar in 1786.

⁶⁶ The character of the British was redeemed from utter disgrace only by the gallant conduct of the Fraser Fencibles. They were the last to quit the town. A small party of them retired to the churchyard, which commanded the main street, where they made a stand until they fell beneath the pikes of the insurgents. A slab, to record their courage and their fate, was erected in the church by their Colonel. It contains this inscription:—

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

JAMES BEATY,
 ANGUS M'DONALD,
 GEORGE MUNRO,
 DONALD URQUHART,
 WILLIAM ROSS,
 AND
 DUGALD CAMERON,

PRIVATES OF THE FRASER HIGHLANDERS, WHO WERE KILLED IN THE
 ACTION AT CASTLEBAR WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS, ON THE
 27TH AUGUST, 1798, AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR GAL-
 LANT CONDUCT AND HONOURABLE DEATH,

BY

COLONEL SIMON FRASER,

OF LOVAT,

WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY.

The church has been rebuilt; and, to the disgrace of the corporation of Castlebar—the old corporation we must, in justice, observe—the slab was removed, and inserted in the old wall that surrounds the new structure. This act is utterly inexcusable; it is unworthy, ungrateful, and disloyal; and, we have reason to know, is considered to be scandalous by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town, who may be looked upon as sufferers by the bravery they are generous enough to respect.

⁶⁷ About ten years ago, it startled the inhabitants of Castlebar to see a Colonel O'Malley, of the French service, suing for a property in the courts of that town, in which he had not set foot since he had figured as a captain of insurgents at the famous battle. He had fought also at Ballinamuck. He was unsuccessful in his suit—having, as we understand, been debarred by the statute of Limitations; but he was treated with marked courtesy by court, jury, and counsel; and no single word was uttered having reference to his connection with “the time of the troubles.”—The anecdote reminded us of another we heard in Dublin:—A young gentleman was sitting in his room in college. A slight tap at the door was answered by a call to come in. A stranger advanced; he was muffled up; he courteously asked permission to sit a few minutes in that chamber; it was readily granted. He remained for nearly an hour, without speaking a word, covering his face with his cloak, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

At length he rose to depart; and then he spoke. "Sir," said he, "I pray your pardon for this intrusion. Thirty years ago, my last evening in Ireland was spent in this room. I have since been a wanderer over the face of the earth. The room was then full of joyous and hoping spirits; I am the only one of them all who escaped with life. The rest fell in battle, or died upon the scaffold. To sit once more in this room is my only business in my country; I am forgotten, and have been long thought to be dead; no one knows me; no one shall ever again know me." He departed as mysteriously as he had entered; and although the gentleman who had been his host for so short a time, and in so singular a manner, made every inquiry with a view to ascertain who he was, he is to this moment unable even to guess at his name.

⁶⁸ Beneath this bridge may be frequently observed the curious appearance of the stream flowing in opposite directions during the same day, owing to any overflow of the smaller lake (Cullen), which has no other outlet for its superabounding waters than by sending them back again to its superior through this narrow channel. The Pontoon road was planned and executed by Mr. Ball, the distinguished engineer, and was a work of immense labour, costing much time and money. For nearly half a mile there is barely room for the road—and narrow enough it is—between the rocky bases of the mountains and the water. The bridge was a very bold undertaking; as the narrow channel connecting the lakes was, of course, at times swept by a tremendous current.

⁶⁹ A small island close to the Pontoon is celebrated as the residence of one of the last wholesale robber captains in Ireland—his name was Gallaher, and his band was numerous and determined. Bold, indeed, and utterly fearless were their acts. Robberies were committed on the public road and in open daylight; residences were plundered almost nightly, and no place was considered safe unless strongly guarded. On one occasion, Gallaher, having been "set," escaped from the area window of a house, as a party of military, with a magistrate, entered the front door. The daring captain, on reaching the ground, crept round to where the magistrate's horse was fastened, and, loosing him, rode off at full speed, and the next day returned the animal, with his thanks, to the magistrate for the use of so good a beast at such a pinch. Gallaher figured in 1817 and 1818. He died fearfully. He and his "secretary" (Walsh) having shaken hands and kissed on the gallows, were flung off together. Walsh died at once, but

Gallaher's rope broke, and he was precipitated to the ground; "he got a glass of wine, and was again shoved out on the trap-board by the executioner, seated like a tailor, his legs having been broken by the fall."

⁷⁰ North of the district we are describing, are the baronies of Erris and Tyrawley; savage districts, but full of interest and character, which alone have supplied materials for a valuable book—one of the legacies of the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, (published by Curry & Co., Dublin). It is full of rare "sketches" of a singular people, and their as singular customs. Into this wild region civilization has scarcely yet entered; even now the roads are few, and impassable for ordinary carriages; and probably there are hundreds of the inhabitants, at this moment, who do not even know that a queen reigns over Great Britain. Achill, and its vicinity, are primitive places; but, according to Mr. Otway's account, they are refined in comparison with Erris and Tyrawley.

⁷¹ Generally, indeed, along the western coast, the sportsman will encounter few obstacles; and, as we shall have occasion to show, in no part of Ireland will his sport be more abundant. The grouse are thick upon the mountains, and the rivers and lakes are full of fish. Of trout no account is taken; but it is usual to stipulate with the angler that he shall carry away one salmon, sending to the owner the other produce of his skill; and a very just arrangement this is; for the "fair" angler is never covetous of fish; one who is otherwise, is no better than a poacher. In some rivers, however, a tax is levied which must inevitably keep away visitors who desire to combine the enjoyment of field sports with an examination of the country, its scenery, and people. At Burrishoole Lake, close to Newport, a comfortable farmer of the better class—a Mr. Nixon—is ready, not only with his sanction to fish, but with his suggestions to the angler; and from this lake it is common enough to take half-a-dozen salmon, and a score or two of large trout in a day. Indeed, all the lakes and rivers in this vicinity abound in fish. We believe we have already hinted to the angler the impolicy of taking with him a huge box of flies; they will be, in nine cases out of ten, perfectly useless; the materials for their manufacture, however, should be ever at hand, and he will seldom be without the aid of some "competent" counsellor in the neighbourhood, who will teach him how properly to adapt his means and appliances. At Newport this famous auxiliary is a tailor, easily found out. At Clifden, close to the famous salmon fishery of Ballynahinch,

a man of the name of John Macdonnell, will be found a capital companion to the angler. He knows every lake and river for many miles around; and the angler who has the benefit of his aid may make sure of sport. His fee for attendance is half-a-crown a day, and he charges for his flies, tied upon "raal Limericks,"—for trout flies, 5s. a dozen for white trout; 3s. a dozen for brown trout; and for salmon flies, 1s. each. The salmon fisher, however, knows full well that he must not trust to chances for his rod and "gut;" the Irish lakes and rivers are familiar with the rods manufactured by MR. EDMONSTON OF LIVERPOOL, whose fame is firmly established throughout Connamara, and who is indeed known for the value and excellence of his tackle in every part of the kingdom. He knows, too, the precise character of the "stock" that will be required—according to the district in which the angler designs to pursue his craft; his advice may save many pounds, as well as secure many fish, that would otherwise be lost. As Liverpool is now the high-road to Ireland, this hint may be useful to many.

The Gillaroo trout is common to many of the lakes of Mayo and Galway; but it is seldom caught. We have met with few to whom it was familiar. Its peculiarity is the possession of a gizzard, and it is thought to exist only in Ireland. It frequently grows to the size of seven or eight pounds weight. Naturalists are divided in opinion as to whether its singularity is natural or the result of some disease. Sir Humphrey Davy (*Salmonia*) thinks it is a distinct species, *now at least*, inasmuch as he caught several not larger than his finger which "had as perfect a stomach as the larger ones." He considers it "a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the Gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way." In appearance it differs very little from the common trout, "except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large thick muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three or four kinds; "and though in those I caught," adds Sir Humphrey Davy, "the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily at the fly." He contends that if they were originally the common trout "that had gained the habit of feeding on shell-fish," they have been altered in a succession of generations. Mr. Ball, a distinguished Irish naturalist, and Hon. Sec. to the Zoölogical

Society of Dublin, informs us that "the Gillaroo trout, so remarkable for its gizzard-like stomach, is usually considered only a variety of the species. How it occurs I have not at all satisfied myself. Whether it be the result of food, whether it be permanent or temporary, or a form of disease, is not, I think, clearly established, and is worth further investigation."

⁷² These primitive vessels are of an antiquity the most profound. They are unquestionably the next advance in navigation from the raft and canoe. In that nubilous period of Irish history antecedent to the days of Cimbaoth, we are told that the Firbolgs, the third colony who possessed Ireland, were so called, because "*do gnitis baris do bolgaib*," they made boats of the hides of beasts. These vessels were sewed together with coarse woollen rope-yarn—a rope of a harsher substance would tear the hide; this is not only soft, but swells in the water, and fills the hole made to receive it. Eochy Fuarcheas, who flourished about six hundred years B.C., seeking to wrest the throne of Ireland from the Ard Righ, Sior lamh, used, during the war of succession which he waged, a great number of *Corrochs*, or *Corrochans*, i. e. cock-boats made of wattles or wicker-work, covered with hides, by which he was enabled to effect landings in tempestuous weather. From this circumstance he obtained his name: *Fuar*, signifying cold, and *ceas*, a skiff, as being used only in bad weather. "And indeed it is astonishing," says the Irish historian, "in what bad weather the people will at this day run out to sea in such craft."

Solinus informs us, "that the sea between Britain and Ireland is rough and tempestuous, yet they pass it in wicker boats, encompassed with a swelling covering of ox-hides."

The Irish used them continually in those invasions of Britain which preceded the departure of the Romans, according to Gildas (*De Excid. Britan.*) "The rude droves of Scots and Picts throng hastily out of their *Corrochs* (*Currachis*), in which they were conveyed across the Scythic Channel."

Adamnan (*Vita Columbæ*, l. 2) relates that St. Cormac, in his third voyage, "used a *Corroch* with a covering of skins." And Probus (*Vita Patr.*, l. 2) tells us, that when Mac Cuil, Bishop of Man, was at sea, "*in nave pelliceâ*," in a boat made of skins, he was cast upon the Isle of Man, &c.

We shall find the origin of these rude vessels in the cradle of mankind—the East; and find their use prevalent over all the ancient world. Herodotus tells us (in *Clio*), that the vessels that descend the river to Babylon are round, and in a great measure composed of skins; for which they have cut the ribs out of

willows growing in the hills of Armenia. They cover these with hides, extended on the outside, to serve for a bottom, making no distinction of stem or stern.

Isidore describes (Orig., l. i.) the Carabus as “*parva scapha ex vimine facta, quæ contacta rudo corio, genus navigii præstat*”—a little boat made of osier, and covered with a raw hide, &c.

The Sueco Goths distinguish these vessels by *Sin-bundin*, “*nervis constricta scapha et Skus-bondh*,” that is, hide-sewed. Lucan liv. v. 130, shows their general use:—

Utque habuit ripas sicoris camposque reliquit,
Primum cana salix modefacto vimine parvam,
Texitur in puppim, Cæsoque inducta juvenco,
Vectoris patiens tumidum superenatat amnem.
Sic Venetis stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannis
Navigat Oceano; sic cum tenet omnia Nilus,
Conseritur bibula Memphitis cymba papyro.

Arrian tells us these vessels were used on the sea-coast of Oman. And Strabo, l. xvi., from Artemidorus, mentions its use on the Red Sea by the Sabæi, and that they crossed into Ethiopia “*in navigiis ex corio confectis*.” The same, he tells us, were used in Spain. Cæsar (De Bello Civili, l. i. 48) used them in that country in passing over one of its rivers.

Their present use is not confined to the western coasts of Ireland—they may be still found in Wales. A sketch of one of them—differing somewhat from the Irish Corach—was made by the late R. A. Milliken, in 1807, during a tour in that principality. The vessel he describes as made of basket-work and hoops, and being six feet long and three and a half broad; a strap is attached to the seat, by which it is carried home after being taken out of the water.

⁷³ “The Church Education Society” was established in 1839, and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. Its leading object appears to have been to render the several diocesan schools (which, as we have elsewhere shown, had been scandalously neglected, and their funds perverted) really effective for the purposes for which they were originally designed; and the “First Report” affirmed, that “every Diocesan Association previously in existence had united itself with the Society.” Its progress has been very rapid. We have annexed a short tabular statement, extracted from the Society’s Tenth Report, which will convey to the reader some proof of the increasing importance of its operations.

Year.	No. of Schools.	Children on Roll.	Protestant Dis-senters.	Roman Catholics.
1889	825	43627	Not ascertained.	10868
1840	1015	59067	Do.	21430
1841	1219	69643	Do.	20451
1842	1372	86102	8365	29612
1843	1729	102528	13899	33115
1844	1812 ¹	104968	13668	32834
1845	1811	100755	12691	30057
1846	1899	96815	12832	29691
1847	1859	116908	14697	44638
1848	1861	120202	15713	46367
1849	1870	111952	15562	37857

The Society labours to carry out its objects—first, by the formation of model schools in connection with the several diocesan societies of Ireland; and next, to improve the qualifications of the teachers by a suitable training; which purpose has, of late years, been effected by their initiation into the art of teaching in the model schools of the Kildare Street Society. In addition to obtaining a knowledge of the usual routine of scholastic acquirements, the male teachers have now the privilege of attending lectures upon the theory and practice of agriculture, specially designed to qualify them to advise and instruct the rural population amongst which they labour, and both sexes are taught the elements of vocal music. Upwards of sixty qualified teachers left these schools under the auspices of the Society, in the year 1849.

The leading principle upon which the Society is conducted, is best conveyed by a resolution adopted at one of its early meetings:—"That this Society feels bound to record its firm conviction, that any system of education which does not recognize the Scriptural instruction of every pupil as essential to a sound Christian education, is defective in principle, unsuited to the real wants of Ireland, and injurious to her best interests."

Though people may differ upon this subject, there can be no second opinion as to the wisdom, policy, and justice of the resolution that follows; it is taken from the same Report:—"That the importance of the objects for which the Church Education Society was formed, and the soundness of the principles on which it is constituted, concur in laying the members of the Church under the strongest obligations to support it, by their personal influence and pecuniary contributions."

"The foundation of the system of the Society is, instruction in the Holy Scriptures, which it provides shall be taught daily

to all children capable of reading them; and, to insure that this instruction shall be faithfully imparted, it requires that no version shall be used but the authorized version; no teachers shall be appointed but members of the Church of England; and no interference allowed with the direction and control of the parochial clergyman. To him is also left the arrangement of the time and manner in which particular instruction in the formularies of the Church shall be given. It was thought that no general rule could be made in this matter that would suit all cases, and that it was, therefore, preferable to leave the details to the local superintendent.

“While the most complete system of education is thus established, with especial reference to the wants of the children of the Church, the Society is desirous of extending its benefits to the children of other denominations. The primary object being to secure suitable instruction for the former, no modification can be allowed that would interfere with having it fully provided for them. But, this being attained, the Society is anxious that the latter should share, as much as possible, in the same advantages. It therefore invites all children to its schools; and imposes no other condition, as to their religious education, upon the children of Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and other dissenting parents, than requiring them to learn the Scriptures in the manner and under the regulations that have been mentioned, without the catechism or the formularies of the Church.”

That this Society may be made a mighty instrument for the good of Ireland is certain; it is proceeding quietly, judiciously, and *generously*, to its work; and is striving to avoid arousing the hostility of those to whom it may be considered in a degree opposed. If proselytism is to arise, it must arise gradually, and from conviction. Knowledge has been taught by experience; and the friends of social order have learned that “conversion” is not synonymous with improvement; at least they have reversed the order in which they should be induced, producing improvement first, and conversion, if it will come, after.

⁷⁴ “Here, tradition states, the skull of Grace O’Malley was formerly preserved, and valued as a precious relic. One night, however—so the legend goes—the bones of the famous sea-queen were stolen from their resting-place, and conveyed, with those of thousands of her descendants, into Scotland, to be ground into manure. The theft was of course perpetrated in secret and in the night-time; if the crew had been seized by the peasantry with their singular cargo, not a man of them would have lived to tell

the tale; for the Irish regard with peculiar horror any desecration of the graveyard. It is said, however, and believed by many, that by some miraculous interposition, the skull of the brave lady was conveyed back to its nook in the Abbey-wall. The honour of having contained it is claimed also by Clare Island—where the stoutest of her castles stood, and where its ruins still exist. In neither place is any such relic to be now met with. At Burishoole, there was pointed out to us a recess, in which the collected bones are believed to be those of the monks. The skulls contained here are regarded with especial veneration; and, even now, it is by no means uncommon for the peasantry to borrow one of them, when a member of the family is sick, and to boil milk in it, which is given to the sufferer as an infallible cure; the skull, when the object has been answered, is carefully restored to the heap. We examined several that had external marks of fire; and all our doubts upon the subject were removed, for a woman actually came while we were speculating concerning the matter, took a fragment of one away in her apron, and in reply to our questions, did not hesitate to assure us of her conviction that the draught so prepared would cure 'her poor babby.'"

⁷⁵ Carrig-a-Hooly, as at present existing, consists of a square keep of solid masonry, the surface being scarcely broken by a few windows of exceedingly small and narrow dimensions. At one corner the ruins of a projecting barbican may be traced—the whole character of the building being that of savage strength. It stands upon the rock, and appears to have been protected by a strong surrounding wall, a small circular tower adjoining it being built in the remains of this wall. We were told by the peasantry that the castle is supposed to contain a hoard of wealth beneath its vaults, which is scrupulously guarded from sunset to sunrise by a mounted horseman, who perambulates the verge of the buildings, and effectually keeps off all intruders. As will be supposed, the whole of this wild coast was, for a long time, famous for smuggling. One person, according to our informant, realised about £3,000 a year by the "trade"; it was owing to a feud between him and a very extraordinary smuggler, named Owen Kelly, that the system was in a great degree annihilated in this district. Kelly was the most remarkable man, perhaps, of his class in Ireland and performed the most daring feats as a smuggler; sometimes effecting a landing in the teeth of the coast-guard, and in broad daylight, by his superior seamanship. Once he managed to bring a vessel, not deemed seaworthy, into harbour, from Flushing round by the Orkneys. He figured after-

wards in the Spanish service; in which he was a regular dare-devil, performing feats of bravery and ferocity unrivalled even in that extraordinary brigade, the British Legion. Previously to going to Spain, he had managed to get rid of a considerable sum of money amassed in smuggling; had challenged a magistrate of the county; been seized with a valuable cargo on the coast of Galway, and led the authorities such a life while confined in the gaol there, that the governor told us nothing so much delighted him as getting rid of Kelly. It was his quarrel with the person referred to that upset smuggling on the coast; as if Kelly was even fortunate enough to effect a landing afterwards, the peasantry on the Achill and Clew Bay line of coast (many of them tenants of the other man) would seize the bales of tobacco and bear them off without ceremony to their own residences, or conceal them in the fastnesses of the adjoining mountains.

To this anecdote we may add another. A Lieutenant Knox, stationed in Newport, some twenty years ago, was called on by a gauger at midnight to proceed with a large detachment in order to capture the contents of a smuggling vessel just landed, and which the gauger had learned was then in the act of being conveyed inland on cars. The detachment proceeded some miles; it was a dreary and drizzly morning, and the officer, a dashing good-natured fellow, completely sick of his employment, spoke strongly to the gauger, and declared he would not harass his men. While he was talking, the sound of cars was heard dimly in the distance, and their forms could be indistinctly seen when the gauger, after much remonstrance and entreaty, prevailed on him to continue the march: the officer suddenly fired a pistol. They found, at about a mile distant, in the grey dawn, a long array of cars without horses, and of course without the tobacco, which had been borne through the bogs and among the mountain glens instantly on the shot being heard. The whole disappearance,—as the affair was described to us by an eye-witness,—was like one of the changes in a pantomime when harlequin strikes with his magic wand; so rapidly and effectively had it been accomplished. The discomfited gauger could only perceive a straggling smuggler, wading through bog and morass, in the distance. The affair was investigated afterwards; but the officer made it appear that the gun went off accidentally, and that the smugglers were not in sight at all.

⁷⁶ We may here introduce a few extracts from some remarks published in "THE ART-UNION," a monthly journal of the Fine Arts; they were written by Mr. F. W. Fairholt, the artist by

whom we were accompanied on this tour, and were printed with a view to induce his professional brethren to visit Ireland—this wild district more especially.

“The Rhine—that fruitful source to the painter—has been exhausted; its scenery has been copied and recopied until it has become so familiarized as to be almost looked on with indifference; and artists have been known to travel long and unpleasantly, with great risk of health, and even of life, to break new ground; yet a great and beautiful country—a part, indeed, of Great Britain—has remained a *terra incognita* until lately, and even now many of its lovely glens have been untrodden, and its glorious mountains unlooked upon by the eyes of British artists, who have roamed so perseveringly over almost every other part of the globe.

“The traveller wishing to visit Connamara and the wild and grand coast-scenery of this part of Ireland, can ride by mail or by Bianconi’s car from Dublin to Newport or Westport, going in a pretty direct line across the island; or else, from Dublin proceed to the interesting old town of Galway. By either route, he will easily reach the mountains and lakes,—the chief and most attractive features of this primitive portion of Ireland. Supposing him at Newport—the journey then to Clew Bay and the islands that stud its waters is exceedingly romantic and picturesque; the ruined abbey of Burrishoole, and, still further, Carriga-Hooly Castle, the residence of the famous pirate chieftainess of the sixteenth century, Grana Uaile, or Grace O’Malley, afford picturesque ‘bits’ on the journey, to say nothing of the rude and antique forms of the cottages that occasionally peep upon the road, each worthy of the pencil, and their equally picturesque inhabitants: the girls in their deep red petticoats and jackets, with their healthy cheeks and richly-clustered hair, that many a lady higher born might envy; confined beneath the ample hood or capacious mantle, its broad bold folds, as it hangs majestically from the head, upon which a load is frequently poised, adding an ‘antique grace’ and dignity to figures that seem to realise Homeric times. At least they may be said to be the ‘finest peasantry in the world’ *for the painter*; a more fortunate admixture of bright colours is seldom to be met with than they display upon themselves. A red petticoat, with a deep blue body and yellow handkerchief, aids the more sober scenery of the country not a little, and is of much value in landscapes where green and grey alternately abound.

“Clew Bay is perhaps as beautiful a thing of its kind as can

be seen; when viewed from the mountains that surround it, it is magnificent. The varied shapes of the rocky shore, the towering summits of Croagh-Patrick, and the numerous and varied islands that literally crowd this part of the coast, present a picture worthy any artist's pencil. The lofty rocks and the solemn mountain-passes that lead towards Achill are also delightful places for the botanist to ramble; 'with gaudy flowers the cliffs are gay,' and among the many beautiful plants, the heath, only to be met with here and on the shores of the Mediterranean, is deserving of especial notice. The silvery bunches of the bog-flax, waving luxuriantly over the flats, and agreeably dotting their surfaces with its brilliant whiteness, is also peculiarly grateful to the eye. But why stay to enumerate where all is beautiful? The road from Clew Bay to the Island of Achill crosses the mountains, and gives us a view of a smaller bay, 'Black Sod Harbour,' the point of land styled 'the Mullet,' and the islands of Innisboffin and Innis-turc. The savage grandeur of those lonely hills, over which the wild juniper and purple heath spread so luxuriantly, and down whose sides fall the mountain-torrents like so many silver threads—the magnificent clouds that encircle their heads, and which claim for Ireland the preëminence in cloud scenery—the sea studded with islands, and stretching forth towards America—when combined as we saw them with the glorious arch of the rainbow, to be traced by the eye from one point of land to the other, and typical of the overruling power of its Maker spanning these enormous hills, gave a sublimity to the scene that words altogether fail in conveying."

⁷⁷ Among the mountains that look down upon Achill, over many of which perhaps human foot has never trodden, the red-deer still keeps his haunts: occasionally they are encountered in the valleys; and now and then one of them becomes the prey of a hungry peasant. A huge buck had been shot a few weeks previous to our visit; and we have been promised a gift of his horns—the crown of one of the last monarchs of ancient Ireland. We were told a striking story in this neighbourhood:—In a lonely lake hidden among the hills, there is a small island; a few cabins skirt its sides. Late one summer evening the dwellers saw a stag of prodigious size swimming across to this island; they watched all night round the banks, and by daybreak having procured a boat and fire-arms, made arrangements for securing the stranger. They neared the island skilfully and cautiously; all were ready; but the reeds upon the land remained unshaken, the furze and the heather seemed completely undisturbed. A man bolder than his fellows

at length landed, and found the aged stag dead; he had gone to die in his old lair. It is only right to add that the O'Donel family are very proud of these ancient denizens of their mountains and "forests," and would visit with a heavy penalty any peasant who dared to destroy one of them.

⁷⁸ Part of the project consists in the publication of a monthly newspaper, containing twelve pages of thirty-six columns, with a few advertisements. It is printed at this printing-office of the colony. It is stamped, price 5s. per annum, and is transmitted to the friends of "the Mission," in various parts of the kingdom.

⁷⁹ Every traveller in Ireland is fully aware of the fact that a greater attention to appearances, and neater, cleaner, and more orderly habits, distinguish the Protestant from the Catholic of every grade, below the very highest. Upon entering a provincial town, where there is usually one inn kept by a Roman Catholic, and another by a Protestant, it is easy to determine "which is which" even by externals, but much more easy by the arrangement of the *ménage*.

⁸⁰ The circumstances under which these neophytes are procured may be best understood by an extract from the Report, 1840:—"E. C. Her parents were both Roman Catholics, and her mother has been dead about a year; since which time her father, who is a man of very bad character, has cast her off, and said he does not care how she is brought up, or in what religion; and she has been for some time with an aunt, who has declared she cannot keep her any longer."

⁸¹ This custom, however, is not peculiar to this primitive district. We call to mind an incident that occurred, long ago, in the south, which we hope the reader will permit us to relate in our own way:—

Andrew Kennedy and Mike Barry were suitors for the hand of Peggy Magrah. The power which Irish fathers exercise over their children is often anything but gentle; they dispose of them in marriage frequently to those they consider the best bidders; and it is no small compliment to Irish women to say that, even in instances where they have loved others, they very generally succeed in withdrawing their affections, and making true and devoted wives, and most affectionate mothers. In the case of Peggy Magrah, however, one candidate stood about as well with her father as the other: both were fine stout fellows, able to work, when they could get work to do, with a cabin and a potato garden, "waiting for furniture," and both anxious to possess the hand, heart, and little fortune of Peggy Magrah. There are two ways of winning

a woman's favour—the right and the wrong: Andrew Kennedy had chosen the right, Mike Barry the wrong. Andrew in the first instance made sure of the girl, Mike of the father; and if Andrew had been a whit worse off in the world—if his cow had not been as good, his feather-bed as heavy, or his pig as weighty as those of his rival, might would have overcome right, and Andrew would have had no chance; but as it was, the father finding that one “boy” was as well to do as the other, and that moreover the “faction” of the rejected would be too strong for *him*, though they would yield to the lady, declared as he was walking home from “early mass” that he would leave it “betwixt the Almighty and his daughter;” let her settle it in God's name, and he'd wash his hands of it altogether: only she must settle on one or the other that week, for he could not be having his peace of mind destroyed with her and her sweethearts any longer—his house was like a fair or a station with them for boys, that couldn't let the girl alone; and sure it was well for him and his “ould woman” they had but one daughter; for if they had more they'd quit the country sooner than be bothered intirely the way he had been with them—for bachelors!

Now Peggy was as arrant a coquet as ever flirted a fan in a ball-room; one of those who are born with an intense desire to continue the “slave trade;” who delighted in tormenting; and who, whether she cared or not for a man, would enjoy teasing him; indeed, the better she loved, the greater her pleasure in tantalizing the object of her affections. As long as her father wavered between Andrew and Mike, the true affection she bore the former made her dread losing him so much, that she was far more affectionate to him than she had ever been to any one else; and once, when her father said something that led her to believe he decidedly favoured Mike, she burst into a flood of tears, and declared she would “die” sooner than marry him. Now, when her father, accompanied by both suitors entered the house, and he had told her there were her bachelors, and she must make up her mind which of the two should be her husband, for he (her father) had no mind to keeping an old maid in his house, she blushed and simpered, looked through the long lashes of her eyes without ever raising the lids; and, to the utter astonishment of both her father and Andrew, accepted Mike's offer to dance the first jig with him that evening,—completely turning her back upon her former favourite. Mike having got her consent to the dance, eager to set himself off to the best advantage, bethought that his “brogues” would look bad “on the floor,” and, like a fool, left the field open to Andrew, while he set out to borrow his brother's “*pumps*.”

The opportunity was not lost upon Andrew, who renewed his suit, but became thoroughly perplexed by the waywardness of woman's nature—he could make nothing of her. "Indeed," she said, "she would as soon—as her father was so hard upon her—marry one as the other. Maybe she showed more favour one time to Andrew than to Mike, and maybe at another time she'd show more favour to Mike than to Andrew; maybe she'd just toss up for them—call Mike the Head and Andrew the Harp, and so get her luck." Andrew, poor fellow! was half-mad with vexation,—and yet what could he do? He entertained serious thoughts of an abduction, but where was the good of it? Sure, if she was that changeable "craythur" she wasn't worth the having.

He offered to fight Mike for her, but this her father negatived at once; he would have no fighting for a child of his; "but I'll tell you what, brave boys!" exclaimed the old man; "I'll tell you what—do as I did for my goodwife, and what no Irishman was ever ashamed to do—run for her!—every boy in the place is free-footed—run for her, and let the fleet foot win her!"

This was agreed upon: both the young men were remarkable for activity—both anxious to win a bride; and despite Peggy's coquetry, when she took her stand with other girls upon the rising ground that commanded a view of the "race-course," all agreed that she was worth ten times the trouble.

"I'll tell you what it is, Peggy," said one of her companions, "I'd bet my bran new hankcher that never crossed my neck, barring this day, that Mike will be the haro! he's longer in the legs—and oh, my! but he's the active boy intirely."

"Well, whoever wins, Peg's luck will be happy; that's all, I say. Suppose they should both win," added another, "what will you do then, Peggy dear!—toss up for them?"

"There they go!" exclaimed a third—while Peggy's heart beat stout reproaches at her unfaithfulness; "there they go—it's cruel hard, so it is, to make them end such a race by coming up even this bit of a hill at the long run. Mary Grady, do you mind the day Aby Flynn, running the race for his wife, fell and cut his head, so that the grave was his wedding-bed, poor fellow!"

"I'd rather they'd give up at once," exclaimed Peggy, following the contending parties with her eyes, and trembling from head to foot at the advantage which Mike had evidently obtained over Andrew—"I'd rather they'd give it up,—well, I don't care who wins or loses, I'll marry which I like!" she continued, bursting into tears, and then covering her face with her hands.

"Oh! honour, Peggy," they exclaimed; "sure you would not be guilty of such a falsity as that?"

"Tell me," she answered, all her coquetry forgotten in anxiety for him she really loved, so that she dared not look upon the race, "tell me, for the love of mercy, how it's going with *him*."

"With him," repeated as arrant a coquet as herself, "Which of the *hims*?"

"Andrew," she breathlessly replied.

"Oh, be the dads! I don't know," she answered, winking her merry eyes at her companions, while Peggy pressed her hands more tightly than ever over hers, "I don't know at all; what do *you* think, Mary Moyle?" "Eh!" said mischievous Mary, "I can't tell; I'm sure just now it was six to one, and half a dozen to the other. But now! oh my! but Mike has the legs to be sure—maybe he can't use them—thath! well that last spring he gave bates all. Oh, then, it's Mike that will make the fine husband, and no mistake—take yer hands from yer eyes, Peggy, woman—there's money bid for ye!"

"Open yer eyes, jewel avourneen!" said another—"here, they're coming up the hill—that's right, shout, boys. Oh, then, Mrs. Mike, maybe I won't shake a foot at your wedding—take down yer hands, and look for yourself. Mike, yer a rale haro!"

The young men were, as she said, running up to where they stood; but not in the degree Mary so mischievously intimated. Peggy was literally without the power to withdraw her hands; her feelings entirely overcame her.

"Take her, Mike; you well deserve her!" exclaimed the tantalizing girls, as Andrew, panting and gasping, ascended considerably in advance of his rival.

But Peggy heard them not: subdued by her emotions, she had fainted on the sward. Such is the overpowering nature of woman's coquetry, that after she recovered, and was well assured of Andrew's victory, she would have played fair Lady Disdain if she dared; but her father interposed, and *she is now a good wife, and the mother of five small children.*

⁸² A tradition exists, that about a century ago, an eagle bore off a child from Achill, and carried it to his eyrie, among the cliffs of Clare Island; a distance of several miles. The child was saved, however, and lived to be an old man.

⁸³ The weather did not permit us to visit Clare Island; but we understand an examination of it will amply repay the tourist. It is of considerable size, and contains above sixteen hundred inhabitants. Here was the great seat of the dominions of the famous Grana Uiale, Grace O'Malley. The island and the adjacent district are still fertile in legends concerning her carriage, prowess, and activity. We have given elsewhere the story of her kid-

napping the infant heir of the St. Lawrences of Howth, as a lesson in hospitality to the family. A square tower, the remains of her once formidable castle, still exists; and the bay in which she moored her war-ships is pointed out, and to this day is famous for security and shelter. She appears to have been a sort of lady-pirate, who existed during the sixteenth century. She was the daughter of Owen O'Malley, and the wife of O'Flahertie, powerful chieftains of Connaught. She married a second husband, Sir Richard Bourke, called Mac William Oughter, who also left her a widow in 1585. While a "lone woman" she is believed to have played her pranks upon the ocean; and it is affirmed, that she visited England in order to be introduced to Queen Elizabeth; or rather, to afford the Queen an opportunity of being introduced to her; for the representative of the O'Malleys was, at least, as proud and imperious, and in her own realm as absolute, as the descendant of the Tudors. Her name, Grana Uiale, Grace of the Islands, has been made famous in Ireland, in consequence of its being supposed that she resisted the Saxon rule; such, however, does not appear to have been the fact. It was, consequently, at one time made the watchword of a party; the Irish Boadicea is the theme of many an old song.

⁸⁴ Our guides, who seemed to have anticipated an opposite result from our curiosity, seemed delighted when we signified our intention of leaving the nest unrifled; and one of them roared out at the top of his voice, addressing the bird—"There, birdeen! give thanks to the Virgin, for the strangers wont hurt yer little family."

⁸⁵ Captain M'Illray, of Westport, a famous seal-hunter in "these parts," and who is well known for his ardour in collecting Irish antiquities, in a letter to Robert Ball, Esq., the secretary to the Zoological Society of Dublin, gives some idea of the number and character of these frequenters of the Mayo coast. We extract a passage:—"Inniscarrow Reef, about eight miles from Westport, was a favourite haunt of seals; and on one day there could not be less than 150 seals basking on it. I got my hooker to windward of the reef, which was the opposite side to where they lay, and dropped down gently with the punt without using an oar, lest I should alarm them, and landed accompanied by one of my boatmen; in a few minutes we crept to within fifty yards of them, when I singled out and shot the largest I could see (which weighed afterwards twenty-six stone, and was nearly six feet long); as he was quite dead when I got up to him, I ran on, after loading my rifle, again to the edge of the water, where the whole herd had plunged in when I fired, knowing I was sure of a shot on their

rising, which many of them invariably do within a few yards of where they dive. As there was a considerable descent to the water's edge I had nothing to rest my rifle on, which, from its great weight and length, upwards of five feet, I am generally obliged to do; I made my boatman stoop, and rested it on his back, and almost immediately the extraordinary seal came to the surface, and I had ample time to observe him. The head was greatly larger than any I had ever seen, with immense bladder-like protuberances over the eyes, inclining to the sides of the head. The forehead appeared also uncommonly enlarged, and, as I thought, deeply furrowed and wrinkled, lessening gradually to the protuberances at either side; it had external ears like a hound, but much smaller in proportion to the size of the head. The colour was light brown; but it did not appear to me to have spots like our common seal. I am quite certain it was much more than twice as large as any of our common kind. From the uncouth, and I might say very unnatural appearance of the animal, my poor boatman's superstitious fears so completely got the better of him, that he made a sudden start, and fell forward among the rocks on which we were, and in the fall my rifle went off, of course without effect, and I saw no more of the seal. I had my boatmen on the look-out for several tides, both there and at several other of their haunts on the coast, but never heard of him since."

⁸⁶ The road to Croagh Patrick is one of especial interest. The principal street of Westport is built on an ascent, and the summit being reached, the eye embraces a very peculiar view of the town, beneath which it seems to sink among the trees by which it is environed. Immediately on reaching the outskirts, the hill descends, and the town is rather suddenly hid from view. Beside the road, a little to the left, is a small and perfect circle of stones, probably Druidic. Keeping onward, in a direct line, the road to Croagh Patrick is little diversified for two miles or more; the country here being pretty level. On reaching the famous "holy well," the view is decidedly grand. A ruined church crowns the summit of a gentle eminence to the left—the graveyard, as usual, crowded with monuments; while, to the right, the eye roams uninterruptedly over the beautiful Clew Bay and its equally beautiful islands—that of Clare being very conspicuous. To the left, rises the majestic Croagh Patrick, with a bold sweep from the land upward to the clouds, which often hide its summit; and washed at its base, which projects proudly to the waters, by the blue waves of the Atlantic Ocean. From this point the picture might be pronounced perfect, combining, as it does, land and sea view; island and rock in one, with the picturesque foreground of the little

church and its ivy-covered gables; the holy well trickling towards the road. This well, which has acquired some celebrity from its forming the chosen habitation of two sacred trout, is a stone's throw from the road, and is surrounded on three sides by a rude stone wall of uncemented fragments of rock. It is environed by thorn trees—gnarled and twisted by many a sea-blast, to which their exposed situation renders them very liable. The story we have elsewhere told; how that an heretical soldier once took home the trout looked upon as sacred, and placed it on a gridiron to cook, from whence it escaped, and was found next day in the waters of the well, with the mark of the hot bars on its side. The fish (there are always two), which are very small and dark, hide beneath the stone wall, where a hole has been formed by the falling of part of it, and they are lured out by a few worms thrown into the water, which they dart forward to catch, and as rapidly retire. At Croagh Patrick, the patron saint is believed to have commenced his mission in Ireland, and from the summit of it to have blessed Connamara, which looked so bleak, barren, and rugged, that he declined to enter it. The origin of the well is this: St. Patrick being very tired, after mounting the hill to bless Connamara and the Joyce's Country, and very thirsty, wished for a drink—instantly, out sprang the water from the holy well. When the saint was satisfied, however, it retired into its rocky recess; and many centuries afterwards, a good priest, poking about the neighbourhood, took notice of a small stone with a cross upon it; this stone he raised, when out gushed the clear stream.

⁸⁷ What had been the particular character of the structures at Kincora, we have but little means of conjecturing. In 1012, the "Four Masters" record the erection of many *daingins*, or fortified places, by Brien Boru; amongst the rest, the *cahir* of Kincora; but this we regard as merely a re-edifying, for we have numerous notices of the place previous to that year, and even in the year preceding (1011). We find the same annals mention that Brien, at the head of an expedition which he made to Cinell Conaill, carried off with him O'Maoldora, the king of that district, in captivity, to Kincora. As this re-edifying, or reconstruction, was anterior to the introduction of the castellated style of building in Ireland, we can only suppose that the strength of these places lay in the outworks—the great stone ramparts, and successive ditches—rather than in the interior dwellings and offices, which were probably not storied, and in which length and breadth, rather than height, were had in view. Timber framework, or cobwork, formed the walls, and the roofs were thatched: such we know to have been the style of contemporaneous Saxon and British dwell-

ings. That Kincora was ornamented with trees, and possessed the luxuries of artificial fish-ponds, or rather salmon-weirs, we gather from Tigernach, who informs us that, in 1061, Hugh O'Connor burnt Killaloe, and overturned Kincora to its very foundations, and that his soldiers devoured the salmon from the fish-pond; which pond they also at the same time destroyed. Kincora was soon afterwards re-edified, for in 1069, Tadg, son of Toreloch O'Brien, is recorded as dying in his father's bed at that place. In two years after this, the *cahir* of Kincora was again destroyed by the northern Irish, who had pursued Murkertach O'Brien thither, and from thence carried off captives. In 1094, it was again re-edified by Murtogh O'Brien. In 1104, it was burned by lightning; and in 1118, Tureloch O'Connor of Connaught led a great army thither, which place they flung into the Shannon, as well the *stones* as the *trees*. This passage evinces that mason-work had been used in the construction of the *cahir*, which was not the case in that of the fort of Bal-Boru, the only one of the many foundations now remaining which once constituted the *palace* of Brien. This solitary relic consists of a large circular earthen fort, at present having but a single vallum of about twenty feet in height, and the ditch partly filled up. The external circumference is about six hundred and fifty feet; a low modern stone wall has been built for the protection of the lower part of the rampart. The inner area is eighty feet in diameter, and the surrounding vallum about ten feet in height; the whole has been thickly planted with fir-trees. On the whole, there is nothing in the appearance of this structure to distinguish it from the thousand similar forts everywhere remaining over the face of the country, but its strong position, at the extremity of a steep green headland, whose base is washed at three sides by the water of the river.

⁸⁸ These "brass-bands" are becoming nearly as numerous as the branches of the Temperance Society; and we hope they will increase, for the wonderful change that has been wrought in the habits of the people has, unquestionably, driven the piper and the fiddler out of fashion; and any mode of giving amusement extensively should be carefully encouraged. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary that some healthful excitement should be introduced to replace the unhealthy excitement formerly induced by whiskey. The subject may not be unworthy the attention of Government—by which money might be granted as aids to build humble assembly-rooms in all the principal towns of Ireland. There must be some luxury to replace the luxury the people have so completely abandoned. There are no people in the world who have so few amusements as the Irish; now that drinking and fighting are

done away with, they can be scarcely said to have any; for dancing and hurling seem to be equally neglected, the absence of the accompanying stimulus having induced indifference towards them. Education will in time give rise to home enjoyments; but although nearly all the younger branches of families can read, many of the older members cannot; and it is difficult to invent for them a relaxation and a resource. It would be a most serviceable application of the public funds to reprint, for cheap or nearly gratuitous circulation, such entertaining and instructive books as would tempt to perusal; such as children might read to their parents, and such as would receive the sanction of their spiritual teachers.

We were forcibly struck with the absolute necessity of providing occupation for the mind after hours of labour, when we were in the town of Westport. It was Midsummer Eve, "St. John's Night," a famous holiday in old times. A few years ago every second person we encountered would have been half-mad from animal spirits and whiskey; every public-house would have had its piper or fiddler; and the chances would have been in favour of half a dozen faction-fights in the vicinity of the town. Indeed it would have been hazardous on such an evening to have walked about the streets. On this occasion, there were two or three turf "bonfires" blazing, fed by little boys, who demanded halfpence from the passers-by; but there was not a sound of music in the neighbourhood, nor was there a single dancer to be found. We walked through every street of the town towards midnight, and heard and saw nothing that could remind us of "*Old Ireland*."

In fact, temperance has completely changed the Irish character; and, to the mere seeker after superficial pleasure, greatly for the worse. There is little of that humour and love of fun, considered to be inherent in an Irishman, now perceptible; a silent and apparently sullen manner has taken the place of wit and "devilry" among the car-drivers, boatmen, and persons of similar classes; and the stranger in Ireland will find it difficult to credit the statements he has heard of the almost universal drollery of the race. We cannot call to mind half a dozen smart things gathered by us during our recent tour through Connaught, although we were continually in the way of hearing them; and as for legends and superstitions, they can be now pretty nearly as easily picked up in the wealds of Kent or the marshes of Essex. Indeed, at present, and, as we think, for the future, travellers in Ireland will obtain characteristic stories only at second-hand. This change may be regarded as anything but an evil, *if means are adopted for turning it to a right account*. The soil is better prepared for useful and

wholesome seed; but it is also more easily made ready for weeds, or a crop that will prove still more injurious. It should be borne in mind that the Irish population is half its time without employment, and according to the homely song—

“Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.”

A little reflection, and a limited acquaintance with the country of late years, will enable any person to perceive that the Irish cannot now be dealt with as they were formerly: a spirit, mighty for good or for evil, has been abroad among the people. It will not be easily swayed to a bad purpose, for reason has been active with it; but if aroused, ordinary methods will fail to destroy it. It is notorious that the Rebellion of 1798 was suppressed infinitely more by the whiskey than by the bayonet. The legislator and the philanthropist will, we humbly presume to say, do wisely to consider this altered state of things, so as not only to guard against danger arising from it, but to direct it into a salutary and beneficial channel.

All apprehensions as to the political design, or even tendency, of the Temperance movement seem to have vanished; but there is little doubt that by the two great parties in Ireland the millions who form “the Society” are regarded—by the one as important auxiliaries, by the other as dangerous opponents, in case any circumstances should arise—which God of his mercy forbid—to create hostility between England and Ireland. A prominent partisan once pointed our attention to a Temperance procession consisting of perhaps 20,000 able, healthy, well-dressed, steady and sober men, marching in order, headed by their band. He asked us what “General Johnson would have done at Ross, if such a force had opposed him instead of drunken maniacs?” Our answer was that no military force could have sufficed to have subdued this and similar hosts over the country; but that no rational person could for a moment imagine the possibility of cajoling such men into rebellion; sober men were not the tools for faction; and that, unless a despotism existed against which a people *ought* to rise, it would be impossible to force or seduce such a body to become rebels. We added also, that if we did suppose this Temperance army to be in possession of the town of Ross—still history would have to record no such tragedy as that of “Scullabogue.” In short, although, under existing circumstances, a general outbreak in Ireland might have for its result the separation of Ireland from England, every accession to the Temperance ranks removes further

from both countries the chances of so appalling and ruinous an event.

We earnestly desire to impress upon the minds of parties who are bound to give this subject deep and serious consideration, the importance, nay the necessity, of finding some modes by which the minds of the people may be occupied and amused, now that the old excitements have departed; and in especial we presume to suggest the policy of establishing Halls for wholesome entertainment in the several towns, and pieces of land where the men may pursue the national game of hurling; and, more particularly, the circulation of such books as they will read and will be permitted to read.

Temperance Societies have now existed in Ireland several years. Instead of their diminishing, they have largely increased; the numbers of those who have taken "the pledge" are continually augmented; while of those who depart from it there are singularly few. In fact, the people of Ireland may now be described as universally sober. In our recent tour through the several counties of Connaught, we did not encounter a single person in the slightest degree intoxicated. In the northern counties, the old habit still exists to some extent; but in those that are more exclusively Irish, drunkenness is unknown. We once received a remarkable illustration of the distinction between the two great classes. Driving with a police inspector into the village of Inistoge, in the county of Kilkenny, we met two men staggering up a hill, and expressed our astonishment at this novelty. Our companion said, "Depend upon it, these men are Protestants." They were at a considerable distance at the time, so that he could not have recognised them. On their drawing near, however, we ascertained upon questioning them that his opinion was correct. It was easily accounted for, when we asked an explanation. "I know," said he, "that every Roman Catholic in this district has taken the pledge; and that consequently no man would dare to appear with the sign of liquor upon him. He would be ducked in the nearest pond before he had been a hundred yards from the public-house. Protestants, of course, the people will not touch." In the earliest part of our work—when the Temperance movement was viewed with suspicion and alarm—it was our fortunate lot to aid in removing much of the prejudice against it. We anticipated its beneficial working upon the country; describing it as a blessed change, out of which only good could arise. Now that we are about to close our book, we make the same report. It *has been* a blessed change; and good only *has* arisen out of it. Persons of all creeds and opinions now class among the benefactors of mankind the great and good man who has been, under Providence, the means of regenerating his

country. But, as certainly, evil *will* arise out of it, if the minds of the people are not diverted into some healthier, purer, and happier channel, than the turbid and perilous stream of politics.

⁸⁹ "Insense," a word in common use, meaning, to make one understand a thing.

⁹⁰ Midway between Ennis and Milltown Malbay on the coast, about ten miles north-west of the former town, the almost isolated mountain of Callan lifts its huge bulk. It is a site of great interest to the antiquary, and is much frequented by curious visitors. Near its summit has been found a monument inscribed in those ancient characters entitled the Ogham, of which we had occasion to speak when describing Killarney. Much had been written by the seanachies and historians of the country on this character, which was represented as the sole depository of the remaining Druidic learning of ancient Ireland. The concurring testimony of many centuries declared and authorized the fact; and accordingly its origin, history, and use were descanted on as matters of certainty, and its rules laid down in every Irish grammar; but previously to 1784, no one had ever seen it practically used either on parchment or on any monument; consequently, doubts were urged by the less credulous; and it was only by the evidence of actual unimpeachable inscriptions that the public could be brought to place reliance any longer on these oft-repeated assurances and statements. Lhuyd had, in the beginning of the last century, mentioned an Ogham inscribed monument which he had seen near Dingle; but his statement was almost unknown to the literary world. It was, therefore, with much satisfaction that the announcement was made, in 1784, to the Royal Irish Academy, of the discovery of a veritable Ogham inscription on Callan Mountain. Theophilus O'Flanagan, the alleged discoverer, was dispatched with instructions to show it to Mr. Burton; and the report of that gentleman was satisfactory. He found the stone and its letters covered or incrustated with lichens; an evidence that if the inscription were a forgery, as Ledwich and some others afterwards affected to consider it, the imposition could not have been effected by O'Flanagan, or any person of the then generation. The discovery was unfortunately not followed up by any other of a similar kind for many subsequent years, and we know not what further discredit this solitary Ogham might not have fallen into, had it not been for the successful exertions of Messrs. Abell and Windele in the south, within a few recent years, to which we have elsewhere more particularly referred. Although several copies of this inscription have been from time to time published, it is curious enough that neither by the academy, nor General Vallancey, &c., has any been given to us on

which any reliance could be placed, until the abovenamed Mr. A. Abell, in 1838, visited the monument, and from the experience which he had obtained in his successful researches in the south, was enabled to make the only genuine copy hitherto given to the public. This has been published by his sister, Mrs. Mary Knott, in her very pleasing "Two Months at Kilkee."

Mr. Windele has kindly supplied us with the following remarks concerning this singular and interesting monument:—"We ascended the mountain on the south-east side, following the course of an old road, or rather bridle-path, until we came in view of a lonely Cromleac, an old altar of that sun (*Grian*), to which the whole mountain in Paynim times was consecrated. It consists of three immense stones; two of them pitched on end, and the third laid incumbent on these, and forming the great sacrificial stone. The latter measures twelve feet in length by four in breadth; the others are each ten feet in length, eight broad, and one foot thick; two more lie extended on the ground, closing, when erect, the extremities of the crypt, which the whole structure formed when complete. The interior has been recklessly excavated in search of treasure. The peasantry call this Cromleac *Altoir na Greine*, or 'Altar of the Sun,' and also *Leabba Diarmuid agus Graine*, i. e., 'Diarmuid and Grany's Bed.' Vallancey regards these as the names of two of the Pagan deities of Ireland; one the *God of Arms*, which *Diarmid* certainly signifies, and the other the *Sun* himself. But the romancers have reduced these celestial beings to more mundane proportions. They form a portion of the wonder-working, all-enduring personages of the multitudinous Fenian legends of Ireland, chaunted in musical prose by the itinerant story-tellers of old, and in verse by a host of bards, who, from the earliest times down to the sixteenth century, gave forth such lays of marvels under the one well-known and attractive name of Ossian. Tales like these formed, and still form, the amusement of the long winter nights to the inhabitants of the wild mountain districts of Ireland, as well as of the highlands of Scotland, and served as the grand staple of those very beautiful, but very mendacious poems, in measured prose, which James MacPherson launched into the world in the early part of the reign of George III."

⁹¹ That Camin was not, however, the first Christian ecclesiastic who dwelt in Cealtra, we have the authority of the venerable Bede, who informs us that, in 548, there was a great mortality in Ireland, and that, amongst others, there died St. Columba of Inis Kealtra. We further learn from Colgan, that Stellanus, Abbot of Inis Kealtra, flourished about 650, and died 24th of May; this

would indicate an establishment distinct from that of Camin. The latter, probably, was *bishop* of this island, with the jurisdiction belonging to that office, distinct from that of the abbacy. Such a division of functions did certainly exist there, for we have, at 951, the death of Dermot MacCahir, *bishop* of Inis Kealtra. About the year 660, Coelin, a monk of Inis Kealtra, wrote a metrical life of St. Brigid. In 1040, the Abbot Corcoran, who had obtained a remarkable celebrity, not only in Ireland, but in foreign countries, for his learning and piety, died at Lismore. In three years after, his death was followed by that of Anamachad, an Irish inclusorius at Fulda, where he had lived in exile, having been banished from Kealtra Island by this Abbot Corcoran, on account of a venial act of disobedience.

⁹² The round tower of Iniscealtra is one of the few structures of that class of which we have any notice in our annals, and that a very significant one too. The Four Masters relate, at the year 898, that "Cossrach, from whom the *Turaghan* (pronounced *Turain*) of the anchorite of Iniscealtra is called Scandal of Tigh Telle, and Tuahal, the anchorite die." We have at vol. v. page 174, &c., availed ourselves of this interesting passage, which so distinctly refers the use of these buildings to the sun-worship which prevailed in Pagan Ireland, in common with all the elder oriental nations of antiquity. A reference to Bryant's most learned "Analysis of Ancient Mythology" will enable the reader to trace back their origin through Spain, where he will find the names of places derived from these structures, which he properly calls Prutaneia, as in *Tarne*, or *Tar-ain* and *Torone*; through Mauritania, where occurs another *Tor-on*. But the extract which we proceed to give will better assist our view:—"The Amonians," he says, "esteemed every emanation of light, a fountain, and styled it *Ain*, and *Aines*, *Agnes*, *Inis*, *Inesos*, *Nesos*, *Nees*; and this will be found to obtain in many different countries and languages. The Hetrurians occupied a large tract of sea-coast, on which account they worshipped *Poseidon*, and one of their principal cities was *Poseidonium*. They erected upon their shores towers and beacons for the sake of their navigation, which they called *Tor-ain*, whence they had a still further denomination of *Tur-aini*, and their country was named *Tur-ainia*, the Turrenia of the later Greeks. All these appellations are from the same object, the edifices which they erected. Even Hetruria seems to have been a compound of *Ai-tur*, and to have signified the Land of Towers."

The term *Angeoiri* applied to this *Turain* of Holy Island, we have also shown applies to an after or secondary use. The practice with anchorites in Ireland, and they were an extremely numer-

ous class, was to shut themselves up in natural caves, or small lowly enclosures. St. Annmchad, already mentioned, as banished from Inis Kealtra by the over-strict Abbot Corcoran, died at Fulda, in 1043, and according to his countryman and successor, Marianus Scotus, he led an eremetical life at that place "in lapidei reclusorii ergastulo clausus," &c. We may rest assured that this was not a round tower, although Annmchad had come from an establishment at Holy Island, where such a building had been used 145 years previously, by St. Cosgrach for that purpose. Fulda does not, and never did, possess a *Tur-ain*. Out of Ireland we must seek, not in Tudesque, but in more sunny southern regions for such structures. We perceive that Sir William Betham has published a drawing of another round tower found at Coel, in India, which carries out the resemblances we had heretofore pointed at, even stronger than those at Bhaugulpore.

Connected with the Helio Arkitism of the round tower, before adverted to, we may mention, that at many of their sites there are traditions of wonderful cows. Thus, at Ardpatrik, were discovered the bones and one of the horns of the great milcher of St. Patrick; at Cashel the various traditions of a celebrated cow are supported by the fact of a road having been constructed either by or for her, which is said to be traceable in many places between Cashel and Ardmore. Another road for the same purpose is said to be traceable from Castle Hyde, in the county of Cork, to Ardmore. At Clonmacnois is a carving of St. Kieran's cow. At Scatterry Island the legend of St. Senanus' cow is well known. The round tower of Inis Kealtra has some tradition of the same kind; the island itself is situated in Loch *Bodearg*, the "Lake of the Red Cow," and the promontory of *Balborua*, the "Place of the Red Cow," near Killaloe, forms the southern boundary of that lake. In Hanway's Travels, it is stated that the devotees at the perpetual fire, near Baku, on the west shore of the Caspian, not only adore the sacred fire, but have a veneration for a red cow.

⁹³ The country people are fond of attributing the erection of these singular structures to supernatural means, and call them *fauce an aon oiche*, the "growth of one night," because they were first seen standing after the night, where the previous day no vestige of them appeared. The veracious tradition connected with the tower of Scatterry assures us, that it was first perceived at dawn of day by an old woman, who seeing it grow rapidly in height, insomuch that it might have reached up to heaven, had it been suffered to proceed quietly in its own way, cried out in the excess of her wonderment to St. Sinon, who was standing by, "Yerrow a vourneen, what a fine building you have made in one

night!" but she unfortunately forgot to add the usual accompaniment of "God bless it!" which affected the tower so sensibly, that its ambition was cooled, and it paused in its lofty aspirations. The saint became so indignant at this untoward check, that, in a fit of rage, (for, though a good saint, he was nevertheless in "mortal coil,") he flung his pointed barret cap at the head of the tower, where it stuck and became petrified, remaining to this hour an acceptable covering.

St. Senan, of Corca Baiscin, we learn from the "Monasticon Hibernicum," founded an abbey in the island of Scattery, before the arrival of St. Patrick in Munster. But it is asserted that the real founder was St. Patrick himself; and that he placed his disciple here. He had eleven churches for his monks; and no woman was permitted to set foot on the island previous to the coming of the Danes. He died on the 1st of March, A.D. 544, and was interred at Scattery. His festival is observed on the 8th of that month, when crowds of pilgrims repair to the island. The place is, of course, full of curious legends. One of them relates that "on a Christmas night," a resident on the island, long after its fame had departed, intending to take boat for Kilrush, to hear mass, in passing by the ruined cathedral, beheld no less a personage than its patron saint, *in pontificalibus*, celebrating high mass; pleased at the prospect of escaping a disagreeable passage to Kilrush, the man returned to his family and informed them of what he had seen;—accompanied by them and a posse of neighbours, they proceeded to the church; but on their arrival they found the place in darkness—the lights and the figures had vanished, and their choral swell had ceased. At the Christmas following, however, they were more fortunate; they watched for the exact time of the service, and were not disappointed: Undaunted at the unearthly vision, and ravished by the pomp, the solemnity, and the harmony of the imposing service, they flung themselves on their knees and partook of its religious advantages. The same appearance took place on every Christmas for several years after; in short, during the life of the wife of one of the islanders, whose pious attention to the holy well, in keeping it clean and free from weeds, earned for her this considerate attention on the part of the Saint. On her death, the well was neglected, and the high mass ceased to be chaunted within the walls of the cathedral evermore.

It is further related amongst the traditions of the Saint's miracles, that having thrown the labouring oar of the ministry on one of his friars, who did not stand over well in his good graces, the poor man had daily to proceed to the County of Clare to say mass. The friar's temper not being overmuch improved by this

treatment, he found no great want of inclination to quarrel with his flock, praying that every succeeding day forever may bring a fresh corpse to their church door. When Sinon heard of this horrid malediction, his indignation was naturally excessive, and, in order to avert the calamity which the other had invoked, he besought heaven to transfer the curse from mankind to the starling, which hapless bird somehow or other did not stand high in the Saint's favour. His prayer had the desired effect—the people were saved from a daily mortality; and, lo! even to this present writing may be seen, at that church door, the inanimate body of a starling, on every succeeding morning—the same to be continued to the general doom.

⁹⁴ In the 2nd vol. of "Mason's Parochial Survey of Ireland," page 415, we are informed that the Rev. John Graham, A.M., curate of Kilrush, so far from rejecting the tradition of this lost city as a fable, was disposed to regard it as an indication of the once celebrated *Regia* of Ptolemy! Of other submerged cities, buried beneath the waves of ocean, or the waters of our great lakes and rivers, traditions of a like character everywhere abound. Six centuries ago, Cambrensis recorded the overwhelming of a noble city by the bursting forth of the waters of Lough Erne; and as we have elsewhere observed, he notices a similar catastrophe occurring from an inundation of Lough Neagh. The lake of Inchiquin, in the county of which we are now treating, covers a city which had been destroyed somewhat in the same manner. Along the whole line of coast, stretching from Donegal on the north to the Mizen-head on the south, a belief is prevalent of a rich and fertile island of great extent, which lies far out in the western main. To this they have given the name of *Hy Brazil*, of the etymology of which we are not certain. As a proper name of persons we find that of Breassil often occurring in our early history, and in the ancient topography of the country we have *Hy Breassil*, now *Clanbraissil*, in Armagh, where also was *Rath Brassil*; another, *Hy Brassil*, also occurs in the old territory of Offaly. Mr. Hardiman, with much appearance of probability, derives the name from *bras*, fiction; *aoi*, island; and *ile*, great; *i. e.* "the great fictitious island." The old bards and popular tradition describe Hy Breassil as a country of perpetual sunshine, abounding in broad havens and noble rivers, in forests, mountains, and lakes; castles and palaces arise on every hill-side, or beetle above winding streams, and, far as the eye can reach, it is covered with delightful groves, and bowers embracing soft and silent glades, presenting to the happy beholder scenes and vistas of surpassing loveliness, and filling the soul with dreams of beauty and of wonder. Its fields

are clothed with perennial verdure, and depastured by numerous herds, whilst its groves are ever vocal and "animate with the inspiring ecstasy of song."

Like Killstoheen, its appearance is only occasional: a condition the effect of a long enduring enchantment, which will, however, be yet dissolved. Its inhabitants are ever young, suffering no decay, and leading lives of unalloyed happiness, taking no account of the progress of time. In this respect it resembles *Tir-na-n'oge*, the Elysium of the Pagan Irish. Dr. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland," has preserved a curious legend of a residence of the celebrated *Ossian*, the son of Fion, in some such island, which no doubt was a bardic invention of a very remote period, founded on the old Druidic belief. "*Ossine Mac Fion*," says he, "seated on the banks of the Shannon, adoring the Author of Nature in the contemplation of his works, was suddenly hurried away to *Tir-na-n'oge* (the country of youth, or island of immortals), which he describes with all the vivacity that fancy, aided by the sight of so lovely a country as Ireland, could assist the bard with. He remained here for some days, as he thought, and on his return was greatly surprised to find no vestige of his house, or of his acquaintance. In vain did he seek after his father Fion, and his Fionne-Eirion; in vain sounds the Buabhal, or well-known military clarion, to collect those intrepid warriors. Long since had these heroes been cut off in battle; long had his father ceased to live! Instead of a gallant race of mortals, which he had left behind, he found a puisne and degenerate people, scarce speaking the same language. In a word, it appeared that instead of a few days he had remained near two centuries in this mansion of the blessed. He lived, says the tale, to the days of Saint Patrick, and related to this apostle, after his conversion, these and many other wonders."

This incident is far from being peculiar to the traditions of Ireland. Several of the legends and ballads of Germany turn on the unsuspected lapse of time under enchantment. In the 2nd vol. of the "German Popular Tales," Peter Claus, a goatherd of the Kyffhaus Mountain, is conducted through a cave in the mountains to a beautiful valley, where, for a short time, he assists some aged knight at playing nine-pins by fetching the bowl; on his return to his home he found he had been absent from fifteen to twenty years. Hogg's beautiful "*Kilmeny*" is founded on a similar fiction in Scotland; and the marvellous tale of the "*Seven Sleepers*," under the high sanction of the prophet Mahomet, has, in various forms, according to Gibbon, been adopted and adorned

by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

A belief, somewhat similar to that prevalent along the Irish shores, has obtained in various regions from the earliest periods, and the site of the fabled island or continent has been always placed somewhere in the Atlantic. It has been received into the mythology of the most ancient people. Pindar describes the place of rest of the old Greek heroes, as the

Isle of the blest,
Where ocean breezes blow
Round flowers of gold that glow
On stream or strand,
Or glorious trees, whence they
Wreath chaplets for the neck and hand.—OLYMP. III.

Its origin is in all probability oriental; such are the *Chandra dwip*, or *Sacred Isles of the West*, of the Hindoos, which the *Puranas* place in the western seas. The Egyptians believed in a similar insular paradise, and from them came the report which Plato, in *Timæus*, has recorded of the fabled island of *Atlantis*. Cretias, one of the speakers, professes to have received it from his grandfather, who heard it from Solon, who had received his instruction amongst the priests of Egypt. According to this legend, the island lay opposite the Straits of Gades, and had been inhabited by a mighty race, the conquerors of a large portion of Europe and Africa. In a subsequent era, however, the island, either by means of an earthquake or some great inundation, was suddenly absorbed into the bosom of the ocean, and of its vast extent not a particle remained, unless we adopt the conjecture that the Azores, Canary Islands, &c., may have been fragments of it. Ammianus Marcellinus and Crantor also, Plato's first interpreter, regarded the disappearance of this island as an undoubted fact. But may not the story of this Atlantis, after all, have originated out of other causes? As for instance, might we not suggest one of those optical illusions called the *mirage*, arising out of the vapoury exhalations so frequent along maritime coasts, and known to sailors and fishermen as "fog-banks," and to the Italians by the name of one of their fairy enchantresses, the *Fata* (or fairy) *Morgana*, who reigns supreme between Reggio and Messina, and deludes the seafarer by the appearances of glittering palaces and splendours? The appearance of these reflections, for such they are, is generally so imposing as to elude the closest examination, and has

often held out the hope of repose to the sea-worn mariner, to end but in disappointment, disappearing as the power of the sun operates on them. The mirage is not unknown on our own coasts and the margins of some of our great rivers, as we have shown in treating of the island of Rathlin. It presented to the eye headlands elevated into mountains; these again vanishing and giving way to softly-swelling wooded hills, embattled castles, spreading woods, and sunny glades; and again, the scene shifting to a battle-field, with armies in conflict, and then the vision dissolved away. Visions like these, presented to an ignorant people, would be fully sufficient to account for all the fables of sacred and submerged islands, floating amongst the ancients; but another aiding cause may also be found in those early discoveries made in the western seas by Phœnician and Carthaginian navigators, which they were so anxious to conceal from all other nations, and of which, nevertheless, some vague whisperings may have transpired, and become subsequently grafted on the doctrine of these blessed islands. The belief, however, such as it was, and however compounded, travelled westward with the stream of population, and when those islands of the western main, once, perhaps, partly the subject of these rumours, were colonized. The traditionary, or mythologic creed, continued still unsatisfied, and the fabled island stood still farther out, in "some blue summer ocean far off and alone." Hence came those submarine cities and islands, occasionally emerging and becoming visible and stationary, of which the legends, surviving the days of Paganism, continue to linger amongst, and haunt the memories of the people of the western shores of Europe, no less than of Africa. Such were the lost city of *Ys*, in the bay of Duarnenez, in Brittany; the island of *Avalon*, of the British romances; the submerged kingdom of *Lyonesse*, of the Cornish legends; and the *Icockane* (or country of the waves) of the early Saxons.

"The inhabitants of Madeira and Puerto Santo are still persuaded, that in clear weather they see land in a western horizon, and always in the same direction." (Hist. Marit. Discovery.) Washington Irving has availed himself of this legend in his tale of "The Enchanted Island." He tells us, "that it has been occasionally seen from the shores of the Canaries, stretching away in the clear bright west with long and shadowy promontories and high sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of that island, but, on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the blue sky above, and the deep blue water below." It is certain

that the name of the "Isles of Brazil" occurs on maps of the 14th century, in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and it is supposed that the belief in their existence was one of the inducements which tempted Columbus to the adventure which led to the discovery, or (shall we say?) re-discovery of America. As late as the last century, reports of this Brazil having been seen by mariners were in circulation, and believed; and by some the name of *Saint Brendan's* Island was given to it. This was a compliment fairly merited by that adventurous saint. His "prodigious voyages" in search of it, which lasted seven years, entitled him to all the honours and privileges of discovery. The ancient traditions, to which we have been referring, and which nowhere were more firmly believed than in his native district of Kerry, it was, which doubtless lured him to the search. In the year 545, having laid in provisions for fifty days, he first ventured on his quest from a bay in the west of Kerry, since from him denominated Brandon Bay. His course, we are informed, lay *contra solstitium æstivale*, supposed to mean the North-west, or setting of the sun in summer, and after a voyage of fifteen days, the wind ceasing, the vessel was abandoned to its own course; its crew having lost all knowledge of the direction they were moving in. Finally they reached a great island or continent, which, after having traversed for fifteen days more, they could not reach the end of. Of the wonderful places—*miranda loca*—which they saw, it is unnecessary here to speak; but the report which they brought home did not by any means tend to abate the curiosity of all concerning this most mysterious island, and at long intervals, in subsequent times, we find that other voyages on a similar search were afterwards undertaken.

Mr. Hardiman (Irish Minstrelsy) has published from a rare pamphlet, printed in London in 1675, several curious particulars respecting the alleged discovery of this hazy land about that time. It is entitled "O'Brazile, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect Relation of the late Discovery and wonderful Disenchantment of an Island on the North of Ireland." The writer avows that he had been himself at first sceptical regarding the existence of this island, notwithstanding that "many sober and religious persons would constantly affirm, that in bright days (especially in summer-time) they could perfectly see a very large absolute island, but after long looking at it it would disappear, and that sometimes one friend and neighbour would call another to behold it, until there would be a considerable number together, every one of which would not be persuaded but that they perfectly saw it; and some of them have made towards it in boats, but when they came

to the place where they thought it was, they have found nothing." The finding of the name of O'Brazile on the maps, however, and the circumstance of a "*wise* man and great scholar" having, in the reign of Charles I., taken out a patent for its discovery, produced a conversion for which posterity has reason to be thankful. It was therefore nothing very astonishing to him to learn, in 1674, that on the 2nd of March of that year, a Captain Nesbitt had actually discovered and landed on the island, which he explored to a considerable distance, as well as disenchanted. The latter consummation was effected by the simple process of lighting a fire within it. "Since then," the writer says, "several godly ministers and others are gone to visit and discover them," (the inhabitants;) but as the writer had heard nothing of their return, he says he awaits (with a becoming patience) a more perfect relation. Whether that was ever given we are left in ignorance; but the probability is, as arising from a silence of over 165 years, that the disenchantment was but temporary, and that these "godly ministers and others" have been exposed to the fate of Ossian of old, as heretofore related. When the day of their release will arrive, we may hope to hear of strange discoveries.

⁹⁵ "The Statistical Account, or Parochial Survey of Ireland," by Mr. Shaw Mason, although not purely a census, deserves particular notice. The first volume of this very valuable work came out in 1814, under the auspices of Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. It appears to have arisen out of the incomplete census of 1812, and was framed upon information acquired from the clergy of the Established Church, to whom a circular containing queries upon each of the subjects inquired into was addressed. The second volume was published in 1816. Both afford much useful information on the leading features of the country, and in several instances enter into statistical details.

⁹⁶ Although the west of Ireland contains some of the best harbours in the kingdom, the spirit of commerce has made but little way there. Galway may indeed be considered as its only mercantile port; and even here trade seems to languish sadly in and about its "new and commodious docks." To open this populous district would be to make it prosperous: plans are in progress to run a railroad through it from Dublin; and if such a design *could* be carried into execution, the results would, undoubtedly, be most advantageous, not only to Ireland, but to the whole kingdom. Our readers are aware that, excepting the limited lines—from Dublin to Kingstown (about six miles), from Belfast to Lisburn (about the same distance), and from Dublin to Drogheda (about twenty-two miles)—there are no railroads in Ireland. The time

is, perhaps, approaching when the care of Government will be directed to this important subject; without State assistance it is impossible that Ireland can procure this vast advantage; for, in the present position of the country, as a mere speculation for profit, any extensive scheme of the kind would be a failure. It would be difficult, however, to point out a mode in which the public funds might be more judiciously and beneficially expended. A project is now in course of formation for carrying a line of road from Dublin to Galway. We have made some inquiries upon the subject, and received some information from P. V. O'Malley, Esq., civil engineer, who is now endeavouring to press it upon public attention. He finds that, "in the proposed line, no tunnelling would be required, and very little cuttings or embankments, and not many aqueducts or viaducts," and considers that the cost of the railroad would be trifling in comparison with any line that has been made in England. The projected line—making a grand total of $115\frac{1}{2}$ English miles—would pass through no less than six counties and several towns of importance, the commerce of which would be thus largely increased. Mr. O'Malley's estimate for the cost of the line does not much exceed £5000 per mile—that is to say, "for a single line of rails or tracks with turn-offs and switches." He also suggests that Wheatstone's electric telegraph should be used. Certainly, if such a project can be carried out—and assuredly it may be, if Government will co-operate with some wealthy and enterprising individuals—in no part of the kingdom could the experiment be tried with surer prospects of success. The port of Galway has several manifest advantages—not the least of them being its "proximity" to America.

⁹⁷ Ugly and unserviceable as are the Connaught pigs, they are the most intelligent of their species. An acquaintance of ours taught one to "point," and the animal found game as correctly as a pointer. He "*gave tongue*," too, after his own fashion, by grunting in a sonorous tone; and understood when he was to take the field as well as any dog. The Connaught pigs used to prefer their food (potatoes) raw to boiled, and would live well and comfortably where other pigs would starve. They perforate hedges, scramble over walls, and run up mountains like goats, performing their feats with a flourish of their tails and a grunt of exultation that are highly amusing to those whose observations have been previously confined to the "swinish multitude" of clean, white, deliberate, unwieldy hogs, that are to be seen in English farm-yards. A Connaught pig-driver is as lean, as ungainly, as clever, and almost as obstinate as his "bastes," and finds little favour in the southern or northern states of his own

land. He is, notwithstanding, a patient, enduring, good-natured fellow—less bland than the southern, and less “canny” than the northern; but “sly,” and “cute,” and “droll,” as need be, in his own way. In England they are frequently supposed to be the types of “all Ireland;” and certainly a raw-boned, swarthy, dark-eyed, “boy” from the “County Mayo,” as he brings up the rear of a troop of dusty pigs—his long coat hanging upon, rather than fitting him—his open shirt-collar exposing a corduroy sort of throat—his “cawbeen” bound with a string, and illustrated by a “dodeen” and turnpike tickets—shouting to his swinish multitude, brandishing his wooden-handled whip, and jabbering Irish to his assistant,—is anything but an attractive, though a very picturesque, representative of the “sons of the sod.” Such a one passed our gate the other morning. “That is a countryman of yours,” we said to a bricklayer, who was repairing a wall. “Is it that,” he answered in a ripe, round, mellifluous Munster brogue; “is it that tattherdemallion—is it *that!*—HE!—Faix, he’s not an Irishman at all; he’s nothing but a *Connaught* man!” We remember a man once expressing his astonishment that so much bother should have been made about a “boy” who had been killed in a row at a fair, concluding his harangue by an exclamation, “And he was nothing but a Connaught man, after all!” The prejudice against Connaught is indeed somewhat general in the other parts of Ireland; there seems to have been a pretty extensive willingness to construe literally the brutal epithet of the soldiers of Cromwell—“to H— or Connaught!”—when forcing emigration from the pleasant plains of Limerick and Longford, into the rude and barren districts of the far west.

⁹⁸ From the earliest periods Galway was a famous trading port with Spain; and its merchants supplied nearly all Ireland with wine. The records of the town state, that in the year 1615, “upwards of 1200 tuns of Spanish wine was landed here for account of the merchants of Galway.” Although this exclusive trade has of late years greatly diminished, it is still carried on to some extent; and we were informed that a gentleman named Lynch, a large importer, is the lineal descendant of the merchants Lynch, who for above 400 years have carried on this branch of commerce. Indeed, antiquaries consider the ancient name of the town—Clan-firgail, the land or habitation of the gail, or merchants—sufficiently indicative of its very early trade. In 1614, Sir Oliver St. John writes thus of Galway—“the merchants are rich and great adventurers at sea;” previously, Sir Henry Sidney had described them as “refined, of urbane and elegant manners, and as having contracted no stain from their rude and unpolished neighbours;”

and about the same period, old Heylin calls it "a noted empire, and lately of so great fame with foreign merchants, that an outlandish merchant, meeting with an Irishman, demanded in what part of Galway Ireland stood." In an old MS. largely quoted by Mr. Hardiman, its "credit and fame" is attributed to certain "new colonies and septs"—made famous to the world for their trading faithfully. These new colonies consisted of several families who became settlers, "not together, but at different times;" and whose descendants are known to this day under the general appellation of the "Tribes of Galway"—"an expression first invented by Cromwell's forces, as a term of reproach against its natives, for their singular friendship and attachment to each other during the time of their unparalleled troubles and persecutions; but which they afterwards adopted as an honourable mark of distinction between themselves and their cruel oppressors." Those families were thirteen in number, viz.: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Ffont, Ffrench, Joyes, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, and Skerrett. From these names it will be obvious that they were of Anglo-Norman descent; and although they in time became "more Irish than the Irish," they were for a long period at continual war with the ancient families of the district. Several curious rules and bye-laws of the old corporation, prohibiting all intercourse with the natives, are yet preserved. In 1518, they ordered that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Williams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses—"that neither O ne Mac shoulde strutte ne swagger through the streetes of Gallway;" and the following singular inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate—

"From the ferocious O'Flahertys,
Good Lord deliver us."

⁹⁹ We can scarcely imagine a greater treat to the student of heraldry than a stroll among the streets and lanes of Galway; perhaps in no city of the British empire will he meet with so great and public a display of "coat-armour." Nearly all the old mansions, of which there are very many, have over their gates shields in abundance, displaying the arms of the occupant and those of his more immediate connexions, in conjunction with their ancient "marks" as merchants—those significant hieroglyphics of commerce and wealth. Not unfrequently the names of the parties are also engraved above the shields, and their surrounding scrolls of ornamentally elaborate character, together with the date of the year when sculptured. The ancient inhabitants of Galway, who

thus exalted their gates, have affixed to each house an indelible air or aristocratic dignity, which still clings to them, although, in most instances, they are little more than ruined walls, or, if inhabited, are the sheltering places of the poorest of the population, who bear with the half-roofed, comfortless home they afford, from stern necessity alone. These melancholy vestiges of fallen greatness, in the mere course of things, must rapidly pass away. Age and neglect are fast hastening the period.

¹⁰⁰ The name of Lynch, as either provost, portreeve, sovereign, or mayor of Galway, occurs no fewer than ninety-four times between the years 1274 and 1654; after that year it does not appear once. The house above pictured was the residence of the family for many generations. It had, however, several branches, whose habitations are frequently pointed out by their armorial bearings, or their crest, a lynx, over the gateway. One of its members is famous in history as the Irish Junius Brutus. The mere fact is sufficiently wonderful without the aid of invention; but it has, as may be supposed, supplied materials to a host of romancers. The story is briefly this:—James Lynch Fitzstephen was mayor or warden of Galway in 1493; he traded largely with Spain, and sent his son on a voyage thither to purchase and bring back a cargo of wine. Young Lynch, however, spent the money intrusted to him, and obtained credit from the Spaniard, whose nephew accompanied the youth back to Ireland to be paid the debt, and establish further intercourse. The ship proceeded on her homeward voyage, and as she drew near the Irish shore, young Lynch conceived the idea of concealing his crime by committing another. Having seduced or frightened the crew into becoming participators, the youth was seized and thrown overboard. The father and friends of Lynch received the voyager with joy; and the murderer in a short time became himself a prosperous merchant. Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed for a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, in marriage. The proposal was accepted; but previous to the appointed day, one of the seamen became suddenly ill, and in a fit of remorse summoned old Lynch to the dying bed, and communicated to him a full relation of the villany of his only beloved son. Young Lynch was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution—the father being his judge. The wretched prisoner, however, had many friends among the people, and his relatives resolved with them that he should not die a shameful death. They determined upon his rescue. We copy the last act of the tragedy from “Hardiman’s History of Galway.” “Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards with-

out. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place, and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope—which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son—to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity. The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of ‘Dead Man’s Lane;’ and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross-bones executed in black marble, with the motto, ‘Remember Deathe—vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti.’”

Although Mr. Hardiman has here drawn upon his imagination, we believe there is little doubt of the fact that the son was actually hanged by the hands of the father. The house in which the tragedy is said to have occurred is standing to this day; but the tablet which contains the “skull and cross-bones” bears the date 1624—upwards of a century after the alleged date of the occurrence.

¹⁰¹ An instance of this occurred not very long ago. The Claddagh-men are, like all fishermen, superstitious; but to such a pitch do they carry their superstition, that if Galway bay were full of fish—if herring, cod, haddock, and bream were dancing in the sunbeams, they would not draw a net or set a hook if the day and hour were not “lucky,” nor will they permit any other person to do so at any time. A gentleman of the neighbourhood determining to break through this absurd custom, which left the town frequently without fish for days together, ventured to man his own boat; and well manned and well armed, he set forth on his voyage; the Claddagh-men, who were quietly employed on shore mending their nets and keel-hauling their boats, no sooner perceived this fishing pirate, as they considered her, crossing the bay, than instantly the tocsin sounded; men, women, and children crowded the beach; boats were put off with such weapons of offence as they could get together, and a chase commenced likely to terminate in the destruction of the enterprising man who dared to dispute the “ould ancient laws of the Claddagh.” Many hard words were exchanged, and still more daring deeds attempted; they intended to sink the boat, and, but that the gentleman stood firmly on the prow, well armed, expressing his determination to shoot the first man who dared to lay his hand upon it, they would have succeeded. His cool bravery saved him during a precipitate retreat; yet it was matter of astonishment that he escaped with his life.

¹⁰² Even when a Galway person offends, who is not a Claddagh man, he is punished by their laws. For instance, a gentleman complained of the price of a cod he had bought from one of this singular community; it was in his estimation too dear by “a tester,” and he refused to pay at all; he told the fisherman to summon him, which would have been contrary to Claddagh law, and so was not done,—he thought he had conquered. Requiring some fish for a dinner party a day or two after, he went to order some of another fisherman in a different part of the Claddagh. “No, sir,” was the reply, “I can’t serve you until you have paid so and so for the cod.” “And what is that to you?” was the inquiry, “I will pay *you*.” “Not until you have paid him. We Claddagh-men stand by each other.”

¹⁰³ They are very similar in character to the “Gimmel Ring,” with which our ancestors of the reign of Elizabeth and earlier “made an end of wooing.” These ancient rings (like the Galway ones) were formed into the shape of two hands, a heart being placed in each palm. It was, however, constructed of twin or double hoops, as its name imports, which was derived from the Latin *gemellus*, or French *jumeau*; the course of the twist in each

hoop being made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that, on bringing them together, they united in one ring, forming an emblem of married life, and the hands conjoined in the centre. The Galway rings are single throughout, but a strong analogy is perceptible, the rudeness of their construction precluding the neatness and ingenuity displayed in their elder—if it be an elder—prototype.

¹⁰⁴ There are thousands of gentlemen with limited incomes, who, if they were made aware of the many advantages held out to them of settling in Ireland, would “emigrate” thither instead of to Germany or France. The necessaries of life are certainly cheaper than in any other accessible part of Europe; steam communication with England has of course raised the prices of provisions along the eastern coast of the island; but such is not the case in the midland and western districts, where “fish, flesh, and fowl” may be procured, at a cost that would astonish English buyers. We have frequently seen a pair of chickens sold for 8*d.*; four eggs for a penny; capital mountain mutton at about 3*d.* a pound; and fish—when it is to be had—at a still lower rate. But fish, even when it swarms in the bay, is not always to be procured for the table. At Galway, perhaps the finest fishing station in the world, the hotel could only furnish us with a pair of dried haddocks for dinner. “The Claddagh-men had not been out lately.” Above all, the seeker after some economical place of settlement should bear in mind that he may have the benefit of good society, go where he will; and a sound and safe education everywhere; while he may be surrounded by a pleasant, kindly, and attached peasantry—the safest people in existence to reside among, if “the stranger” does not interfere with their notions concerning “land”;—the melancholy origin of nearly every evil in Ireland. If the comforts, pleasures, and advantages to be obtained in Ireland are compared with those to be procured in France, by an equal expenditure of money, the preponderance will unquestionably be with the former; taking no account of the superior moral influence that may be exercised over a family in the one country, and the almost certainty that a demoralizing effect will arise out of a residence in the other.

¹⁰⁵ For the information here condensed we are mainly indebted to the kindness of James Bryce, Esq., M.A., F.G.S., whose assistance we have, on a former occasion, had to acknowledge.

¹⁰⁶ The marble obtained in the vicinity of Galway, and found in various other parts of the country, is black marble, of greater purity than any procured elsewhere in Great Britain. A factory

to prepare it for the market is conducted in the town by the Messrs. Franklin of Liverpool, one of whom resides there, in order personally to superintend it. Having examined his quarries and his "saw-mill," we applied to him for such information as we desired to communicate to our readers, and with which he kindly furnished us.

"My quarries, on the banks of Loch Corrib," he says, "are situated on the estate of Sir Valentine Blake, and my right to search for marble extends over the whole property, about nine miles; and as the greater portion is *limestone*, there is a certainty of marble being under the whole of that great space. The history of the quarry is a very simple one:—An Englishman, whose name and occupation are lost, exploring the country for minerals more useful than ornamental, chanced to discover a stone of fine texture, which, on polishing by a mason, was pronounced marble of a fine jet colour. He was unable to work from the want of means, but the fame of the discovery induced two brothers of the name of Ireland, then in a humble sphere, to get permission from the late baronet, and on exporting a cargo to London, it met with an immediate sale among the merchants, at a high price. This was thirty years ago, and report attributes the Messrs. Ireland's rise in the world—the elder brother being a justice of the peace—to the fortunate working of the quarry. The price has lowered since then, while, from the difference of taste, and other causes, the demand is not so great as it should be. I have yet the pleasure of knowing it retains the highest reputation for its *purity from white specks*, its *jet colour*, and *the large sizes that can be obtained*. Some of the finest specimens I have sent to the London and Westminster Marble Company's Works, where they have been manufactured, and are now at the Duke of Hamilton's Palace, near Glasgow; the entrance hall and grand staircase being entirely composed of my marble; some blocks are of the unusual dimensions of twelve feet long by ten feet broad, and one foot thick. The quarry is worked by manual labour, which is of course regulated by the extent of my orders. Seldom less than 30 men, and sometimes 150—fine athletic fellows; a distinct race, full of superstition, peaceful, and strictly moral and honest; they are under the charge of my steward, an educated man for his sphere; he is as honest as the day, and could be trusted with untold gold. The first process in working is '*stripping*,' that is, in removing the twenty-five feet of limestone in beds or layers of one to two feet thick; this is done by aid of powder, and as the beds are so thin, the blasts can be only of the thickness of each bed; it is consequently a tedious and expensive operation. A range of ground is laid out at once, and

stripping is continued the whole length, until the beds of marble make their appearance. The rubbish is removed by carts, &c., and helps to form new roads and quays. The marble has now been got at, and it lies as even as a billiard-table, in layers of first, eight inch bed; second, one foot; third, fifteen inches; and then six inches;—inferior marble is below again, but the lake-water would rise, and its quality would not repay the expense; the quarry has to be kept dry by the aid of pumps; the four beds are a total of three feet five inches thick. We then trace joints, which divide the blocks, and without them the difficulty of obtaining the marble would be great indeed. Holes are cut between the joints by the mallet and chisel, and wedges are struck down carefully until the blocks are forced out of their positions, where they have remained for ages. Hauled out of the quarry by the aid of strong ‘crabs,’ they undergo the process of ‘blocking’ and ‘dressing;’ they are then placed on boats, and brought down the lake to Galway, three miles, placed on the quay, and removed to the docks by waggons for the purpose.

“I have the satisfaction of saying, that though the men are engaged in perilous operations, yet from the time I have been connected with them, now five years, not an accident has occurred. You are aware of the saw-mill I have erected for the purpose of cutting the blocks into slabs of any thickness. The machinery is very complete and simple; the whole of it was made by Messrs. Lee, Watson, and Co., St. Helens, Lancashire, who have given me every satisfaction; and for the first time put in practice an invention of theirs—that of raising or lowering the water-wheel *three feet!* as also the *bed of the river!* Great credit is due to them for the masterly manner in which they have executed the work. You saw blocks in, I think, of large dimensions; I have now in one of the frames (the others take in as large) one block twelve feet long by six feet high, and *fourteen blades!* which, when I have plenty of water, can be cut through in eight days.”

The “green marble” of Connamara, from the quarries of Thomas Martin, Esq., of Ballynahinch, and Hyacinth D’Arcy, Esq., of Clifden, is exceedingly beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that it only requires to be more generally known to be brought into extensive use. A prejudice seems to exist against it in the English market, which only time and perseverance can overcome; and even in Ireland it seems to be treated with singular and unaccountable neglect. In the workroom of a polisher, named Clare, in Galway, we examined a chimney-piece of great beauty, which had remained on his hands some years, and for which he could not find a purchaser. We obtained from him a large slab—it is

not too much to say that it would be impossible to procure a specimen to surpass it in beauty from any quarry in the world. It measures three feet in length by two feet in breadth, and about an inch and a half in thickness. We paid for it the sum of £3. 10s. This slab was from the Ballynahinch quarry; that raised from the quarry of Mr. D'Arcy is not, at present, so good.

¹⁰⁷ This was the fortress of the O'Flahertys, and the chief seat of their feudal grandeur. The castle, though greatly dilapidated by Time, is "still in sufficient preservation to convey to those who may examine its ruins a vivid impression of the domestic habits and peculiar household economy of an old Irish chief of nearly the highest rank. His house, a strong and lofty tower, stands in an ample court-yard, surrounded by outworks perforated with shot-holes, and only accessible through its drawbridge gateway-tower. The river, which conveyed his boats to the adjacent lake, and supplied his table with the luxuries of trout and salmon, washes the rock on which its walls are raised, and forms a little harbour within them. Cellars, bakehouses, and houses for the accommodation of his numerous followers, are also to be seen; and an appendage not usually found in connection with such fortresses also appear, namely, a spacious banquetting-hall for the revels of peaceful times, the ample windows of which exhibit a style of architecture of no small elegance of design and execution." A writer in the *Dublin Penny Journal* gives "an idea of the class of persons by whom the chief was attended, and who occasionally required accommodation in his mansion." They are thus enumerated in an ancient manuscript preserved in the College Library:—O'Canavan, his physician; Mac Gillegannan, chief of the horse; O'Colgan, his standard-bearer; Mac Kinnon and O'Mulavill, his brehons, or judges; the O'Duvans, his attendants on ordinary visitings; Mac Gille-Kelly, his ollave in genealogy and poetry; Mac Beolain, his keeper of the black bell of St. Patrick; O'Donnell, his master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Conlachtna, the keepers of his bees; O'Murgaile, his chief steward, or collector of his revenues.

¹⁰⁸ "It was impossible to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce—and the chains of lochs carrying that produce—on the one side, to Loch Corrib and Galway bay; and, on the other, to Birterbuy bay, or one of the other bays which lie to the westward. Some improvements are at present in progress by a gentleman who holds land under Mr. St. George, one

of the proprietors of Connamara; but I believe there are certain obstacles in the way of success. I question whether much ever will or can be done, in cultivating the waste reclaimable land of Ireland, by the proprietors themselves. Capital and enterprise are alike wanting. This, however, it is—the cultivation of the reclaimable wastes—that can alone provide permanent employment for the people, and effect a real change in their condition. To cultivate lands, where the produce cannot be taken cheap to market, would, of course, be the act of an insane person; but if Government were to provide, in the first place, for the transmission of produce, by the construction of roads wherever wanted, and of canals, or river navigation, wherever practicable, (by which employment would be found for the people, and poverty and idleness, the great feeders of agitation, in part removed,) we are entitled to believe that capital would flow in the direction where it would be wanted, and where a certain return would await its employment.”—*Inglis's Tour in Ireland*.

¹⁰⁹ Of all animals the goat seems the most valuable to the mountain peasant. Where there are no young trees to be injured, they may browse at large on the mountain brakes without expense; and Martin Doyle says, that if housed they can be supported on whins, the refuse of cabbage, the peelings of potatoes, and such worthless food. To those whose poverty cannot afford a cow, the goat is a real treasure when yielding milk, which she will for several months, at the average of two quarts per day. Goats' cheese is wholesome, and the hair makes excellent linsey. It is grievous, when the value of this little animal is properly understood, to see a female kid sold for a shilling, or tenpence—a not uncommon price.

¹¹⁰ These courteous and poetical wishes are of every-day hearing, and some of them are quite oriental. “God grant you to be as happy as the flowers in May”—“The Almighty shower down blessings on your head day and night”—“God grant you a long life, and a happy death”—“God's fresh blessing be about you”—“May your bed be made in Heaven”—“The blessings of God be with you ever and always”—“May the light of Heaven shine on your grave”—“May the sun never be too hot, nor the wind too cold for you”—“May the smile of the Lord light you to glory.” These, and a hundred others, are surely as beautiful as any orientalisms, quoted as models of expression. Perhaps we have noted some of them before, but we were never more impressed by their effect than while in Connamara.

¹¹¹ She is invariably well received, for though knitting is her

profession, she is a "knowledgeable" woman in all things, and moreover a practical match-maker, taking part in general against the "foolishness of love," and siding with the fathers and mothers, unless indeed a rich young farmer fancies one "not his equal all out, barrin' the beauty," and then the knitter is inclined to the "colleen;" for "why should not the young farmer choose?—he has enough for both. Why not? he paid her double for every pair of stockings she ever knit him,—an' troth it's him that has the handsome foot and leg to set off a stocking." The knitter professes perfect disinterestedness in all matrimonial matters, and, perhaps, so deceptive is human nature, that she thinks she is disinterested, though the "might" is her "right." One indeed we knew, who had such a tender heart "towards the innocent young craythurs in love," that she was everlastingly in hot water with the elders, who declared she knit with "*double* needles," signifying that she was deceitful, and consequently she was very unpopular, until the young persons she patronised married—then they did not forget her kindness.

The "knitters" were not unfrequently "keeners," none being better qualified to celebrate the praise of the dead than those who knew so much about the living; and the facility with which they "wove in" the various qualities of the person they "keened" with the established themes of the death-song, evinced much tact, if not much talent. The knitter, too, is frequently "a mighty fine hand entirely" at the "quilting"—considered a very valuable acquirement—and can "stitch in" the "waves," or "diamonds," or "hexagons," "wonderful!"—she can also toss cups, and read them "like print," without once "setting down the needles;" she has a knowledge in charms, and can keep off an ague fit, and give a cure for the heartburn, and her "cures" are greatly praised by the old people; for whether she prescribes "herbs" or "roots," she steeps, or rather did steep, them all in whiskey "flavoured" with a "little grain of sugar." Her pockets are sometimes capacious enough to contain some dark-brown hard gingerbread cakes—an extraordinary treat for the children; and if she goes to a station, she invariably brings away a bottle of holy water for her friends; she piques herself upon her "good breeding," and when you meet her, or pass her on the roadside, she invariably makes both her needles and herself come to a dead stand-still, and then drops so low a curtsy that you wonder how she ever gets up again. We are picturing the professional knitter; but nearly all the women of Connamara knit more or less; and the tourist will be sure to be surrounded

by a band of them the moment he stops at any well-known resting-place.

¹¹² We wonder that the poor Irish do not make as much use of the milk of the sheep as they do of the milk of the goat. The little agile mountain sheep take admirable care of themselves, except during the very cold weather, when they can be easily protected; nor are they, most probably, from their lightness, subject to the foot-rot, which destroys so many of what are, undoubtedly, a better breed of sheep. This interesting animal seems to have had its existence almost contemporaneously with man, and has been always valued; nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider its utility: it supplies us with food and clothing; every lock of wool provides employment and support to various trades, and furnishes a considerable article of commerce in all parts of the world. Indeed so much and such varied occupation does the fleece of the sheep afford to tradesmen, that the Drapers' Company originally intended to assume this quaint motto, "No ram, no lamb;—no lamb, no sheep;—no sheep, no wool;—no wool, no woolman;—no woolman, no spinner;—no spinner, no weaver;—no weaver, no cloth;—no cloth, no clothier; no clothier, no cloth-worker, fuller, tucker, shearman,—or *draper!*"

¹¹³ It is told of Col. Martin that he once boasted to the Prince of Wales, "to put him out of conceit with Windsor Park," that the avenue to his hall-door was thirty miles long. And in one sense it actually was, for the road from Outerard to Ballynahinch, the seat of the Martins, led to no other place. One of Bianconi's cars conveys passengers from Outerard to Clifden. But there is no other public conveyance through Connamara. Private cars are, however, to be procured in several places—the charge being for one person 6*d.*, for two persons 8*d.*, and for three persons 10*d.* a mile. During "the season," however, these cars are frequently pre-engaged; and the tourist will do well to make such arrangements beforehand as may secure uninterrupted progress.

¹¹⁴ The tourist, if he enter Galway by way of Westport, will still do wisely to drive on to Maam from Leenane, a distance of seven or eight miles, and after spending two or three days at Maam, return to Leenane, to commence his route along the coast to Clifden. The better course is, undoubtedly, that which we are now pursuing—leaving the main road, proceeding to Maam, and returning again into the direct route to Clifden.

¹¹⁵ The landlord is named Rourke, and he was for some years a waiter at Gresham's Hotel, in Dublin. He has been, therefore,

educated to his calling—a rare circumstance among persons of his class in Ireland. He is, consequently, not above his business, which he “condescends” to look after himself—a fact equally uncommon at inns in Ireland. He waits upon his guests, and ascertains that all their wants and comforts are cared and provided for. His servants are remarkably considerate and attentive; his cars are well horsed and in good order, his principal driver, a very civil, communicative, and obliging fellow, knows every inch of the country; and the charges are exceedingly moderate. Indeed he has introduced the elegancies and luxuries of “Gresham’s” into Connamara, without its rates of payment—its “bill of fare,” without its accompaniment of prices. The locality is admirably suited to persons who, having plenty of leisure, desire to examine every part of the district by making occasional “trips.” It is about eight or ten miles from all the most attractive points in the scenery—being nearly equidistant from Cong, Delphi, and Clifden. It is situated on the most beautiful and interesting portion of Lough Corrib, where the mountain breezes are peculiarly heathful and invigorating; and in the very centre of pleasure to the sportsman. No person can better than Mr. Rourke direct the tourist as to the mode in which he may most beneficially divide his time, so as to turn it to the best account. All travellers unite in lauding the *ménage* of the inn and the attention of its landlord. We should omit to do our duty if we did not join them in praising both. The situation of the inn is most happy; it stands in the very focus of all that is grand and beautiful of a district abounding in beauties. From its windows may be seen Lough Corrib, and the island and castle in its centre; opposite are the “Twelve Pins,” an hour’s walk from the hotel placing the visitor in the midst, with the solitary and majestic Loch Inah at his feet. The road to Leenane is exceedingly grand; the varied shape and constant novelty of the ever-changing scene, as the tourist winds along this route, amply repay fatigue; half-way from the hotel, crowning a small (and perhaps artificial) hill, stand the remains of an ancient cahir, or hill-fort, now but a ring of huge stones. “Big Jack Joyce,” celebrated by several travellers, resides between Maam and Leenane, in a small cottage at the entrance of the valley. He is a peasant little above the ordinary rank; but the lineal descendant of the great family. As a starting-point or resting-place for the traveller, who is anxious to visit well and comfortably all that is grand and beautiful in the district, we repeat, it would be difficult to fix on a more exquisite site than that occupied by the hotel at Maam. Its clean whitened walls, and

comfortable, compact appearance, as descried at a distance, looking like a white dot at the foot of the immense mountain behind, has been a most welcome sight after a hard day's devotion to the picturesque in this wild district;—a day that will never be forgotten. In reference to the ancient cahir, or hill fort, to which we allude, a friend furnishes us with this communication. On a Sabbath morning, during the summer of 182—, I was a pedestrian in the kingdom of Connamara; the track (for roads had not then found their way so far west) lay through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of our Irish highlands. Dark mountains shut in on almost every side one of those lovely valleys through which rushes the stream of "Beal-na-Brack," or the Trout's Mouth, as it bursts its way through copse and rock and glen, to join the blue waters of Lough Corrib. By this streamlet's side, raised but a few feet above the surface, there stood the mossy stones of one of the oldest ruins in the west country—the remains of a banquet-hall and a chapel: the former memorable in tradition as having been the scene of many a Bardic meeting; the latter sacred as the only spot for twenty miles around where the service of the Roman Catholic Church was performed. Many hundreds of the peasantry, clad in their gay purple and scarlet dresses, were grouped along the sides of the mound on which the cross of the old chapel stood. The wind was so still, it moved not the tapers that were lighting on the rude stone altar. The officiating priest, a venerable St. Omers of the days gone by, had raised above his head the consecrated wafer, which the whole congregation, uncovered and bowed to the earth, received with one long and loud "Mille Failte Criosd na Slanaightheoir," "A thousand welcomes, Christ our Saviour," that broke from every lip, and rang through that peaceful and secluded dell. This form or out-door worship has passed from among us. This rare Salutation of the Host is now almost extinct. The old altar has been removed to an ugly, ill-constructed chapel in the vicinity. A part of the Antique Cross decorates the studio of an antiquary; and the very foundation-stones of the Bardic Hall have macadamized the adjoining road.

¹¹⁶ The castle of "Caislean-na-Circe," or the Hen's Castle, is said to have originated with Roderick O'Connor, the last of the native kings, as a place of refuge and safety in the event of his enemies forcing him from the sanctuary of neighbouring Cong. A writer in the "Irish Penny Journal," however, asserts that its true founders were the sons of Roderick, assisted by Richard de Burgo, Lord of Connaught, and Lord Justice of Ireland. "That

an object thus situated—having no accompaniments around but those in keeping with it—should, in the fanciful traditions of an imaginative people, be deemed to have had a supernatural origin, is only what might have been naturally expected; and such, indeed, is the popular belief. If we inquire of the peasantry its origin, or the origin of its name, the ready answer is given, that it was built by enchantment in one night by a cock and a hen grouse, who had been an Irish prince and princess!”

The Hen’s Castle is not without its legendary traditions connected with its history anterior to its dilapidation; and the following outline of one of these—and the latest—as told at the cottage firesides around Lough Corrib, may be worth preserving as having a probable foundation in truth.

It is said that during the troubled reign of Queen Elizabeth, a lady of the O’Flahertys, who was an heiress and a widow, with an only child, a daughter, to preserve her property from the grasp of her own family and that of the De Burgos or Burkes, shut herself up with her child in the Hen’s Castle, attended by twenty faithful followers, of tried courage and devotion to her service, of her own and her husband’s family. As such a step was, however, pregnant with danger to herself, by exciting the attention and alarm of the government and local authorities, and furnishing her enemies with an excuse for aggression, she felt it necessary to obtain the Queen’s sanction to her proceedings; and accordingly she addressed a letter to her Majesty, requesting her permission to arm her followers, and alleging, as a reason for it, the disaffected state of the country, and her ardent desire to preserve its peace for her Majesty. The letter, after the fashion of the times, was not signed by the lady in her acquired matron’s name, but in her maiden one, of which no doubt she was more proud; it was Bivian or Bivinda O’Flaherty. The Queen received it graciously; but not being particularly well acquainted with the gender of Irish Christian names, and never suspecting from the style or matter of the epistle, that it had emanated from one of her own sex, she returned an answer, written with her own hand, authorizing her good friend “Captain Bivian O’Flaherty” “to retain twenty men at her Majesty’s expense, for the preservation of the peace of the country; and they were maintained accordingly, till the infant heiress, becoming adult, was united to Thomas Blake, the ancestor of the present Sir John Blake (one of the most excellent landlords and estimable gentlemen in Ireland), of Menlo Castle, and proprietor of the Castle of the Hen.

¹¹⁷ Thomas Martin, Esq., the present representative of the "Kings of Connamara," as the Martins have long been styled, was absent from the county during our visit to his kingdom—a matter of serious regret to us, for all who know him are loud and earnest in praise of his courtesy and kindness, and of the high intellectual endowments of himself and his family. He is, we rejoice to say, a resident Irish landlord, but his property is "Irish," situated as most Irish properties are—a vast tract of land, manageable only by the capitalist. But here, above all other places we have examined in Ireland, there is a mine of wealth, not in the bowels, but on the surface of the earth, that would yield certain profit to the judicious cultivator.

¹¹⁸ He will be either a bungler at the art or a most unlucky sportsman, who does not kill a salmon or two before breakfast. But as we have elsewhere had occasion to observe, he must take a lesson previously from some craftsman who knows the water. If he is so unfortunate as not to provide his own "meal" by his rod, he may be pretty sure that his host or the innkeeper will have a fish for him. Dine where he will in Connamara, a salmon, either boiled or fried, is sure to form an essential part of his entertainment.

¹¹⁹ In the year 1815, Clifden contained but one house; there are now about four hundred houses, with a comfortable hotel. In 1814, Clifden and a large tract of adjoining country yielded no revenue whatever; in 1835, it yielded a revenue of £7000. Its export trade (in corn) is considerable, and its import trade must be of importance, as it is the market for a large population. The roads from Outerard to Clifden, and from Clifden to Westport, were not commenced until 1822. It has its police-station, its school-house (not a national school), its post-office, a dispensary, a fever hospital, a good court-house, and a poor-house nearly completed at the time of our visit. The quay was erected by Mr. Nimmo, and vessels of two hundred tons burthen can discharge their cargoes there. "The foundation of this town," writes Mr. Inglis, "never cost the founder a shilling. He pointed out the advantages that would accrue to this remote neighbourhood from having a town and a seaport so situated; and he offered leases for ever, of a plot of ground for building, together with four acres of mountain-land at but a short distance from the proposed site, at twenty-five shillings per annum. This offer was most advantageous, even leaving out of account the benefit which would necessarily be conferred by a town in a district where the common necessities of life

had to be purchased thirty miles distant, and where there was no market, and no means of export for agricultural produce: so the town of Clifden was founded and grew."

¹²⁰ The waterfall at Clifden is certainly the most picturesque and beautiful thing in the neighbourhood. The fall of the river is very peculiar; it takes its course from the magnificent Twelve Pins of Connamara, and passing through a triple-arched bridge of most antique character, suddenly falls at a right angle over a mass of rocks, breaking and sparkling in a thousand eddies, and whirls off at another angle. The prison crowns the neighbouring height, its castellated form aiding the scene, which has a very Spanish look. The town of Clifden, the principal part of which is hidden by this hill, peeps out beyond, the tower of its church rising over the house-tops, and flanked by the mountains in its rear. The scene is one of surpassing loveliness and grandeur, rivalling in both qualities many of more celebrated "continental" scenes—those fortunate rivals of equally deserving, but neglected native beauties.

¹²¹ These mountains and glens have been for centuries the favoured resort of Poteen-distillers (Poteen is, translated literally, "a small pot"); and amid these fastnesses it was utterly impossible for the law to reach them. Indeed, attempts to do so were rarely made; the efforts of the gauger being directed almost entirely to arresting them on their way with their commodity into the neighbouring towns. As the reader will suppose, many amusing tales are told of the cunning displayed by the peasantry in concealing their manufactures, and in outwitting the revenue officers. These anecdotes belong to old times. A few years ago, in the length and breadth of the island, there were, at a moderate computation, 150,000 private stills at work; we may now safely assert there are not a dozen in all Ireland; or rather *were not, a year ago* (1842); for we understand the evil trade has been reviving a little in consequence of the increased duty on whiskey, and the decreased and decreasing value of corn. It is, however, chiefly confined to "the North," where Temperance has made, comparatively, little way. The manufacture neither is, nor ever can be, what it was some ten or twenty years ago. The fact that the licensed distilleries are now manufacturing more whiskey than they did in the years 1840 and 1841—a fact alluded to in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel—is easily accounted for. At the commencement of the Temperance movement they had large stocks on hand; these have been gradually disposed of, and were exhausted when they began to manufacture afresh. As compared with the returns of the three preceding years, therefore,

there is, no doubt, some augmentation of the revenue arising from this impure source; but as compared with those of six years ago, it is very insignificant. In the Fifth Report to the House of Commons of "Commissioners on fees, gratuities, &c., in Ireland," 1807, returns are given of seizures during five years—from 1802 to 1806 inclusive—the number of stills seized during that period amounted to 13,439, averaging in number nearly 2,800 a year. It is fair to calculate that not one in fifty was seized. Indeed, according to the evidence there adduced, one-third of the spirits consumed in the country was supplied by unlicensed distilleries—to take no note of the enormous quantity smuggled by connivance through distilleries that were licensed. It was proved to the Commissioners, that in one year duty was evaded by these distilleries to an amount fully equal to that upon which duty was paid by them. Mr. Wakefield—"Ireland Statistical and Political"—estimates that "the entire duty which should have been paid on home-made spirits consumed in Ireland, amounted to upwards of £2,280,000 per annum; while the duty actually received thereon was little more than £664,000. The little poteen that is now produced is made by substantial farmers, who, having a superabundant crop of barley, and an inconvenient market for it, and neither the fear of the law nor Father Mathew before their eyes, thus endeavour to turn it to account. Yet so unpopular has the practice become, that we doubt if now-a-days any odium would attach to the "informer" who set the gauger on a right scent. The hatred of the people towards the gauger was for a very long period intense. The very name inevitably aroused the worst passions; to kill them was considered anything but a crime; wherever it could be done with comparative safety, he was hunted to the death. His calling is now as safe as that of a postmaster. The "distilleries" were of course conducted in the most inaccessible places; places so situated as to command an extensive "look-out" from some point adjacent, but hidden from all eyes except those of the initiated. We have seen one in a cave at the back of a waterfall; the smoke issued through crevices in the rocks, and was very evenly distributed; no suspicion of its existence could have been excited even to those who stood absolutely above the still at full work. Descend a narrow and rugged pathway, and you encountered a dirty and debauched-looking gang of perhaps half-a-dozen, watching the preparation of the liquid poison. We have seen stills, in "old times," in all imaginable positions; and sometimes so close to a thickly-populated town or village, that it was impossible to believe the gauger to be ignorant of their whereabouts. Not unfrequently, indeed, this official could have laid his hands upon a dozen of them

within as many hours; but he had cogent reasons for avoiding discoveries unless absolutely forced to make them; and where informations were laid, it was by no means uncommon for a trusty messenger to be despatched from the residence of the gauger to give due notice, that by daybreak next morning "the boys," with all their utensils, must have disappeared. Now and then they were required to leave an old and worn-out still in the place of that which they were to remove—so that a report of actual seizure might be made. A good understanding was thus often kept up between the gaugers and the distillers; the former not unfrequently received "a duty" upon every still within his jurisdiction; and his cellars were never without a "a sup of the best." Much of the difficulty of suppressing the illicit trade was created by the law, which levied a fine of £50 upon the townland in which a still was discovered; making it clearly the interest of the whole neighbourhood to prevent such a discovery. The original cost of one of these mountain stills was little more than three guineas; so that the seizure was no very great drawback on the trade. And, in consequence of the absurd enactment referred to, many an arrangement was made, by which, when rendered useless, it was sold for £50. The commerce was carried on to a very great extent, and openly. Poteen was usually preferred, even by the gentry, to "Parliament" or "King's" whiskey; it was known to be free from adulteration, and had a smoky flavour (arising from the peat-fires) which many liked. Nor were the gentry at all times free from the charge of "brewing their own whiskey," even in comparatively late years. We have seen stills at work in the stables of men of rank and fortune; and it was common enough, when the fine of £50 was levied on a townland, for the landlord to arrange that half should be paid by the distillers who carried on the trade.

The demoralising effects of this system were incalculable. It is unnecessary to picture them. God be thanked, they are at an end.

¹²² We had to spend a night in the wretched "inn" of this miserable village, or rather part of a night, for we rose from our "beds" an hour before daybreak, and pursued our journey. There was neither tea nor bread to be procured; the horse, the cow, the pigs, and the hens were separated from us by a floor, through the divided boards of which they had ample opportunity of "conversing" with us, which they did not fail to do in a manner that effectually prevented all hope of sleep. Soon after midnight, our domicile was invaded by the hostess, who required from the cupboard some "refreshment" for his reverence, who had just arrived from a station, and about an hour afterwards

the corn-bin was to be applied to for "a feed" for his reverence's pony, who had to make a new start. This break-in was followed by another; the "boy" wanted his "top-coat," for the rain was "powering down;" a short while afterwards the household was all in motion, and our chamber contained everything that was wanted. The clergyman of Tully, whom we had the gratification to meet the day after, was unhappily absent from the village at the time. He was more than merely wroth with us for not having made forcible entry into his dwelling, assuring us that his housekeeper would have required no command to have supplied us with all the comforts we needed,—and we needed many, for the rain had been terrific, and we were wet through. And here we consider it necessary to advise the traveller to provide amply against the weather. A "Connamara shower" is like the descent of an avalanche of water, and drenches in somewhat less than a minute. Umbrellas are perfectly useless; the hill blasts tear them into shreds almost before they can be raised. The wind rushes so fiercely down some of the passes, that our horse found it impossible to progress faster than at the rate of a mile an hour. Such showers, however, pass rapidly, and add, when they are gone, to the beauty of the scenery, for the clouds fade away in an instant from the mountain tops, and the sun shines as suddenly over the lakes and along the green slopes of the hills.

¹²³ The Pass of Salruc derives its name from a certain saint—Saint Rock or Ruc—who is said to have resided in a cell at the foot of the mountain. It is a precipitous defile, leading from the bay on this side to the Killeries on the other side of the mountain, and is reported to have been formed by the Saint and the Devil during a struggle for mastery. The sanctity of the Saint having grievously annoyed the Tempter, he threw a chain over him while asleep; unable to bear the sight of his glance or the mark of the cross, he leaped to the opposite side of the mount, but still held fast the Saint by the chain—the friction produced by the struggle forming this pass, and the victorious Saint having in the morning the felicity of seeing a way for travellers by a much shorter route than any that had previously existed. It is exceedingly steep and perilous, yet fishermen bring loaded horses up it, and it has been the favourite route of the peasantry for ages. Rude heaps of stone, similar to those already described in the vicinity of Cong, are ranged along its sides; a burial-place, thickly planted with trees, being at the base of the mountain, on the site of the Saint's cell.

There are few human habitations in this wild neighbourhood; and but one gentleman's house within a circuit of many miles.

Just at the entrance to a little bay, completely shut out from the world, surrounded by stupendous mountains through which a road has been formed by almost incredible labour, resides, with his family, General Thompson—a veteran officer, native of Scotland, who, after having passed through the whole of the continental war, and taken part in nearly every battle fought in the Peninsula, has retired from active and most honourable service to pass the remainder of his days in this primitive district. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between his past life and his present; and it would not be easy to picture a healthier or a happier household. Under his superintending care, a little paradise has grown up among the barren rocks. All his arrangements seem to have been conducted with generous and considerate zeal for the welfare of the tenants, who are gathering about him. He is reclaiming land, encouraging fishing, having due regard to education; and is, in short, the benefactor of a rising colony.

124 “After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more the scenery of a Norwegian *Fiord*, than anything I know nearer home.”—*Inglis' Tour*.

125 “The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful and striking scenes on land and sea—climbing up high steepes, and then descending into deep valleys, skirting and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, freshwater lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys and deep hollows that lie in the heart of the mountains.

“For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous—everywhere of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough and rugged enough to verge upon sublimity, and which never degenerated into tameness of outline or insignificance in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character; for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides; the curlew and the plover only were on the margin of the lakes; and the *bouquet* of heaths was reserved for the wild bee.”—*Inglis' Tour*.

126 In justice to Mr. O'Reilly, a civil, attentive, and obliging host, we cannot do better than print his “prospectus,” a copy



Deep Sea Fishing, Killis Bay
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis Z. W. A.



of which we made from the original, pasted over the chimney-piece of the parlour of his hotel:—

“ANTHONY O'REILLY, OF LEENANE,

“LATE OF THE COAST-GUARD SERVICE,

“Begg leave most respectfully to inform travellers, tourists, and the public in general, that he has taken the house lately inhabited by Mr. John Joyce, at the head of Killery bay, and fitted it up as a hotel; determined to earn their patronage by the most strenuous exertions to please, the steadiest attention to the wants and wishes of all who honour his house with their company, and the most moderate charges.

“To those who are yet unacquainted with this picturesque country, it may be necessary to observe, that the house is situated at the very head of the bay, half-way between Clifden and Westport, commanding one of the most sublime views in the whole region, and within eight miles of Maam, the road to which runs through a vale in the midst of some of the highest mountains in Ireland, of which, at different parts, it presents singularly beautiful views, terminated by a fine prospect of Lough Corrib with some of its islands, and the rich Wood of Down immediately at your feet, while Castle-na-Kirk and others are seen at a little distance. Delphi, the romantic seat of the Marquis of Sligo, is scarcely three miles distant; where, besides the pleasure-grounds, may be seen the most singular phenomenon in this or any other country, namely, a river running rapidly up a hill, the illusion being caused by the height and grouping of the mountains in this lovely and sequestered spot; within about seven miles is the newly-erected and handsome villa of Colonel Thompson, and adjacent to it, Ren-vile, the seat of N. Blake, Esq., who was one of the first to discover and call attention to the natural beauties of the country and the fertility of its soil.

“For those who choose to travel with their own horses, O'Reilly has every accommodation, and for those who may depend on him he is prepared with cars, gigs, ponies for the saddle, and boats with able and sturdy men to row or sail.

“The roads in the vicinity are all in the most perfect repair.—The ‘KILLERIES INN,’ 1842.”

¹²⁷ A good haul of salmon is perhaps as spirited and enlivening a scene as any in the fisheries. We were the witnesses of one. Men, women, and children were assembled—all looking with anxiety for the contents of the net; those not actually engaged in hauling, just perching themselves on the rocks that strew

the borders of this romantic arm of the sea. The men, with their pipes stuck in the hat, pulled away at the net until the fish were brought to the surface of the water, and closed by the meshes in a very narrow space. The brilliancy and beauty of the salmon, and their spirited plunges for liberty, gave animation to the scene, imparting an equal amount of animation to the fishers, who, arming themselves with thick bludgeons, commenced an indiscriminate attack upon the unfortunate fish, dealing heavy blows upon their heads, and rendering them senseless, as their blood tinged the waters. When they were sufficiently "quieted" by this process, they were thrown into the boat brought-to beside the strand, and sorted and carried away by the boys and women in attendance. The wildness of the scene, the "picturesque raggedness" and simplicity of the fishermen and females, and the earnestness with which all were engaged, formed a scene worthy of the painter.

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